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EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



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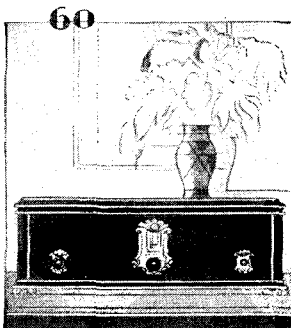
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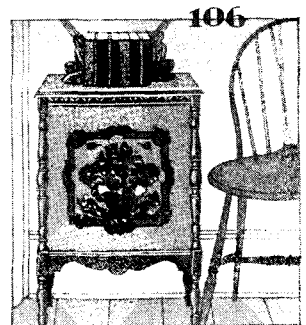
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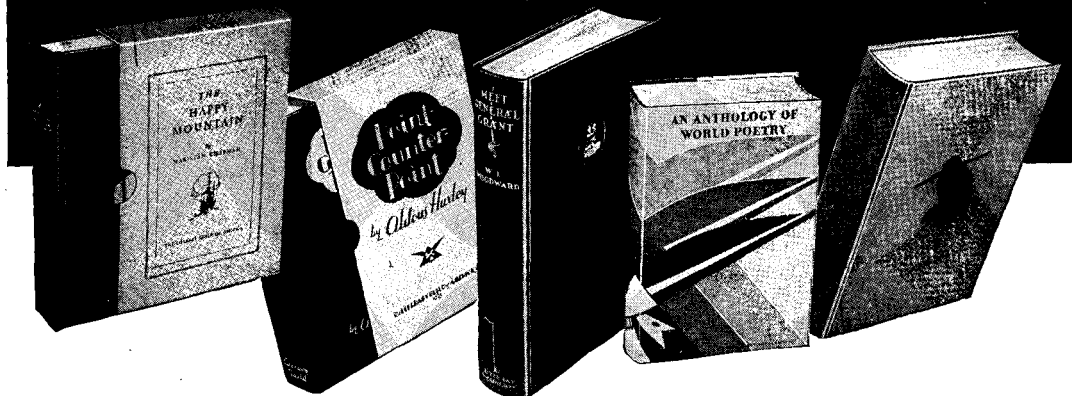
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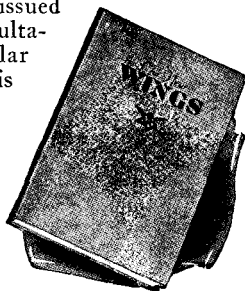


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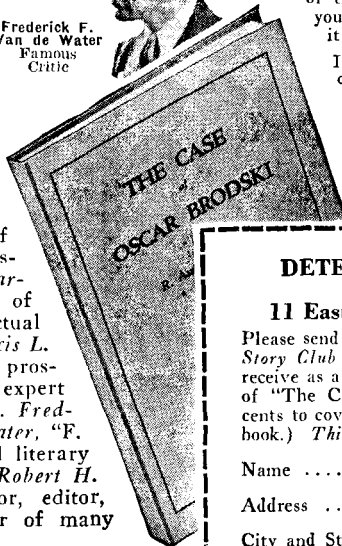


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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

A PAMPHLET AGAINST ANTHOLOGIES.

By *Laura Riding & Robert Graves*

Doubleday, Doran & Company

\$2 7½ x 4½; 192 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

The authors expose and denounce the puerility of most varieties of anthologies of poetry, and then plead for the publication of a more or less complete corpus of English and American verse, on the lines of Chalmers' "English Poets," but larger. They believe that the difficulties presented by copyright could be surmounted by an agreement among publishers. To this corpus, they say, supplements could be added from time to time, and every ten years or so it could be revised. They argue that the current anthologies affect poets badly, by making them write drivel. The book shows a wide knowledge of poetry, old and new, and a great deal of common sense. It sorely lacks an index.

FORM & STYLE IN POETRY.

By *W. P. Ker.*

The Macmillan Company

\$4 7¾ x 5¼; 384 pp. *New York*

Lectures and notes of the late Professor W. P. Ker, of Oxford and University College, London, on the history of the ballads, Chaucer, the Scottish Chaucerians, forms of English poetry, and form and style in poetry, with appendices and additional notes by R. W. Chambers. The arrangement of the text from the fragmentary notes and memoranda by Professor Chambers is a capital piece of editing. A distinguished and valuable book. It has an index.

HOW TO CRITICIZE BOOKS.

By *Llewellyn Jones*

W. W. Norton & Company

\$1.75 7½ x 5; 190 pp. *New York*

"To sum the matter up," declared Mr. Jones, "the general rule should be to begin a book review by a concrete description of what the book is about with these exceptions: when something striking or illuminating can be said, when some general idea or significant fact brought out intentionally or otherwise through the book is more important than the form or actual matter of the book." In addition, Mr. Jones has specific advice to give on the criticizing of poetry, fiction, the short story and the drama, with a separate chapter on how to collect facts and prepare papers. There is an appendix containing Susan Warren Wilbur's "Don'ts for Reviewers" and a short bibliography.

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SOCIOLOGY

THE TRUTH ABOUT BIRTH CONTROL.

By *George Ryley Scott.*

T. Werner Laurie

6s. 7¼ x 4¾; 184 pp. *London*

In one part of this book the author finds it necessary to describe briefly certain methods of contraception, though only to expose and denounce their ineffectiveness. In consequence, its circulation in the United States would probably inflame the Comstocks, and lead to its suppression. The fact is to be deplored, for the volume brings to a muddled subject a great blast of common sense. Both the birth controllers and their opponents are put into the dock, and their contentions examined. Mr. Scott finds that the two sides simply run a race in nonsense. The birth controllers can neither prove that birth control is necessary to the welfare of the world nor show any completely safe and reliable way of achieving it, and the propagandists on the other side, whether they put their case on religious, patriotic or moral grounds, are found to be quite as silly. The eugenists, most of whom are ardent birth controllers, have a chapter of their own. It leaves them chasing phantasms and looking ridiculous. Mr. Scott is a biologist and writes with exact knowledge. He falls with special delight upon the such self-appointed experts as Dr. Marie Stopes, and upon the medical dignitaries who have contributed so much bogus physiology to both sides of the question. His book is well-informed, it is entertainingly written, and it clears the ground of an immense amount of rubbish. His final conclusion is that birth control is a private problem, and that the uplifters had better let it alone. "If either partner," he says, "is disinclined to have children the matter should be considered settled."

CAREERS FOR WOMEN. *A Practical Guide to Achievement.*

Edited by *Doris E. Fleischman.*

Doubleday, Doran & Company

\$3 8¾ x 5½; 514 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Forty-five women, leaders in as many professions, here favor the young and innocent flapper with advice as to the responsibilities and opportunities for service in their various lines of endeavor. As with most such books, the present one has more blarney in it than sense or information. First, most of the professions listed here, such as diet therapy, insurance, eugenics, cosmetics, railroading, real estate and stock breeding, have small attraction to the intelligent young girl,

Continued on page xvi

Elizabeth and Essex

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(from "Observations" by
Max Beerholm, Doubleday, Doran)

author of
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The Religious Book Club's
selection for February. \$4.00

LINCOLN MACVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

the only one likely to read such a book. Secondly, the professions that do interest her are here discussed by persons whose professional standing is not high, and thus she cannot respect their opinions. Gertrude Atherton writes on literature; Norma Talmadge on the movies; Ida Verdon, managing editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, on editing; Jane Cowl on the drama, and the editor on public relations. The essay by Mrs. Atherton deserves special mention. In it she makes the following contribution to aesthetics: "I have always thought that a course in architecture would be beneficial to those who aspire to novel writing."

LIVING WITHIN THE LAW.

By June Purcell Guild.

The New Republic

\$1 7¼ x 5; 266 pp.

New York

This is a sort of handbook of United States law for the layman, and is an excellent job. The so-called law of things is excluded from it, because of its great complexity and technicality, but everything of general interest regarding the law of persons is there, from a general description of the Federal and State judicial systems to a discussion of the various marriage and divorce laws and a rapid survey of public health, labor and immigration legislation. Mrs. Guild writes clearly and effectively and with good humor. Her book is one of the very best of a generally good series.

BIOGRAPHY

THE TERRIBLE SIREN.

By Emanie Sachs.

Harper & Brothers

\$4 8½ x 5½; 423 pp.

New York

Victoria Claflin was born in Homer, Ohio, in 1838, the daughter of Buck and Roxanna Claflin, gutter folk of a righteous American community. It was a rackety household, says Mrs. Sachs, busy with wrangling and praying and scheming and fortune-telling. The Claflins were Spiritualists almost before the word was invented. Somehow the Spiritualism of those days mixed into religion and reform; nearly all the emancipators and free lovers were also Spiritualists. In Victoria Claflin Woodhull at her zenith—she married Dr. Canning Woodhull before she was sixteen—religious ecstasy, free love and Spiritualism met and merged. In the 'seventies, her heyday, newspapers called her the Queen of the Prostitutes; then she and her sister, Tennessee Claflin, became magnetic healers; and later, when Commodore Vanderbilt set them up in business, they were the famous Lady Brokers of Wall Street. They made a fortune, and lost most of it through publishing *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, which had "PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UN-TRAMMELED LIVES!" on its cover. Anthony Comstock suppressed it for printing scandals about Henry Ward Beecher, and sent Victoria and Tennessee to

Continued on page xviii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

WHEN "forty - fives" swung from every hip and ham and eggs cost three dollars a plate—not so long ago; when any lad with a good, broad back could ship on a privateer and get paid for committing murder — only a few years back—*books* were not popular. The children had them for school. But a boy ceased to be a child at fourteen. Adventure — *in person* — stood at every corner. There was no need to *read* about him.

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By L. B. Campbell

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70 Fifth Ave., New York



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

Ludlow street jail, though Victoria was then a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. She was nominated by the Equal Rights Party, and her running mate was Frederick Douglas, the Negro reformer. After a life of the most varied and untrammelled activities, she died at the age of ninety, the widow of a wealthy English banker, a lady bountiful in an English village, esteemed by the estimable. Mrs. Sachs paints her last days with a touching pathos. "She said she wouldn't let anyone come near her because she was afraid, afraid they might harm her or give her some infection. When she was half-dead, she spent her days lying in her automobile, and when one chauffeur wouldn't go fast enough, she got another. She sped madly around the countryside, as if she were trying to flee from death. For four years she . . . spent her nights upright in a chair for fear she'd die if she went to bed. . . . Finally, on the morning of June 10, 1927, they found her dead. Her last enemy had conquered her quietly, while she was asleep." An intensely interesting book. Often, it is not as clear as it might be, because of the mass of material Mrs. Sachs has included from all manner of sources, but it succeeds in drawing admirably a character of the most sensational and novel contrasts. The volume contains numerous contemporary illustrations and a lengthy bibliography; an index is missing.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY. 1840-1891.

By Florence Emily Hardy. The Macmillan Company
\$5 9¼ x 6¼; 327 pp. New York

This volume describes Hardy's boyhood in Dorchester, his training and practice as an architect, his struggle between architecture and literature (1867-70), his marriage, and the publication of his first books, down to "Tess," restored and published in 1891. Mrs. Hardy has compiled her story largely from contemporary notes, letters, diaries and conversations extending over many years. She offers almost no comment, and the result is a plain and striking portrait. She merely records the reiterating notes of pessimism throughout Hardy's memoranda, with no attempt to explain them; by the same method she makes it clear that the writing of poetry was the love of his life. Hardy's own comments upon his contemporaries were few, but what he said was singularly quotable. Of Walter Pater he wrote, "His manner is that of one carrying weighty ideas without spilling them." Of Matthew Arnold: "A manner of having made up his mind on everything years ago, so that it was a pleasing futility for his interlocutor to begin thinking new ideas, different from his own, at that time of day." The book contains many illustrations and an index.

Continued on page xx

Are you blindly groping for words to fit your thoughts?



"What word conveys the exact shade of meaning I desire?"

"Is there a better word than the one I am using?"

"What is that word I have forgotten?"

"Is there a word in the language which expresses my thought clearly?"

"How can I avoid this constant repetition?"

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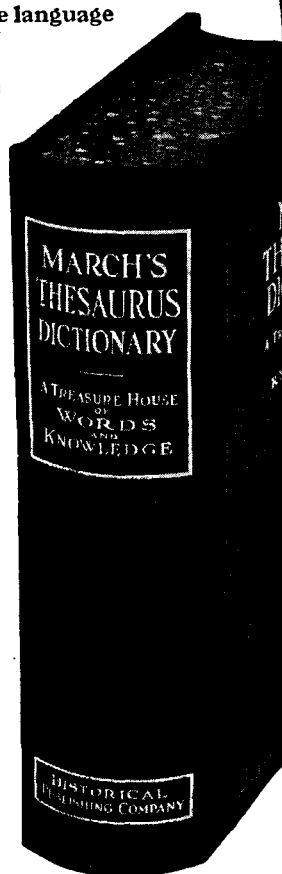
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Continued from page xviii

MONTAIGNE.

By *André Lamandé.* Henry Holt & Company
\$3 8½ x 5½; 303 pp. New York

M. Lamandé here reveals the manner of man Montaigne was before the composition of the *Essays*—a period heretofore neglected. He takes him in the first part of the book, through his studies under Nicholas de Grouchy and then under Marc-Antoine Muret; his sojourn in Toulouse, "where he found an even-tempered population, numerous relatives and tyrannical studies," and his first visit to court. He describes Montaigne at twenty-five as "shortlegged, with a vigorous and hairy body, wide-awake eyes, and his face covered with a beard as rugged as a chestnut burr. Since his childhood he has regulated his pace as he pleased. . . . Does he work? Only when tempted by keen pleasure, otherwise he dreams or amuses himself. . . . He cannot sing, play an instrument, swim, fence, close a letter satisfactorily, sharpen a pencil, nor carve at table; . . . his behind in the saddle, that is his pleasure and fancy. In the meantime he has a steady, quick gait. Quicksilver runs in his veins. His speech spurts out sharply and disdainfully, precise, savory to the lips, three-quarters French and the rest Gascon." A vivid book, ably translated by Alfred van Ameyden van Duym. It contains many illustrations, but an index and bibliography are lacking.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

By *Arthur Ponsonby.* The Macmillan Company
\$1.25 7 x 4¾; 160 pp. New York

Of Pepys, says Mr. Ponsonby, three distinct portraits exist: the impression he made on his contemporaries; the memory left of him after his death, in the period from 1703 to 1825; and the detailed picture which emerged from the Diary after the eight-volume edition was completed in 1899. The present volume, without adding any new material save on one or two small points, such as Pepys's relations with Sir William Petty, is an attempt to describe the three portraits. The characterization of Pepys, therefore, is unusually complete, though it is often marred by Mr. Ponsonby's didacticism. The book belongs to the English Men of Letters, New Series, edited by J. C. Squires; it has a bibliography and an index.

ADEPTS IN SELF-PORTRAITURE.

By *Stefan Zweig.* The Viking Press
\$3 8½ x 5½; 357 pp. New York

"For the adept in self-portraiture," says Zweig in his introduction, "the aim is to disclose the microcosm of his own ego, rather than to depict the macrocosm, the plenitude of existence. . . . My readers will be startled . . . to hear me utter in one

Continued on page xxii

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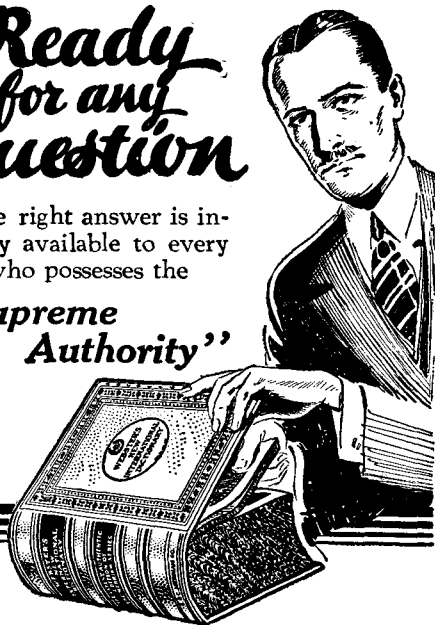
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breath these three names, Casanova, Stendhal, Tolstoy. But I do not imply that they stand side by side on the same spiritual plane. . . . Casanova is the lowest, the primitive (physical) gradation. In Stendhal, self-portraiture has reached a higher level, the psychological. With Tolstoy, this spiritual self-contemplation attains its highest level, inasmuch as it has become an ethico-religious self-portraiture." A brilliant and provocative book. The study of Casanova and of the life of Europe in the Eighteenth Century has much animation. Eden and Cedar Paul have made the excellent translation.

FORGOTTEN LADIES.

By **Richardson Wright**. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$5 9 x 6; 307 pp. Philadelphia

A handbook to the doings of nine extraordinary American women of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. The author acquires himself best with his portraits of the fabricating Maria Monk, who stirred religious prejudice sufficiently to cause the Anti-Catholic hub-dub of the Know-Nothing Days; of Sarah Josepha Hale, who for forty-seven years edited *Godey's Lady's Book*; and of the scintillating Anne Royall, lady journalist, whom John Quincy Adams called "a virago errant in enchanted armor." The illustrations from old prints and cartoons are amusing. There is a bibliography.

HISTORY

THE MAKING OF THE CONSTITUTION.

By **Charles Warren**. Little, Brown & Company
\$6 9 x 5 3/4; 832 pp. Boston

This volume brings together for the first time all the contemporary material relating to the framing of the Constitution—the letters to and from the delegates to the Convention, the letters of other prominent men about the Constitution during its making, and editorials, articles and apposite correspondence printed in contemporary newspapers. Through them the work of the Convention is presented day by day, and in such a manner as to make engrossing reading. Apart from the scholarly exactness of his heavily documented pages, Mr. Warren has admirably reproduced the atmosphere in which the framers lived, their doings outside of the convention as well as in it, their complaints, entertainments and dark misgivings. A first rate piece of work. It contains many notes, a bibliography, an index, and appendices of additional source material.

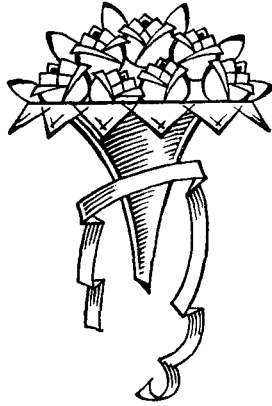
THE NOT-QUITE PURITANS.

By **Henry W. Lawrence**. Little, Brown & Company
\$3 8 x 5 1/2; 228 pp. Boston

Dr. Lawrence, who is professor of history in Connecticut College and himself of Puritan ancestry, here

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COLLEGE LIFE IN THE OLD SOUTH.

By E. Merton Coulter. The Macmillan Company
\$3 7¾ x 5¼; 381 pp. New York

Life in the Southern universities before the Civil War was a very picturesque affair, according to this history of the University of Georgia. Dr. Coulter describes with gusto the various student types, their styles of dress and affectations, their fights and trials, their midnight feasts, their societies, the college town belles, the coming of religion, and the student-soldiers. The following is from the criminal docket of the faculty for the forty-three years prior to 1873, no regard being had for the almost countless lesser offenses: "Idleness and neglect, 16; drunkenness, 27; disorderly conduct, 50; gambling, 4; playing cards, 4; fighting, 18; stabbing and shooting, 7; disrespect to professors, 21; fighting chickens, 4; profanity, 1; cheating and lying, 1; indecency, 8; refusal to recite, 8; disturbing church, 3; and having fire-arms, 4." The book contains many notes, an exhaustive bibliography and an index.

THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI.

Edited by Marion Denman Frankfurter & Gardner Jackson.
The Viking Press

\$3 8 x 5¼; 414 pp. New York

A selection from the English letters written by Sacco and Vanzetti to members of the defense committee, to their lawyers, and to English-speaking friends. Many of them, such as Sacco's letter to his son and Vanzetti's letter to Alfonsina Brini, have a

Continued on page xxvi

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A BOOK OF MODERN SHORT STORIES.

Edited by Dorothy Brewster. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 7 3/4 x 5; 482 pp. New York

Here is the elucidating note that Miss Brewster puts at the end of her anthology: "Anyone reading this volume straight through might be struck by the preponderance of tragic themes; of realism, brutal often, and darkly sinister. This may reflect the taste of the compiler. Recently, challenged by a student who complained about this unrelieved 'realism,' we made a search for short stories that presented more happy and romantic situations, . . . and it was striking to find how large was the number of tragic stories. It would seem therefore that the short story form itself demands dramatic subject matter. There is limited space, and within those limits effects must be secured. A situation of sharp realistic potentiality, or tragedy is much more likely to make for dramatic intensity than many a more subdued complication." There is a bibliography at the end.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHY.

Edited by Daniel Sommer Robinson. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$4 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 674 pp. New York

The subtitle of this book describes its character fully: "Selections for Beginners from the Writings of the Greatest Twentieth Century Philosophers, with Biographical Sketches, Analyses and Questions for Discussion." Dr. Robinson, who is professor of philosophy at Miami University, has done a fair job as such things go, but leaves himself open to certain serious complaints. He gives no space whatever, for example, to that most important development of modern philosophy, symbolic or mathematical logic. The literature on the subject is immense, and its two leading American exponents, Professors Sheffer and Lewis, both of Harvard, are clear and effective writers. Again, Charles S. S. Peirce is not represented at all. He was, in many ways, the father of realism and one of the profoundest thinkers of our time, and surely deserved inclusion. Thirdly, on what rational basis can Dr. Robinson justify the space he allots to Will Durant, and the place he gives his essay, next to one by William James? Fourthly, why let Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, speak for Neo-Scholasticism, and ignore completely the two recognized authorities in the field, Professor Maurice DeWulf, of Louvain, and Etienne Gilson, of the Sorbonne? The analyses and questions for discussion, fortunately, are brief.

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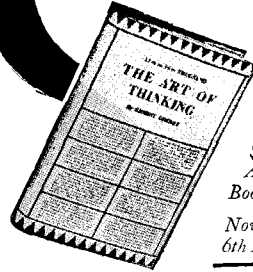
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The American MERCURY

March 1929

THE NERVOUS AMERICAN

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

IN WASHINGTON, at the close of the late war, an advertising agent—a fellow war-worker who had been a dollar-a-year man in one of the government bureaux—came to me with what he called a proposition. He wanted a booklet written in dispraise of Bolshevism, and he was prepared to pay \$20,000 for it. Or so he said.

It was evident why he came to me. He knew that, as an associate chairman of the Committee on Public Information, I had edited and rewritten the Committee's pamphlet exposing the relation between the Bolshevik leaders and the Imperial German Government in the early days of the Bolshevik revolution. But I did not understand why *he* should be so excited about Bolshevism. He had never shown any concern about it before. And I was puzzled to know how his sudden animus had made him so public-spirited that he was willing to offer as much as a dollar a word for an expression of his emotion.

The Committee on Public Information had been interested in Bolshevism during the war while the Bolshevik leaders were withdrawing Russia from the ranks of the Allies. But we were not interested in Bolshevism as an upheaval in Russia. And we were not afraid of it as a revolutionary menace to America. Our information showed that Bolshevism, in Russia, was mainly a doctrinaire affair. The land that

had been taken from the Russian aristocracy had been seized by the peasants and was not held by the Bolshevik government as communal land. A peasant who owns land is not a Communist; he is one of the bourgeoisie. The peasants in Russia were nearly ninety per cent of the population; the industrial workers who supported Bolshevism could not be more than two per cent; and so a Communist revolution in Russia could never be more than skin-deep. If the Bolshevik leaders attempted to impose Communism on the peasants, they would fail.

They had, in fact, already failed. They had interfered with the peasant's private ownership of his crops, and the peasant had refused to raise any crops except those he needed for his own use, and the Bolshevik leaders were now struggling with a famine. They would have to compromise with the peasant by allowing him to sell his crops for his own profit, and that would end everything but a formal pretense of Communism in Russia. The Bolsheviks might keep themselves in power by means of a military despotism, because the Russian peasant was notably ignorant and easily oppressed, but no such despotism was possible in any other European country. And certainly not in the United States.

Here the industrial workers and their

friends were perhaps twenty-five per cent of the population, at the wildest estimate. If they were to arm themselves for a revolt against society, the other seventy-five per cent of the people would get their guns, if necessary, and shoot it out on the streets. The American, in the process of revolution, has no such respect for law and authority as the Russian. The record made against the I. W. W. in the Western States showed that. Thus Bolshevism was no more a menace to us, internally, than Kaiserism. And why print a booklet against Kaiserism?

The advertising agent grinned. "I know all that," he said. "That's not the point."

The point was that he had found the wealthy business men of America amazingly stirred up about Bolshevism. They were ready to finance a campaign of propaganda against the Red Menace. As a publicity agent, he could collect his commission on that part of the campaign which he could get routed through his office. A rival had already arranged for a series of full-page newspaper advertisements against Bolshevism, for which he would be well paid; and it seemed to my friend that there might be even more profit in a booklet. Certainly, there would be unlimited money to back it. If it could be made a bang-up wild whoop of a booklet, it might prove to be a gold mine.

As far as I know, the booklet was never written, but the newspaper advertisements certainly appeared, and the campaign against the Red Menace began to assume the proportions of a national hysteria. The industrial detective agencies took their toll of it and egged it on with reports procured from their operatives. The bureaux of investigation at Washington went gloriously mad about it. The patriotic societies turned all their wartime enthusiasm into it, and the patriotic agitators—who subsist on these societies—foresaw in the excitement a promise of long life to their wartime salaries. Best of all, the wealthy business man, seriously alarmed by the social disaster in Russia, poured out a stream of patriotic dollars to support the

propaganda against Bolshevism and the prosecution of suspected Reds; and as long as this money was forthcoming, the flow of anti-Bolshevist emotion was certain and a supply of suspected Reds assured. The result was a popular mania that has had no equal in America since the early Puritans went wild about witchcraft and saw a torturable witch in every old woman who had lost her teeth.

II

This was all an interesting spectacle for the man on the side-lines. People must be allowed to have their manias, and only an incurable optimist will complain of it. But I was puzzled to know why the mania was so much more feverish in the United States than in any other Anglo-Saxon country. In Great Britain, for example, the Reds among the labor leaders succeeded in beginning a general strike, and the strike was promptly broken by volunteers from the other classes—just as it would have been in America, though with more disorder perhaps than in England—, but still there was no hysteria in England, and no persecution of suspected Reds, and no patriotic suppression of free speech, and no blacklisting of radical speakers. Why? What made all the difference?

The radicals in Washington were convinced that much of the terror in the United States was due to the bad conscience of the business man who had been profiteering during the war and knew it. He was said to be afraid that the returning soldiers of the A. E. F. would behave like the Russians and organize a soviet of soldiers and sailors to join the workers in revolt; and this report of his fear was certainly borne out by the efforts that were made to get control of the American Legion and prevent it from going red. But, here at once, the whole panic was proved ridiculous by the ease with which the Legion was transformed into an anti-Bolshevist organization devoted to the suppression of radical speakers and the intimidation of pacifists.

There were fewer germs of revolt among the American veterans than there were among the British; and the British business man must have had as bad a conscience as his American rival; yet Englishmen had obviously no fear of the returned soldier as a revolutionary, nor did anyone take the trouble to enroll the British veterans in a legion to rough-house any meeting that voiced a radical dissatisfaction with the world and the way it was being run. The English comic journals were full of bitter jibes at the newly rich who had made fortunes by profiteering during the war; the American comics were discreetly silent about anything of the sort. One New York magazine, the *Metropolitan*, since deceased, announced that capitalism was an American institution and that anyone who opposed it was a traitor. Such a statement could have been printed in England only by a comic paper as a wild burlesque. Why? Why was the whole matter treated with panic here, and with so little apprehension in Great Britain?

Someone offered me the excuse which is given for all such differences between the English and the American methods of handling what is called social unrest. The English people, it is explained, are a homogeneous people. The working man and his employer speak the same language. They have the same traditions. The labor leader and the mine owner may even be graduates of the same college. Garet Garrett, in an article on the English industrial crisis, has described a small group of these men—titled employers, radical politicians, labor leaders and so forth—meeting at a luncheon to consider their difficulties and calling one another by their first names. Such an incident is impossible in the United States for a variety of reasons, but chiefly, according to the sociologists, because we are not a homogeneous people. Our labor is largely foreign labor, immigrant labor, as it has been since the tide of immigration swamped the American workingman after the Civil War. Our employers and our labor leaders have not the same traditions;

they are commonly alien to each other by birth and language. A luncheon at which John D. Rockefeller and the late Samuel Gompers would call each other Jack and Sam is not a thing that could be imagined outside of a vaudeville show.

And that was all very well, too. It seemed a plausible explanation in so far as it accounted for some of the American employer's fear of labor as a native's fear of the foreigner. But it was obvious that the American fear went much further than this. There was a fear of radicalism that had been panicky even before the Socialist and Liberal programme in politics had been made frightful with the bloody name of Bolshevism. The panic in 1886, after the so-called "anarchistic" bomb-outrage in Chicago, was as hysterical as the hullabaloo about Bolshevism. The panic about Free Silver in the late nineties was another gaudy emotional debauch. In each of these cases, the fright seemed to begin among the leaders of the community, and they passed it on to the herd, usually in the course of a political campaign and for the purpose of defeating some candidate whom the powers-that-be considered dangerous.

I had been making a series of psychological studies of distinguished Americans with a psychiatrist in Washington, Dr. Edward H. Reede, whose practice gave him an opportunity for acquiring insight into the typical American mind. And in the course of our work, it became apparent that the difference between the English and the American attitude toward Bolshevism was not wholly due to the homogeneity of the English people. There was a difference, also, between the typical mind of the governing Englishman and the mind of the man in America who rose to power by virtue of his wealth and his control of politics.

It seemed to me, at first, that the great difference was caused by social conditions. The governing Englishman was commonly born to his position. His leadership was inherited with his estate. His privileges were open, acknowledged, accepted by

the people, and secure. A system of caste maintained him, unworried, in an eminence that was psychologically sustained. He was notably self-confident even in his stupidity, free of all fear of his regimented inferiors, and almost as safe in his authority as an army officer who cannot be deposed by any franchise of his men.

But things were very different with the governing American. He was rarely born to his position. In a country where wealth cannot be entailed, a great estate and a consequent power in politics are rarely inherited. They are earned by individual effort. And their privileges are neither open nor acknowledged. These men can only rule in America through what has been called our invisible government. They cannot get themselves elected to our House of Commons, and they have no House of Lords in which to sit. They have to obtain representation by their control of the people's representatives, and that control must be secret, and it is always uncertain. There is no caste system to maintain them even if they have been born to their power. They are consequently far less self-confident than the Englishman in a similar social position, and they are justly more apprehensive of any movement of revolt that may threaten their privileges.

But this explanation was also sociological. And Dr. Reede's experience with a host of patients had already established sufficient evidence to indicate that there was something psychological and subconscious below any American fear of Bolshevism that could be laid to social conditions. A deeper fear—a fear of which the successful American might be wholly unaware—underlay the conscious dread that expressed itself in the national hysteria. And apparently it was this subconscious fear that predisposed people to become ridiculous about the Red Menace, and inspired foolish persecutions of innocent suspects, and suppressed free speech, and led to such witch-burnings as the condemnation of Mooney in California, Hillstrom in Utah, and Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts.

III

In a way, the fear could be traced back to the early Puritans. It had descended from them through social tradition, parental teaching and the imitation of dominant traits. But it had changed its outward aspect in the process of descent.

With the Puritan, it has been an obvious soul-fear. He had adopted a religion that filled him with a sense of sin and provided him with no means of obtaining absolution. He could say of himself, with St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans: "I find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. . . . Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? . . . With the mind, I myself serve the law of God: but, with the flesh, the law of sin."

That is to say, there was an inner conflict in the Puritan between his animal appetites and his instinctive fear—a fear of death which had been translated into a fear of Hell, a fear of God, a fear of sin, a fear of punishment in this world and the next. There were involved in the conflict, also, his ego-ideals of humility and holiness and his instinct of self-assertion that impelled him to ambition, envy, pride, anger and so forth. These conflicts appeared in his consciousness as a war between the Flesh and the Spirit, between God and the Devil in him. The instincts against which he had set himself were the strongest instincts of ordinary healthy life; he could never wholly defeat them; he could never arrive at any truce between them and his conscious ideals. His conscious soul-fear was endlessly aroused by the ungovernable urgings of his animal appetites. Consequently, he had a chronic case of what the psychiatrists call floating anxiety.

The typical modern American, coming to Dr. Reede's office for the treatment of a neurosis, proved to be suffering with just

such a floating anxiety. In so far as the patient was a true spiritual descendant of the Puritans, who had been given a Puritan training in his childhood by a normal American mother, his anxiety was a recognizable soul-fear. His later education had done nothing to settle the quarrel between his conscious ideals and his subconscious impulses. Whatever conscious revolt he made against the Puritan training of his early years, his subconscious mind continued full of the dread that had come of his first admonishments. He was worried and anxious and insecure in the depths of his mind, and tense with an inner apprehension whose origin was hidden from him.

In a book called "The American Mind in Action," which I wrote at that time with Dr. Reede, his theory about subconscious soul-fear in the American is set forth at considerable length, and its effect in the formation of character is studied in the lives of a long list of eminent Americans. The theory was new and heretical when we first published it about ten years ago, but it has already become almost orthodox. It is much too intricate to be fully set forth in as brief an article as this. I wish to refer to it here only in those aspects which seem to explain such national hysterias as the panic about Bolshevism.

The early Puritan was saved from the worst consequences of his repressive creed by his luck in coming to settle in the American wilderness, where a new land gave him unlimited opportunities to use his anxious energies in pioneer industry. Any failure, any calamity, any ill-luck was regarded by him as an expression of God's wrath against him; and when the colony began to succeed, its prosperity was equally accepted as the evidence of God's favor. This prosperity was almost the only proof of his righteousness that the Puritan could obtain from Heaven, since he had no priest to absolve him and he had no experience-meeting in which to work himself up to a conviction of grace by means of mob emotions. His prosperity also gave him a feel-

ing of personal security to counteract his inner fear, and his industry relieved his repressions somewhat, by draining off his reservoir energy. Therefore industry was an equivalent of virtue and prosperity almost a proof of salvation.

In the mind of the modern American, the religious element has assumed another form, but the habits and characteristics that were originally derived from the religious element have persisted. The old faith in Providence rewarding virtue has become a belief in Opportunity smiling on industry. A man's instinctive impulses impairing his Efficiency have taken on the aspects of the old Flesh which he must fight. He pursues success, to escape failure, with all the inner urge that drove the Puritan to escape sin. Failure is the sin of the modern American business world. So exclusively does industry serve as the sole support of security that if you take an American away from his business, he worries to death. Retire him and he falls into a depression that is exactly like the despair of a Puritan's conviction of sin. The American prefers to die in harness rather than rest in his old age, as the European does. He has no rich inner life, based on self-knowledge and tolerance of himself, to repose upon in security when his work is done. His greatest psychological vice is worry—which is a displaced fear, a subconscious anxiety that gets itself projected into every sort of conscious dread.

Worry never ceases with him, because its hidden source is never reached. He throws himself into work, into business, into the activities of his profession, even into his competitive games, with a concentration and an application that are the wonder of the world. With an equal ardor he attacks all obstacles to his success, all rivals who keep him back, and all philosophies and modes of thought that threaten his prosperity. Hence his horror and fear of Bolshevism. Witchcraft, with its worship of the Devil, was no more terrifying to his Puritan forefathers. And the legal murder of suspected Reds was as in-

evitable in our day as the death by torture of Giles Cory of Salem in 1692, when he refused to plead either guilty or not guilty to a charge of witchcraft.

IV

If this state of subconscious fear and secret insecurity is the condition of the average American, it is much more the condition of the eminently successful man in the community. He is most commonly self-made. Almost invariably he has succeeded because his psychic drive, his anxious urge, his need of material success to sustain his inner inadequacy have all been greater than the similar drives and urges in his rivals.

Usually he has risen from poverty and inferiority, unaided by any kindly hand, and he has learned life in a hard school where pity has no more place than it has in a card-game, and injustice goes without saying, and envy and jealousy and unrelenting self-interest are the impelling emotions of mankind. He has no faintest understanding of the radical, the Communist, the Socialist, the political dreamer and idealist who exalt the herd instinct in man above the egotistic impulses and preach a doctrine of the common good to which the private interest must be sacrificed. To the typical American mind, all Socialist doctrine is demagoguery, hypocrisy, a disguise for the self-interest of the man who aspires to lead those-who-have-not into plundering those-who-have. And the governing American replies to the radicals with all the cruelty and injustice of his pragmatic business world.

This, too, is inevitable and must be borne. It is as useless to complain of it as to rail against the weather. It is one of the inescapable attributes of our successful civilization, and you might as well resent the number of motor cars on our country roads. The parasites of the rich American, having learned his fear, will always be able to scare money out of him for a campaign of propaganda against his bugaboo. The pa-

triotic societies that promote his panic will always be in funds. The politicians who denounce his *bête-noire* will never lack for campaign contributions. The judges and prosecutors will always be able to find witches for him and prove a case against them.

When such a subconscious emotion of fear and hatred is aroused, no intelligent argument has any force to restrain it. No evidence against it has any validity. I have quoted, above, the case of Hillstrom in Utah. I first read of it in a decision of the Supreme Court of Utah confirming Hillstrom's guilt, and that decision contained a paragraph so appalling in its seeming duplicity that I could not believe my eyes. A grocer had been murdered in Salt Lake City on a Saturday night in January 1914 by two masked men who came into his store, shouted "We've got you now!" and shot him down. About two hours later, six miles away, a Swedish laboring man who was an I. W. W., Joseph Hillstrom by name, came to the office of a doctor who knew him, to get treated for a bullet wound. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court ruled that the fact that Hillstrom went with his wound to a doctor six miles away from the grocery store was proof of Hillstrom's guilt, because, he wrote, "One suffering from such a wound as did the defendant—a wound of such serious and oft-fatal consequences—ordinarily does not walk around the country seeking surgical aid until, from loss of blood, he is about to collapse. Generally, such aid is promptly summoned and brought to the sufferer." So that the fact that a seriously wounded man usually goes to the nearest surgeon did not indicate that Hillstrom *had* gone to the nearest surgeon and had *not* been wounded six miles away; it proved that he was guilty because he had walked "around the country" with his wound!

This seemed to me so astounding a turn of logic that I read it to an old friend, a sincere and honest man whose hatred of the I. W. W.'s was well-known to me. And to my surprise his mind worked with

the Chief Justice's. He also saw the incident as a proof of Hillstrom's guilt. Quite honestly he saw it so. And no patient reiteration of mine could make him see the other possibility. He frowned over it, and worried over it, and listened to me with every appearance of trying to get my argument, but he never got it.

I have listened to many arguments on the Sacco-Vanzetti case which ended in the same way. And the man is simple who thinks that the members of Governor Fuller's board of review purposely disbelieved all the witnesses that testified in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti and deliberately gave credence to all the witnesses for the prosecution. Prejudice does not work so consciously. A thoroughly honest man may be quite unable to see a plain fact staring him in the face when his subconscious mind is unwilling that he should see it. He may be quite sincere and deeply self-justified in his declaration that he cannot see it, and consequently that it is not there. The fact which he cannot see may be a fact that would save an innocent man from electrocution. Still he may be an honest and upright judge—a Daniel come to judgment—and not be able to see that fact.

It would seem to be the path of wisdom for the prosperous American to distrust his

emotion and suspect his judgment when he is goose-fleshed by any warning cry about radicalism, Communism, Bolshevism, or isms of the sort. But that, perhaps, is to expect too much. It is easier for the radical to avoid arousing the fear which inspires the outcry. Bernard Shaw has performed miracles of avoidance by his use of humor. He has been listened to as a mountebank of whom no one need be afraid. Any radical with Will Rogers' wit would be as immune from censorship in America as a court fool. Heywood Broun continually says things acceptably for which Eugene Debs would have been suppressed, just as Mark Twain did for some of the heresies for which Bob Ingersoll was excommunicated. The American is easily moved to laughter. His famous humor is a subconscious device by which he derides his own repressions, and it could be used to tickle him out of some of his most oppressive fears. The day may come when nervous America, Puritan and successful, will laugh as contemptuously at the whiskered scarecrow of radical revolt as it would laugh now if anyone tried to frighten it with the apparition of an old witch on a broom-handle. Already we realize that Giles Cory did not die in vain. Perhaps it is true too of Sacco and Vanzetti, though we do not yet see it so.

AMERICANIZATION IN SAMOA

BY MARGARET MEAD

The Maori grass dies before the European grass.
The Maori rat dies before the European rat. So
dies the Maori before the European.

SO AN old aborigine of New Zealand summed up the effect of the white man in the Pacific. The lithe, charming native has been offered the choice between the Lady and the Tiger, acceptance of an alien way of life or death. He may give up his native industries, forsake bark cloth for Manchester cotton, cool thatch for corrugated tin roofs, his airy, graceful kilt for ugly, ill-fitting trousers, and give up his liquid Polynesian tongue for a garbled version of the speech of the invader. He may rewrite his dance songs in terms of Methodist hymn cadences, and substitute tin-cans filled with petunias and geraniums for the stately gray stones which once marked the graves of his dead. After he has made a large number of such unbeautiful concessions, he becomes either a cultureless man, without ambition, drunken, inelegantly clad, without pride—this in the smaller warmer islands where the beachcomber holds sway,—or he sends his children to school and they grow up in another tradition.

This last is the fate of the natives in the two great Polynesian island groups, New Zealand and Hawaii, where the conquerors have come in great numbers, bringing with them a coherent Anglo-Saxon tradition instead of the rags and tatters of half a dozen traditions brought by beachcombers and remittance men. The Hawaiian and Maori children grow up in the white man's culture, retaining only their brown skins and soft dark eyes as evidence of their ancestry. This is cultural death and

has proved to be only a deferring of racial death in Hawaii, where the Hawaiian is vanishing through intermarriage with other races.

On many of the smaller islands the people are not surviving the loss of their own civilization; the elders are refusing to bring into the world a disinherited generation and the people are dying out, having chosen the speedier form of extinction. The white man has also brought his less subtle weapons, drink and drugs, and, earlier in history, weapons, with which the natives might annihilate one another. Unfamiliar diseases have, of course, also played their part in the depopulation of the Pacific. The influenza epidemic of 1918 practically wiped out the older generation in parts of the Society Islands and with them died all knowledge of the native ritual and religion, in which the young people have ceased to interest themselves.

This picture is the more distressing because the damage has been in great part accidental, neither the work of imperial aggrandizement nor a byproduct of economic exploitation. It is the result of contact rather than of conquest. Tuberculosis was spread far more by the custom of marooning consumptive sailors upon small islands where the people took in the dying men, nursed them tenderly and contracted their disease, than by government or mission requiring the adoption of unsuitable clothing. Native industries faded and died before the miraculous process by which copra could be exchanged for cloth and tin buckets; they were not stamped out by government edicts, as in parts of Micronesia. The casual European resident did as

much harm as the organized effort of certain missionary groups to introduce the material symbols of lower middle-class non-conformist salvation.

In other parts of the world, many years of concerted onslaught upon the native culture, and the removal of the native from his own land, separating him from his natural food supply, forbidding his religious ceremonies, outlawing his economic system, and making his marriage arrangements illegal, have been necessary before he would give up his culture or die out without giving it up. But in Polynesia it has seemed as if the white man's culture were a sort of insidious poison. The native takes it easily, carelessly, and when he finds the whole fabric of his existence rotting, dies of a broken heart.

II

It is against such a background that the American administration in Samoa must be understood. Once and so often some enthusiastic young American starts a round of complaint, comparing conditions in the native school-houses with the school system of Gary, Ind., to the former's disadvantage. It is such an attitude which goads an occasional Governor into the inanity of trying to have manual training taught in the native schools—this to a people who can already make practically every article necessary to their lives! But viewed against a knowledge of conditions elsewhere in the Pacific and among primitive peoples in other parts of the world, it is safe to say that through a series of lucky accidents America has produced a type of administration in Samoa of which she may well be proud.

Our very possession of the islands is anomalous. After half a century of international disagreement and native wars, the three Great Powers interested in Samoa, Great Britain, Germany and the United States, came to an agreement known as the Berlin General Act of 1899. Under this agreement Great Britain re-

nounced all interest in the Samoan islands, Germany took the two large islands of Upolu and Savaii and the two little islands of Manono and Apolima, now governed by New Zealand as mandated territory, and the United States received the "Island of Tutuila and all other islands of the Samoan group east of longitude 171° west of Greenwich." The United States thus acquired the land-locked harbor of Pago Pago as a naval base, the three small islands of the Manu'a Group, and Rose Atoll, which is uninhabited,—sixty square miles of steep, volcanic South Sea island territory, unsuited to extensive cultivation, and containing a population of between five and six thousand Samoans.

A formal annexation act has never been passed by Congress. Our possession of the island is thus irregular and it is still a matter of pedantic controversy as to whether such acts of Congress as that of June 28, 1906, providing for the acknowledgment of deeds in American Samoa, that of August 5, 1909, mentioning Tutuila as a "possession" of the United States, and that of August 29, 1916, appropriating funds for a radio station in "American Samoa," are tantamount to a formal annexation by Congress. The islands were handed over to the administration of the Navy Department under an Executive Order signed by the President on February 19, 1900.

On April 1, 1900 (the date is ironical), the chiefs of Tutuila signed a formal cession of Tutuila to the United States. In 1902 they inquired tentatively as to whether anything had been done by the "Uniti Setati" about their gift. President Roosevelt then sent a message of greeting to the people of Tutuila and expressed the thanks of the United States for their "gift." Later, in 1904, the chiefs of Manu'a ceded Manu'a to the United States. Roosevelt again sent a message of appreciation and this time "a silver watch and chain (with case), a silver medal (with case) and a proclamation diploma to each signer."

Upon such amiable and implicit founda-

tions rests our occupancy of Samoa. International jurists who are more interested in points of law than in the happiness of peoples are distressed over their illegality. It is doubtful if the charming naïveté with which the three Powers divided up islands over which none of them had any legitimate claims would be improved upon by an act of Congress. But such an act might, of course, take the islands out of the control of the Navy, provide them with a constitution based upon precedents which have nothing to do with Samoa, and saddle them with intrigue and exploitation.

Instead of which Samoa is governed by the Navy under a series of Regulations and Orders for the Government of American Samoa, enacted by a long series of Governors. This code is remarkable in many ways—for its moderation, its respect for Samoan custom, its generally pragmatic and tolerant character. Only two Samoan customs were expressly forbidden in the code as it stood when I was in Samoa: the public defloration of virgin brides and the custom of killing pigs and destroying crops on the way to a funeral. Probably such a record of non-interference can hardly be equalled anywhere else where one people governs an alien and more primitive people; certainly not anywhere where the United States exercises control.

The problem of taxation is solved by the cheerful expedient of taxing every man over five feet one inch, as birth records are only beginning to be kept and an adult Samoan will give his age with perfect insouciance as twenty-five or sixty upon different occasions. The government appoints the highest chief in a district as district governor, and chiefs of lesser title as county chiefs. The attempted elaboration of a mayor elected by each village has been disposed of in characteristic native fashion. If the highest chief is elected mayor, the people defer to him; if he isn't elected, they defer to him anyhow and ignore the mayor. Government officials soon learn to traffic with the high chief regardless of his technical status.

III

The Polynesian separated from his land is a doomed man. He will not work for wages, he knows no trade, he has no means of subsistence except sponging upon his relatives. Wherever the white or Chinese trader has penetrated, unless deterred by government, he has tended to extend to the native long credits which the latter is unable to meet. Ultimately the native's land finds its way to the trader as payment for the debt. All such exploitation is effectively prevented in American Samoa. No trader is permitted to give more than \$25 credit to any native—an amount which any man willing to cut copra can repay. Also a government regulation forbids the alienation of native lands to non-natives. Leaseholds not exceeding forty years are occasionally granted. These may have their semi-tragic aspect, as when a lease is given for a nominal sum to a mission plantation which is then planted and improved by the mission, and when the time comes for renewal the descendants of the original pious renter reconsider their ancestor's price in terms of the enormously increased value of the land.

Justice is administered by a civilian judge appointed by the Navy for a period of two years, and by a series of native magistrates selected from among the more venerable chiefs in the native communities. Fines have been found to be the most effective form of punishment. The Samoans were familiar with them before "the coming of the light" (a euphemism in Oceania for the coming of the white man). Every Samoan prefers to compound an offense if possible; even adultery is settled by the correspondent, male or female, making atonement in fine mats to the injured spouse. Jailing, which lacks the power to confer social degradation in Samoa, is found to be less effective. Old residents still tell the story of the time when a village asked permission to go upon a *malaga*, a visit to another village. It had been found necessary to institute some sort of traffic regulation

in these wholesale village exoduses since the introduction of cricket has made them so popular that often the gardens are badly neglected. The judge therefore refused permission to the whole village to go and live upon the other village for a week, and then found to his great chagrin that the chiefs had made the visit first and asked for permission afterward. They were ordered to jail and came into the Naval Station singing gaily, happy at the thought of living upon the government for a month. The government has wisely profited by such occurrences, and changed its tactics.

The procedure of the courts is special and often irregular. It varies between the most inappropriate recitation of precedents from California law, if there is no Samoan law to cover the case, to the most humane and amiable understanding of native confusion. Cases involving natives often require a noble disregard of ordinary legal procedure. It is necessary, for instance, to "forgive" a woman for bigamy when it is found that after her first husband, a native of British Samoa, wrote her not to return for he had a new wife, she married a Tutuila man innocent of any knowledge that she was breaking a law. A court with authority to "forgive" bigamy hardly follows the best precedents of Anglo-Saxon law. When such a court makes rulings over white civilians in the same free and easy fashion, fining the plaintiff as well as the defendant in a case of assault without troubling to have a new charge brought in, the white resident finds cause for grumbling. Any large increase in the white civilian population would doubtless demand the constitution of some less arbitrary judiciary. Meanwhile, almost all of the white population and a large section of the more sophisticated native population, nurses, and *fitafta*, (native Marines), do not come under the jurisdiction of civilian court, and there are far more natives needing official absolution for innocent breaches of laws which they have not yet learned to understand than there are civilian residents needing legal protection.

In matters of public health the administration has been very successful. Quarantine was enforced so effectively during the influenza epidemic that American Samoa escaped untouched. Here again, official action in a small place may go to ludicrous extremes, as when a new medical officer quarantined all the arrivals from a ship upon which a second-class passenger with smallpox had been discovered between San Francisco and Honolulu. Although the steamer escaped quarantine in Honolulu and Sydney, the heterogeneous group of officers, enlisted personnel and a Samoan family were huddled away upon a minute point of land in Pago Pago harbor, where the punctilio enjoined upon them by the difference in their naval status made life thoroughly and unnecessarily miserable for everybody.

Native nurses are trained in the Samoan hospital under the supervision of medical officers and Navy nurses, under conditions which would scandalize any devotee of orderly hospital routine. The wards are Samoan houses, thatched roofs erected upon circles of posts, without walls. The only addition is cement floors. Patients are brought food by their relatives, following a deeply entrenched tradition. The Samoan nurses, who have hardly had the equivalent of a fifth-grade education and speak the most rudimentary English, go about barefoot. In this way the Samoan aversion to the hospital, based upon a fear of the unfamiliar and of dying away from home, is gradually being worn down by making hospital conditions as homelike as possible.

The Samoan nurses are taught how to deal with intestinal parasites, conjunctivitis, skin diseases and dysentery, and they learn the essentials of obstetrics. They are sent out into the villages, where they become useful centers of public health. The newly arrived medical officer starts back in horror on seeing a nurse answer a hurry call to a sick bed with a piece of dripping, nearly raw pork in her hand, but such things have not unfitted the girls for mar-

rying native pastors and living useful lives in the backwoods villages. Samoan men are similarly trained to serve as corps men and interpreters in the clinics and outlying dispensaries. Had the government waited until a group of high-school grade, English-speaking Samoan boys and girls was developed, Samoan public health would be far below its present standard.

It has also shown commendable restraint in dealing with the native doctors. Samoan aboriginal medical practice is a mass of useless and erroneous formulae for the use of leaves and roots. When it isn't useless, it is often highly injurious. Native doctors habitually use one cathartic herb which is likely death, often in combination with another which is sure death. They treat the conjunctivitis which is so prevalent in Samoa by rubbing the inflamed eyes with a paste of bark and leaves which results in the formation of scar tissue and eventual blindness. There is a strong temptation to a government with absolute power to interfere with practices whose injurious effects are visible on every hand. But high-handed methods would antagonize every Samoan family, for under every roof lives an old woman with at least one or two medicinal secrets. So the government has contented itself with commanding treatment for yaws, and every third Friday in the month all the natives with that disease are lined up and injected with 606. With this sole exception, the government has used peaceful tactics. It has established a large central hospital and four outlying dispensaries, provided for medical inspection, trained native nurses, given out free medical supplies to school teachers and village officials and native pastors, and waited for results.

The waiting has taken great patience. The Samoan is used to the existence of half a dozen medicines for one complaint; all the old women in the village have their formulae. He is accustomed to try one and then another. The white man's medicine simply swells the list. He shrugs his shoulders and tries that too. Very slowly he is learning that the white man's medicine

cures more often; thus the dispensary, the interpreter, and the nurse are taking the place of the old Samoan practitioners. Sometimes, of course, it works the other way and a native nurse will smuggle a Samoan doctor in under the very eyes of the medical authorities. It takes self control on the part of the pharmacist's mate who has sat up night after night by the bedside of a desperately ill man to accept unprofanely the sweet insistence of the man's just-arrived nurse cousin: "Now, my uncle and I, we will watch over the sick one and you may rest." He knows that this means ancient Samoan treatment, discontinuance of his own treatment, and almost certain death for the patient. It is bitter to have the results of a favorable operation or a long and arduous hospital treatment completely defeated by a sudden whim of the patient's relatives to carry the half-recovered invalid home over rocky trails, undoing all the results of medical care and resulting in death.

IV

As the government has been tolerant, slow moving, disinclined to meddle unduly with native life, so the Samoans have been flexible, discriminating, intelligent in their selections and rejections from the culture of the *papalagi*, "the sky bursters," as the white men are called. They have learned to use matches and kerosene lamps without forgetting how to make fire with the fire plough and lamps out of cocoanuts. They sew on sewing machines but have not forgotten how to make cloth from paper mulberry bark. They have learned to boil food in iron pots but have not abandoned their earth ovens. They have not lost their taste for octopus in acquiring a fondness for bully beef, which they call *peasoupo*, a term once applied to all canned goods, but now specialized to mean bully beef. All things which are good are said, in Samoan slang, to be *peasoupo*.

The Samoans still build their old-style houses, which have the excellent ability

to kneel down peacefully before the hurricanes of ten-yearly occurrence, instead of sending tin shingles flying about to deal out death to passersby, as is the way with *papalangi* houses.

As they have picked and chosen among the white man's material ways of life, so they have taken Christianity and revamped it into characteristic Samoan form. Their ancient religion was based upon the principle of avoidance. As long as the old gods were not offended by the infringement of their particular rules, rules mainly ceremonial in character, they took no interest in the affairs of men. In Samoan cosmological theory the world was created in an orderly fashion through a series of marriages among rocks and sea and sky. The order of the universe was fixed once for all, and as long as man respected this order, he had no reason to fear the gods. The gods, and men who kept their tabus, were as distant with one another as Englishmen who have never been introduced. There were, it is true, a few minor demons who flitted about, taking sides in a war, and sending minor disasters according to their own all-too-human caprices. There was a demon lady who loved young men. Youths who awoke late in the day, long after the sun was risen, to find their bodies suffused with a strange rosy flush and their houses filled with a strong, compelling fragrance, knew that all their future sweethearts would be in danger of death from the jealousy of the demon who had lain with them, unbeknown, in the night. Souls of relatives who had died in a pet were also likely to be troublesome; they would vent their ill humor by sending disease and death upon their surviving relatives. But this was a family matter. If a lengthy harangue at the grave failed to remove their evil humor, one could always scald them finally to death by pouring hot water into the grave at noonday. But one hated to take such extreme measures, for one loved one's relatives.

Into such a casual, uninstitutionalized religious setting came Methodist and Con-

gregationalist missionaries. From them the Samoans learned that there was another god, greater even than Tagaloa, who had promulgated a new set of tabus, differing from the old tabus inasmuch as no amount of care could keep one from breaking most of them most of the time. Particularly strange were the teachings about sex to a people who regard love-making as the pastime *par excellence*, and make a fine art of sex, and the teaching about lying to a people who value good manners and surface amiability above all things. The Samoans did not, however, sink into any deep conviction of original sin; rather they turned to the other side of the shield, the concept of a forgiving god. If the God of the Christians were most unreasonable in His tabus, still His disposition was loving and kind. So a Samoan pastor preaching on David's sin with Bathsheba, after picturing in vivid and orthodox style the enormity of that sin and David's repentance in sackcloth and ashes, added: "But why did David make all that fuss? The Lord was right there waiting to forgive him all the time."

In those cases where the Lord, being very human after all, may weary of continuous calls upon His good nature, as in the transgression of the chastity injunction, the Samoans have evolved a simple formula. No one becomes a church member until after marriage, and young widows and widowers whose bereaved state is protracted usually fall from membership. Thus simply, formally, with loss of all sense of individual responsibility to an angry god, is sin translated into social terms. Such men and young men as have begun to study for the ministry but strayed along the primrose path are classified as fallen men, descriptively, without odium. It is amusing to note that it took the contact between Protestant morality and Polynesian gaiety to even up matters finally between the sexes and produce the correlate of the fallen woman.

The naval government is autocratic, undemocratic, absolute. It is accomplishing

its efficient protection of the Samoans from white exploitation by denying freedom of trade, freedom of contract and various other traditional Anglo-Saxon liberties. Furthermore, as the officers of the Navy are sticklers for rank and ceremony, so are the Samoans. The Samoans enjoy having to deal with a punctilious government. Once in my own village I noticed that an ordinary girl of low rank was being sent down to make the ceremonial drink of kava for an inspecting naval officer. "Why," I asked, "is not the princess making the kava for the officer?" and was told scornfully: "Do you think we get out a princess for a paymaster?" Naval officers, thoroughly conversant with the importance of maintaining social distinctions, are careful not to undermine the authority of a native chief by treating him unceremoniously before commoners. It is a question of Greek meeting Greek and speaking a common language of caste and social ceremonial.

The very points which irritate the casual civilian visitor make the naval administration admirably adapted to protecting and governing the Samoans. Under a civilian government, which would please the handful of white residents and half castes, the Samoans could not be half so thoroughly protected from exploitation nor would their elaborate system of ranks and privileges be respected. It is doubtful whether even the flexible, adaptable Samoan social system, which has fitted nurse and teacher and pastor into its scheme and naval rank into its order of chiefly precedence, would be able to survive a civilian government. The Navy's motto is Samoa for the Samoans—and the Navy. It is reserving for the United States the only Samoan resource which is of any use to it, the harbor.

American Samoa is without important

economic resources. The natives raise a small amount of copra, which the government markets for them in one large contract and thus prevents the swindling of individual natives by white traders. The people are literate in their own language. There is no room for an educated, English speaking population; there are no occupations to absorb them.

Under naval administration the native population has increased 52.8%. Such conditions are atypical and unexpected. They do not flow from naval government nor Samoan temperament alone, but from a happy combination of circumstances through which a people with a strong caste system and flexible hospitable minds are governed by a rapidly shifting group of well-intentioned, non-professional governors, under a policy of a minimum interference with native life.

The Samoan is a formalist, preferring appearance to reality, manners to morals, form to content. Dearest to his heart is his fabric of complex social relations, of chiefs and talking chiefs who act as ambassadors and spokesmen of chiefs, of village convocations and formal inter-village visiting, of stately speechmaking and meticulous observance of etiquette. He is friendly to the new if he is given leisure to fit it into his own pattern of life. As one chief named his old dog, "a la Samoa" and his young dog "a la Papalangi," so Samoa is gradually adjusting her life to the demands of contact with white civilization. So long as the natives are permitted to select only those things which actually improve their own culture, encouraged to conserve their old ways of life and guarded from economic exploitation, they will continue to present the pleasant spectacle of one primitive people who have not been required to choose between the Lady and the Tiger.

MORE MONEY FOR LESS EDUCATION

BY H. E. BUCHHOLZ

AMERICA today is spending a lot of money on public education. But as the years roll by the annual expenditures will inevitably roll up, so that the 1929 burden may be regarded as relatively light compared to what the people must shoulder eventually. My appearance here is designed neither to proffer consolation to the taxpayer, except as he can find it in the assurance that the worst is yet to come, nor to point out ways of escape, since there are none. Rather, I aim only to explain how costliness came to be the ideal of American education, and, somewhat sadly perhaps, to bear witness to the superbly diligent manner in which the schools at present are pursuing that ideal.

It is common knowledge that school costs have gone up by leaps and bounds. Without causing a ripple of excitement, Dr. George D. Strayer, professor of educational administration at Teachers College (Columbia), could testify before a recent Southern Conference on Education that in 1926 the United States spent approximately four times as much for its public schools as it spent in 1910, and then add: "The end of this upward scale *is not in sight*." Regarding the increases already recorded, I shall, in due course, present figures which will show that Dr. Strayer was, if anything, too conservative. As to the future, time will undoubtedly prove him right—provided, of course, the shock of swallowing the rapidly increasing school budgets does not kill the goose which lays the golden eggs.

The forward-lookers in education, who now completely dominate their craft, recognize but one measure of success—quantity. They have adopted the yardstick

of the commercial go-getter as their gauge, and refuse to see any evidence of progress save mere bigness. Worse, they have managed to force this criterion upon their customer and victim, the taxpayer. Ask him, in any average American town, whether his community is progressing educationally, and he will answer affirmatively only if he can quote a phenomenal rise, year after year, in school costs. He has been educated by the educators to assume that any system which spends, say, 30% more this year than last offers irrefutable evidence of a progressive and idealistic spirit. Perhaps it was Leonard P. Ayres, at the time with the Russell Sage Foundation, who gave the first great boost to this new practice of evaluating school systems quantitatively. In his book, "An Index Number for State School Systems," published in 1920, he calculated the worth of each State's educational system by taking account of ten factors, five having to do with the quantitative aspect of attendance and five dealing with the amount of expenditures.

His ratings by this ingenious procedure, for some unknown reason, were straightway accepted as fair and plausible, and thus was blazed a new path to success in school administration. No need thereafter for superintendents to bother about such elusive matters as the quality of the instruction given nor the manner in which it might function later. Professional success could be computed, quickly and precisely, by noting the increasing fruitfulness of the superintendent's annual raids on the public exchequer. Today an American schoolman, called on to render an account of his

stewardship, almost invariably begins—and ends—by pointing to pretentious buildings and obese budgets. He is willing to stand or fall by his ability to make the people spend more money.

But before I attempt a survey of the means by which the cost of public education has been thus increased, it may be well to show exactly what the rate of increase has been. Dr. Strayer, on the occasion mentioned, compared the school costs in 1926 with those of 1910 and stated that expenditures had quadrupled, going from approximately \$500,000,000 to approximately \$2,000,000,000. As always, he was too modest in telling what the leaders in school administration had done for the taxpayer. The actual bill for public schools in 1910 was \$426,250,434; by 1926 it had mounted to \$2,026,308,190. Four times the 1910 cost would be \$1,705,001,736; so that the professor, in his modesty, overlooked the sum of \$321,306,454!

But why use the figures of 1910 for a comparison? They tell only the end of the story. The records of 1900 are much more illuminating. For example:

	1900	1926	Increase
Pupils enrolled	15,503,110	24,741,468	59%
Teachers employed	423,062	814,169	90%
Salaries paid	\$137,687,746	\$1,100,316,674	700%
New buildings and equipment	35,450,820	411,037,774	1050%
Expenditures for other purposes	41,826,052	514,953,742	1130%

One more glance at the score and I am through with figures. Lest it be presumed that a comparison of 1900 with 1926, or of 1910 with 1926, reveals a rate of "progress" that is now being reduced, let us see what was accomplished between 1925 and 1926—the most recent years for which full statistics are available. In those twelve months

The pupil enrollment increased	14.6%
The teaching staff increased	19.8%
Salaries increased	79 %
The outlay for new buildings and equipment increased	166 %
The expenditure for "other purposes" increased	90 %

II

Naturally, the taxpayer may wonder how the schoolmen have been able to sustain such stupendous rates of increase. I admit it has been a big job. Of course, the dollar lost something of its purchasing power between 1900 and 1926, and to whatever extent this is reflected in the higher cost of the public schools the schoolmen claim no credit, no more than would a housewife pride herself on paying twice as much to-day for a steak as she gave in 1900. But after allowing everything for the depreciation of the dollar, more than enough remains to cover with glory all those schoolmen who have practiced so triumphantly the gentle art of what they are pleased to call "creative administration."

The masterstroke in starting school expenditures skyward consisted in staging an endless race between all the American school systems to see which one, in any year, could make the highest record of expenditures. When this competition was inaugurated, each superintendent had as the nucleus about which to erect his ad-

ministration of costliness an educational unit which had for long been engaged in teaching more or less fundamental things as efficiently and economically as possible. But efficiency and economy could have no place in an educational progress measured exclusively by expenditures, and so radical treatment had to be administered to alter the inherited units.

It was no boy's job which the "progressive" schoolmen tackled when they started to knock efficiency, economy and the fundamentals into a cocked hat. The American people thought they had grown great and prosperous through practicing economy

and efficiency, and were not easily to be persuaded that it was proper to employ their wealth for the purpose of establishing a reign of inefficiency and prodigality in their public schools. Again, teaching the fundamentals had tradition back of it, and some people, a bit old-fashioned perhaps, were disposed to demand the continued teaching of them, even after the bars had been let down for certain new fads and frills. But the trick of winning over this lay opposition was swiftly and effectively turned by the schoolmen when they instigated a rivalry between all the systems to see which could blow the school budget biggest—in other words, when they turned the prevailing go-getterism to the uses of pedagogy.

Observe how the thing worked. The opulent Babbitt of, say, Cleveland, (whose offspring, if he had such encumbrances, attended private schools), would never have responded on altruistic grounds to a proposal that he bear a tax-rate which would permit the Cleveland common schools to surpass in costliness of maintenance the most exclusive private institutions. But when this idealistic butter-and-egg man was told that in this matter, Cleveland was competing with Chicago, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and like cities, each bent upon seeing which could make public education cost most, his sporting blood warmed up. Soon he was not only ready to approve the budget in hand, but demanding that the school officials find new and costly features to tag on to it. It was imperative, he felt, that his city be recognized as the most progressive, educationally, in the country. That, he believed, was good advertising for Cleveland, and, incidentally, for his butter-and-egg business.

There is something sublimely American about the spirit with which various cities have entered this contest for supremacy in the costliness of their school buildings; the salaries paid their school officials and, to a smaller degree, teachers; and the number of luxurious fads included in their school

programmes. A single illustration will show how perfectly the thing works in practice: A certain city contemplates erecting a new high-school. Under the old style of school administration, the substantial citizens of the community would have sought facts by asking such questions as: Is a new building actually needed? What student body will it accommodate? How much can the town afford to spend? What type of structure will best serve the purposes for which this school is intended? Will it be both efficient and economical? But under the new spell of inter-system rivalry, an entirely different type of information is sought. School officials scour the country for the big "show" high-schools. Details are tabulated concerning size, style, equipment, extras, and especially cost. This dope is turned over to the architect with instructions to create something that will make all existing high-schools look like thirty cents—and he does it.

As a device for increasing the cost of public education, this rivalry is almost perfect. Witness how the annual bill for schoolhouses and equipment rose 1050% in a quarter of a century, while school expenditures for "other purposes," which largely cover the high cost of operating the new plants, jumped 1130% in the same period, although the student population scored only a 59% gain. Witness, also, that in the short space of twelve months, from 1925 to 1926, expenditures for buildings and equipment went up 166% and outlays for "other purposes" increased 90%.

But the progressive schoolman has not been so shortsighted as to put all his eggs into one basket. While developing his scheme for putting each system's building programme into competition with the programmes of all other systems, so as to make public education costlier, he has also given profound thought to the possibilities of the payroll. He could, of course, expand the salary item on the budget by periodically increasing the pay for all school positions, including his own. He has done

this, in fact—by diligently keeping his community fully informed about what other systems were doing in the matter of raising salaries. But increasing the pay of existing functionaries did not, by itself, produce as quick results as were demanded by educational "progress." Therefore the payroll was subjected simultaneously to both a front and a rear attack. At the same time that the average of teacher's salaries was being raised 296%, during the period 1900-1926, the army of pedagogues drawing this steadily increasing wage was expanded 90%.

What to do with the additional teachers was a problem. A simple solution would have been to put them on the payroll and then send them into the parks for sunning. But such a method would have missed the service these newcomers could render, outside the pay they drew, in making education cost more. Therefore, new types of activity had to be devised. All kinds of fads, many of them exquisitely futile, were grafted on to the public school system and piped to the public exchequer. Of course, all these innovations appealed strongly to the big butter-and-egg man, once he had been won heart-and-soul to the side of educational "progress." Just as he likes to boast that every new automobile contrivance, no matter how senseless, is put on his cars the instant it becomes available, so, having caught the fever of inter-system rivalry, he insists that the school officials in his home town be constantly on the lookout for the very latest novelties in education. If the local superintendent chances to be in a town which is entertaining Col. Lindbergh, and instantly telegraphs his home papers that he proposes to start a course in aviation as part of the elementary curriculum, he is hailed by the butter-and-egg man as a truly progressive administrator. Thus, any project that promises to be costly and futile finds the latch-string of the up-to-date school system hanging out for it.

The champions of these new fads, of course, do not take kindly to those who

still believe in the old-fashioned fundamentals. But this difficulty may be smoothed over by prohibiting the teaching of the fundamentals in really "progressive" schools. Evidence of such a trend is seen in the costlier private elementary schools of the so-called experimental type, where the fundamentals are treated like unloved step-children; while a parent who dares complain because his offspring is not learning to read, write and cipher is treated like a bigamistic step-father. These institutions are already being copied, with fair success, by State-supported schools. I could name certain public schools wherein the primary teachers boldly assert they are engaged to encourage the "natural development" of the child through a "socialized" school atmosphere, and announce that they do not propose to stoop to teaching the alphabet and multiplication table.

By expanding the field of the public schools horizontally through adding all the new fads, and by elaborating the supervisory side, an opportunity has been afforded the progressive schoolman to create many new and highly remunerative positions. Prior to 1900, educators were cautious about building any formidable organization outside the force of class-room teachers. At present, however, the smallest system, if ambitious to rank well, senses the need of an elaborate bureaucracy around the administrative office. The process of such elaboration has been standardized. An individual is hired as an expert in a specialized field. So soon as he finds a place to hang his hat and a desk whereon to prop his feet he begins dreaming of expansion. If only he can arrange to get a few assistants, he may convert his office into a department, and his own appellation into that of director. He consults the more-money-for-education superintendent, and discovers that the thing can be arranged. Thus there blossoms forth a department with a director, supervisors, assistants and a budget. There is no end to the activities that justify such departments in a system which is ambitious to spend money—vo-

cational education, vocational guidance, manual training, Americanization, educational research, curriculum study, tests and measurements, mental hygiene, physical education, home economics, domestic science, music, art, continuation schools, evening schools, Summer schools, play-ground activities, kindergartens, primary education, intermediate grades, junior high-schools, high-schools, special classes, etc. To maintain the rate of growth each such unit will soon or late place within every school building a representative who will be part of the special department or bureau rather than of the particular school or of the system as a whole.

III

Having thus glanced at a few of the means employed by "creative administration" to make public education cost more, one may ask: Will these things be sufficient to maintain the present rate of yearly increase in school costs? Not by a jug-full! More must be invented—ever more and more. Thus it is a gigantic task which confronts the educational forward-looker. The total expenditures for public schools jumped from \$214,964,618 in 1900 to \$1,946,096,912 in 1925. If this rate of increase—ninefold in exactly twenty-five years—is to be duplicated during the second quarter of the century, then for the year 1950 the schools must be able to consume \$17,514,872,208 of public money. To find ways for spending so much money in a year will surely be a vast job.

Suppose a newly-rich chain-store proprietor instructs a caterer to furnish for him a banquet which will surpass anything ever before put on. A caterer of imagination should be able to accommodate him. But if this same newly-rich comes back, time and time again, and on each occasion insists that the next affair make the one immediately preceding appear, by comparison, tame and cheap, the caterer will have the real task; all the chain-store Croesus will have to do will be to pay the bills. There

is a similarity between this hypothetical situation and the actual case of the "progressive" schoolman and the public. The people have merely to provide the funds for meeting the increasing expenditures, but the unfortunate schoolman must rack his brains to devise new means for making education cost more.

So far, this discussion has been concerned chiefly with what is being done by the educational caterer in the matter of the elementary and high-schools; but it is unreasonable to expect these two parts of the public school system to bear the whole burden of making education costlier. Therefore, most wisely, forward-looking educators are already engaged in building the public school system up into the life of the adult, so that eventually his education at the public expense will stop only when he dies. And at the same time the system is being built down into the nursery in order that the new-born child of tomorrow will literally tumble into a classroom.

No need here to rehearse what is being done even now by the State-supported colleges and universities. Occasionally a bilious individual, out of tune with the ideals of modern education, undertakes to criticize them for their alleged sins of omission and commission. But a glance at their budgets discloses the fact that practically all of them are doing their share to make public education cost more. What if they do take all sorts and conditions of youths, wrestling with the question of what to do in life, and arbitrarily assign them to courses which give them neither pleasure nor profit, and then turn them out, after four or more years, with their ability to wrestle with their original problem somewhat reduced?

Simply on the score of conformity with the latest purpose of making education costlier, such a course is now regarded as commendable. We should not forget that these higher institutions have accepted the responsibility of training students, not only for the vocations and professions, but for leisure as well. When a liberal arts college

in a State university takes in hundreds of students, year after year, for the purpose of preparing them better to fit into American life, and then turns them loose, as graduates, with only a few fragments of useless knowledge, its aim doubtless is to train them for leisure, even though it be that of the hobo.

What is really needed is that the production of graduates be speeded up. The coming of the junior college, taking just two years to make a full-fledged college man, should give considerable help here. All sorts of junior colleges can be established, at the public expense, to offer vocational training of an elementary type and confer dignified degrees. The possibilities here have been already scented. Dr. G. Vernon Bennett, of the University of Southern California, in "Vocational Education of Junior College Grade," indicates what may be done in this line to increase the nation's expenditures for public education. In collaboration with a group of pedagogues interested in vocational education, he compiled a tentative list of the vocations for which training could be offered by State-supported junior colleges. This group decided that such callings as those of the café manager, the auto salesman, the detective, the dressmaker, the railway station-agent, the storekeeper, the upholsterer, the traveling salesman, the hotel keeper and the undertaker should be regarded as of junior college grade.

An exhaustive study was made of twenty-eight occupations accorded this grading, and it was found that in order to keep that limited number supplied with graduates, 471,000 students should be kept in training, producing an annual crop of 189,626 graduates. By this scheme the country would be able to spend \$143,000,000 more money annually on public education. Dr. Bennett, it will be observed, took account of but twenty-eight vocations out of more than one hundred that might be regarded as of junior college grade. Moreover, there is no reason why thousands of colleges of slightly lower rank might not be created,

out of the public funds, for training manicurists, collectors for instalment houses, grocery clerks, waitresses, doorkeepers and flunkies for movie cathedrals, and the like.

Again, there is the rapidly developing project of adult education. This newcomer in the pedagogical grove is peculiarly appealing, for, on the more or less sound theory that "once an adult, always an adult," the taxpayers may at one clip acquire millions upon millions of life-time customers.

There is little tradition back of the enterprise; therefore educators may use their imaginations freely. Frankly, I know nothing about the subject myself. Some months back, Mark Van Doren assigned me the task of reviewing for the *Nation* the first six volumes on adult education to be published in America. I read them all, not because I am a conscientious reviewer, but because I hoped to pick up information. My net gain from this exhausting reading was a suggestion, made by Dr. Alfred Lawrence Hall-Quest in "The University Afeld," that when we think about adult education we should recognize certain existing agencies already at work, such as the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the chautauquas and lyceums, the public libraries, and the museums.

Whether adult education is merely deferred elementary education, as in the case of illiterates, or the application of a high cultural polish, such as may be gained by sitting at the feet of the Hon. Thomas Heflin when he lectures,—this, after all, is an academic question that will not be allowed to retard the growth of the movement. Almost anything imaginable could be included in its province—teaching old women bridge, bankers the game of golf, nurse-maids the technique of horseback-riding, and flappers the art of crossing their legs. There are so many possibilities in adult education, such unlimited opportunities for spending public money, that, as a taxpayer, I am naturally for it—strong.

IV

Public education is soon going to cost more in another way—and here scarcely the beginning is in sight. That is through building a magnificent substructure beneath the primary grades. Not so many years back, pedagogues debated seriously whether the schools should admit pupils at five or six years of age. Tight-wad economy complexioned the discussion. But economy has since been cast to the wind, and the schools are ready to tackle the child while it is still an infant. According to a circular being distributed by the Maryland Association for Kindergarten Extension,

The early years of childhood are today receiving the attention of American psychologists from New England to California. Clinics and laboratories for the observation of children from birth to six years of age have been established in most of our great universities. Why? Because psychologists realize that these years are the formative years of life; because they see in them the seed time from which the fruition of later years is to follow. Upon this new knowledge and understanding is being built a new education, which begins at the cradle. It provides a nursery-school as a supplement to the home for the children from two to four.

Since the primary aim is to make education cost more, is there any sound reason why educators should arbitrarily select the age of two years as the time when the public treasury will begin educating the child? The start in fact, could be made much sooner. Dr. John B. Watson, formerly professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins University, addressing a group of women recently, made the point that what is done with the child long before it reaches two, indeed while it is still the tiniest infant, may decide whether it is to be another Beethoven or just another shoemaker. Perhaps the first two years are really the important ones, since, according to Dr. Watson, all habits and reactions can be "built in" to the child while they are being lived. Just so soon as a technique for this building in has been developed by the behaviorists, the American public schools will begin to specialize in the production

of geniuses, provided, of course, enough pupils can be saved from the corrupting influence of mother love. The home, we are told, is not able to assume responsibility for training the child even during its first years, and so the job must be shifted to the schools. However, I suspect that no need will be found to discontinue the present courses for training adolescent girls and young women for married life and motherhood. Even though they will not be permitted to employ the knowledge gained from such courses, the courses themselves will remain useful, for they will make public education more costly.

But let us go back to the preschool child. The leader here is Dr. Patty Smith Hill, professor of kindergarten education at Teachers College (Columbia). While mere male educators are dabbling with picayune schemes for increasing school costs 50% or 100% a year, this great female leader has prepared a programme which, almost over night, could carry our annual expenditures to the seventeen billion mark. America deserves the note of rebuke with which she opens her article, "Preschool Education as a Career," in the *Journal of the National Education Association*:

Very young children have just as much right to all those influences which make for maximum growth as any later stage of development, yet the state is slow to grant this. Maximum growth at any stage of development demands an environment equipped to stimulate developing powers plus a highly trained guide to utilize these facilities to produce achievement of a high order. . . .

We are not fully civilized today. Boards of education all over the land refuse a tax for preschool children, leaving them to chance, for better or worse, in homes with untrained mothers, or in the streets with no supervision. It is only recently that a tax was procurable for education of children from four to six years of age and the battle is yet to be fought for the nursery-school child.

A new day is dawning. We are asking and demanding our right to a professional preparation commensurate with opportunities offered those in the upper grades and secondary schools. We are also invading the homes of the present and future, insisting on parental and preparental training for mothers, and shall we venture to say fathers, as well?

Not only will the public, tax-supported nursery-schools of the future provide for

all such infants as may be voluntarily brought to them; this champion of the new baby-schools hints that her group will not hesitate to invade the home and literally cart off the youngsters. If, in the next twenty-five years, such baby-schools are established in sufficient number to provide for all babies, then there is no question about the stupendous educational progress, measured by dollars, which this suffering nation is destined to make. Here are Miss Patty's plans:

There is a periodical medical examination far more thorough and superior in every way to those offered by schools of any type in the past; there is the daily inspection given by trained nurses before the child is allowed to join his playmates; there is the daily régime of scientific feeding, sleep, rest, and open air work and play; there is a psychological and psychiatric clinic with its mental, emotional, and social diagnosis; there is the daily record kept by the nursery-school teacher herself which, when put together with the findings of doctors, nurses, psychologists, psychiatrists, nutritionists, dentists, posture experts, and case workers, give as full a clinical study or picture of the child's whole personality as is possible to secure. In addition to records made in the nursery, a home report is brought daily by the mother with a record of the child's home sleep, both as to quality and quantity, the appetite, elimination, emotional disturbances, and open air opportunities. Parental coöperation is required as a condition of entrance and the education of the mother is considered an integral part of nursery education.

Parents, no doubt, will willingly comply with all these requirements, for they will realize that no royal prince ever enjoyed, since he could not afford it, the kind of nursery care the taxpayers of America will accord all its babies—white, black, yellow, and mixed. Here we see the type of pedagogue who will teach baby:

The nursery-school teacher must have some of the knowledge and skill of the trained nurse, together with the attitude and ability of a wise, intelligent mother, since she takes over many of the duties which only trained nurses and mothers in the past were supposed to be willing or prepared to do for little children. Nothing that the child needs can be regarded as menial by a thoroughly trained nursery-teacher. She must have a goodly share of the medical knowledge which pediatricians are supposed to possess. She must be well inducted into the intricacies of psychiatry or mental hygiene and skilful in the use of such knowledge in meeting the emotional disturbances and behavior

problems of child life. She must be prepared to enter intelligently into the nutritional programme mapped out by experts in this field. She must be expert in teaching correct habits of sleep and posture. In addition to such knowledge and skills, not usually possessed by teachers, the nursery-school teacher must have a full knowledge of the relation of her curriculum to those in kindergarten and primary education, with their literature, art, music, games, dances, and social studies as carried forward in modern education.

What a soul-inspiring picture! Could any red-blooded American refuse to pay taxes until it hurts and, if need be, hock his shirt, that the humblest child hereafter born in America may be started aright in life in such a nursery-school? What food for the idealistic imagination! Let's have just one nibble:

A tiny tot is carried by its mother to the door of the baby-school. There the mother surrenders her offspring to the receiving official, together with a detailed report of its life since the closing hour of the preceding day. The receiving official conveys *the baby to the studio of the trained nurses*, where it is thoroughly inspected before being permitted to join its playmates. During this inspection a nurse, inadvertently, jabs a finger in its eye and it begins to bellow. It is rushed posthaste to the psychiatric section to have its emotions interpreted. A psychiatrist tickles it under the chin with the left hind leg of a graveyard rabbit, and the youngster responds by smiling, whereupon the learned gentleman announces that it has been restored to a proper mental state for mingling with its playmates. Then a thoroughly trained nursery-school ma'am leads it into the spacious school gardens, where, in the open air, it can play on the sand-pile.

The little tot surveys its playmates; glances at the thoroughly trained nursery-school teachers who form a fringe around the group of pupils, scrutinizes the palatial structure to which it will shortly be escorted for scientific feeding and scientific rest, and then, just to prove that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings occasionally may come a word of wisdom, says—*boloney!*

EDITORIAL

And that's the end. He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and excessively romantic. Not in the wildest days of his boyish visions could he have seen the alluring shape of such an extraordinary success.

I QUOTE from "Lord Jim" toward the glorious end thereof. In order to make the words fit the earthly pilgrimage of the Hon. Calvin Coolidge, LL.D., thirtieth President of the United States, there may be need to change a few of them. But not many, nor important ones. As for me, I would let stand even "excessively romantic." What, indeed, could be more romantic than the sudden appearance of a new nebula in interstellar space, of soft, yielding gases and wild surmises all compact? What could be more romantic than the downright creation of matter, or of an appearance passing by its name, out of and in the void? It was from that void that Dr. Coolidge issued, palpitating, unprecedented and incredible, and to it, on March 4, he will return. His coming and his going constitute a cosmic phenomenon of the first magnitude. Such things happen only at long intervals and on the more felicitous planets of moral universes.

What he thinks of himself, I daresay, will never be known. His self-revelations have been so few and so wary that it is even difficult to guess. No man of his august station ever talked about himself less. One traverses the dismal acres of his speeches and state papers without finding a single lush flowering of the ego. He lays down the great principles of statecraft in the impersonal manner of a schoolma'am teaching the multiplication table. He never doubts them, but neither does he ever try to improve them. If, flowing from his pen, they take on the unpleasant dubiousness of the obvious, then it is simply because they seem completely obvious to him. So with

those grand postulates of ethical science with which the head of a Christian state must deal. To him they not only appear impeccable in content; they are also inviolable in text. He'd no more think of changing them, even to the length of a jot or tittle, than he'd think of painting the White House scarlet. All wisdom, as he apprehends it, is a closed book. Revealed to man, in its crude but pure form, by God, and refined by the apocalyptic Founding Fathers and by a long series of Republican national conventions, it now approaches the austere and invariable excellence of a parallel of latitude.

There is no room in this scheme for taste, preference, prejudice, weakness, gusto, indignation. The old Puritan lust to improve the world is toned down to a mere diligent determination to keep it going. Whatever is, is right, at least statistically. There may be objections to it in theory, but practical men will carry on. Thus the prime duty of a President becomes indistinguishable from that of the chief engineer of an electrical works. The machinery must be kept in motion at all costs. There must be no shutting down and no slowing down; there must be no gaping out of the window at passing parades; visitors with umbrellas and walking-sticks must be kept out. Here I quote in substance from one of the few confidences that Dr. Coolidge has vouchsafed us: you will find it in his letter to the publisher of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, dated August 10, 1928. The curse of the Presidency, it appears from that letter, is the temptation it offers to play with ideas. A President is naturally a man of vast influence, and all sorts of people want to hear his views on this or that. But it is his duty to deny them that "entertainment and amusement," and to hold himself rigidly

aloof from even "worthy public movements." His one and only business is to perform faithfully the operations that he was elected to perform, according to the principles that never change.

In the same letter there are even more intimate revelations, though surely not many. Being President, it appears, is uncomfortable physically. One cannot travel without taking along a gang of secretaries, servants, secret agents and newspaper correspondents. It is hot in Summer in Washington, and almost as hot down the Potomac on the *Mayflower*. It is hard to avoid getting late at meals and to bed. A President is apt to suffer from lack of exercise. There follows the one venture into self-analysis that I can find in the entire Coolidge canon:

I have often remarked that at least I had one distinction. I have been the healthiest President that the country has ever had.

II

Let the historians put it down. The chances seem very good that when they come to write the Coolidgeiad they will have little else to say. It would be difficult to imagine another man so eminent who was at the same time so obscure. His talents, such as they are, are predominantly those of the cuttle-fish. He has a passion for dissimulation and concealment. Whether the business before him was the political manipulation that is his chosen art or the craft of governance that was thrust upon him, he has always preferred to work in a darkness of his own making. The one remembered phrase of his career is remembered solely because, for long months, its precise meaning was hidden even from his intimates. Already a complaisant nation forgets his oblique and murky maneuvers in the oil scandals. It was plain enough at the time that he knew more about them than was ever got out of him. But he managed to maintain his reticence through thick and thin, and to this day he has said nothing against the thieves, and done nothing that

he was not forced into by powers beyond his control.

What the private ethics of such a man may be is beyond precise determination. That they have no sort of relation to the platitudes he utters officially is obvious, but beyond that it is hard to go. In general, his view of what is seemly seems to be that of any other professional politician, whether of Tammany or of the Anti-Saloon League. He has no apparent detestation of corruption as such; it seems to be evil in his eyes only to the extent that it costs votes. A mountebank looks precisely the same to him as an honest man, provided only the mountebank can get away with it. Any blow is fair in a fight, provided only it does effective damage. The history of the proceedings against Senator Wheeler, if it could be unearthed in full, would make very instructive reading. Those proceedings, it must be said, showed no appreciable heat; there was no bluster of moral indignation in them. But neither was there any trace of common decency.

With shadowy ethical ideas go vague and rudimentary tastes. I doubt that the chronicles of mankind show another ruler who was so pathetically unacquainted with the genuinely salient men of his place and time. His cronies have been dull nobodies and his chief official dependants have been jokes. Seeking to recreate himself with the artists of his country, he sent for a gang of movie actors. Desiring to honor eminence, he took boatloads of chain-store newspaper proprietors down the Potomac. The Cabinet that goes out with him on March 4 shows men of a wide variety, from hard-faced political hacks of the calibre of New and Sargent to gurgling evangelists of the stamp of Wilbur and John J. Davis, but since the withdrawal of Hoover there has not been a man in it of any ponderable ability or dignity. Its stars are two vacuums, Mellon and Kellogg, both destined to go down into history as comic characters. As for Hoover, his adventures as a member must await the W. E. Woodwards of the next generation. One

recalls today only the incredible affront that was flung at him when he aspired to the State Department, and the surly silence when he hoisted himself a step higher.

No manners, no taste, no enthusiasm, no passion, no ideas. It is a record probably unparalleled. Six years in a place of gigantic and singular power, and all that emerges to engage posterity is a workman-like job of bookkeeping. Out of the opportunities of a statesman flow only the achievements of a respectable garage-keeper. Not a problem of any importance has been solved, or even so much as clearly stated. The situation of the farmers remains precisely what it was. Prohibition is still a nightmare to wets and dries alike. If foreign relations remain parlous, it is due, not to honest experiment and error, but to sheer neglect and numskullery. The Department of Justice is as bad as ever, and the Federal bench, burdened with Anti-Saloon League nominees, is worse. The Insulls and the Dohenys, coming upon the scene with a *posse comitatus* pursuing them, pass out under the presidential wing, with a friend in the Cabinet. A scent of decay hangs in the air. In the midst of the muck stands a grotesque and forlorn little figure, drowned in a huge sombrero. One thinks of Casabianca, L'Aiglon, George V. Better still, perhaps, of Cinderella, peerless heroine of romance—but puzzled by the spoons. The thirtieth President returns to nothingness not knowing what it was all about.

III

The succession goes to a quack—a shrewd and daring one, but still essentially a quack. The buffoonish “good-will” tour of the Latin seaports followed naturally after the realistic rounding up of black-amoor delegates, the pleasant transactions with the Anti-Saloon League, the Klan and the Methodist bishops, and a campaign of platitudes and evasions. Hoover has the ability of a hundred Coolidges and the energy of a thousand, but dubiousness lingers in his aura. He was trained for

statesmanship in the mine-stock business. He is an American who came within an inch of being an Englishman, a Republican who came within an inch of being a Democrat, and a dry who came within an inch of being a wet. He is extremely cocky, and with sound reason, and puts a low estimate upon the courage and decency of other men. On the “good-will” tour he tried out the newspapers, and found them pathetically docile. He will try them again.

Nevertheless, there are the makings of a grand failure in him. His first two or three years may be prosperous enough, for the plain people will quickly respond to his hurrah, and the Anti-Saloon League has obligingly cleared most of his ablest enemies out of Congress. But reapportionment will run against him, and so will time. The rock that he will find it hardest to get over is Prohibition. Pious words will not be enough; he will have to do something—and whatever he does will get him into difficulties. The essential problem, I suspect, is completely insoluble, like most of the other capital problems of mankind. But he will have to try to solve it, and quackery will not suffice him. My guess is that he will end with both the honest dries and the implacable wets infuriated, and the fair men in the middle disgusted.

In any case his gyrations will make a gorgeous show, and for that, at least, the gods may be thanked politely. Six years of shadow boxing are enough. Those who must suffer the indignity of being subjects of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals deserve better entertainment for their pains. They crave heavy slugging, with a vast emission of blood, and they seem likely to get what they crave. Not only Hoover was triumphant last November, but also a long file of eager and prehensile men, from the survivors of the Ohio Gang to the wizards of the Klan, and from the political parsons to the heroes of Teapot Dome. They will all play their parts after March 4, with a gifted star to adorn the comedy. It promises to be a first-rate show.

H. L. M.

ACROSS THE COLOR LINE

BY M. S. LEA

SHE resembled a little a portrait by Botticelli. Her figure was tall and supple, and clothed in a limp muslin dress from which all of the color had been washed, and her soft brown hair was drawn down in a loose knot at the base of her round, rather long neck. But it is her face which today remains fixed in my memory, with its slight modelling and its unrelieved pallor, luminous as a jasmine flower in mountain twilight. As she came toward us through the dusty village street the stripling son of Kentucky at my side leaned down and said in a stage whisper directed at the brim of my leghorn hat, "Look quick! Let me know what you think of her!"

"I think she's awfully pretty."

"She's a nigger!"

I didn't belong to the town, but I had been brought up in New Orleans, where, in those years, I considered myself something of a judge. I responded with sixteen-year-old forthrightness, "I don't believe you!"

I turned and looked at her closely and perceived only a modest young woman, somewhat older than myself and quite as white outside, walking a trifle absently through a Kentucky valley. She was near enough for me to have touched her with my hand.

The boy insisted, "I tell you she is!" He held his tongue then, to let her pass out of earshot, and went on, "More than that, she lives with niggers over the other side of town. She looks white, but she's the only one in the family. The rest are plain black, or maybe some of them are kind of mulatto. The mother's almost

white, only it's easy to see she's not: and this girl—well, she don't mind or anything."

She didn't look as if she minded. There was an expression on her face as though she were unconscious of her immediate surroundings, being occupied with thoughts of her own of no particular general interest. She hadn't looked at us as we passed her, and seemed indifferent to my companion's thinly restrained comments about herself. I suppose that she was used to being pointed out as a freak of breeding in a place where everyone busied himself with the concerns of his neighbors.

We passed through the business section of the sleepy hamlet and out on to the valley highroad, and the Kentuckian told me some gossip about the girl with the still, white face, and a drummer.

I think that he said a drummer: he was some sort of wandering gallant. While the girl was living with her brown and black kinspeople and not, as he pointed out, minding, the drummer came through the valley peddling his wares and saw her in the postoffice one night waiting for the evening mail to be handed out through the window. He said to some men from the village he'd been talking to, "Who's that?"

They saw that he was smitten. It was too good a joke to pass up without a lark.

"That?" said they. They told him her name, and it might have been the name of any girl he knew. It wasn't enough. He blushed, but asked them, "How about a little introduction?"

Then they knew he was mashed. They stopped the girl as she was leaving the

postoffice with her letters and mumbled her name with the travelling man's. They had their tongues in their cheeks, but she knew better than to stay and talk with a white man in that town.

She said "Howdy!" and went home to the Negroes she lived with. But the drummer stayed around downtown and wondered how he could arrange for the chance to see her again. He thought she must be shy, and that that was why she had left the building in so nervous a fashion without waiting to talk to him, or to any of the men from town standing about waiting for their mail. He went back to the hotel that night still thinking she was white, as they had planned he should.

He was leaving the valley the next morning, but he expected to be back in about a week. He thought he'd write and ask her if he could call. He didn't know where she lived, but reasoned she'd get a letter if he wrote her one addressed to General Delivery. He had put her name in a book so he wouldn't forget it.

When the Kentuckian came to this part of the story he said with lusty satisfaction at the spice it had taken on in the telling, "She must have thought he was trying to get fresh. Only a lot of them wouldn't have cared; they'd have tried to keep him from finding out some way, and met him downtown until they'd got some presents or something out of him, anyhow. But this girl's peculiar; everybody around here says so. She don't care or anything if anybody calls her a nigger to her face. So when the drummer's letter came she sat down and wrote him he'd better go with girls his own color."

It had been impossible to imagine that jasmine white face as anything but the stainless thing it seemed. No hint appeared on its surface of the long line of moody blacks somewhere in its past. There was mirrored in it no mountain pastoral, like the image on a television plate, of the humble shanty housing a brood of black or brown half brothers and sisters: no ghostly hint of a steaming wash boiler

beside round tubs in a littered back yard, and the linen of the town's best families flapping scarecrow fashion on a rope. Where yesterday had been a timid appearing young thing with tender eyes and a milky skin was now a monstrosity demented nitwit with God knew what incredibly come by store of misinformation concerning himself and his forebears. He wrote her in some heat that he'd have her know that he was every bit as white as she was!

II

The story reminded me, in a broad way, of one my father used to tell about a man from St. Louis who wished to locate the residence of a great-great-grandfather in a file of old New Orleans directories that belonged, in the eighties, to the office of a law firm of the city.

Like so many of his kind, he was possessed of a compelling charm, not to be questioned in the hour when he himself thought that he was what he appeared to be, a Caucasian out and out. The men he spoke to about the matter took a genuine liking to him, and never, to my knowledge, mentioned his name while telling of what befell him. That was the sort of impression he made on them. He was the equal of anyone among them when he came into the room, and by a sort of unvoiced agreement they let him go that way. Only when he found what he'd come after there was an abyss between them for a moment while he left them.

He had the old gentleman's name and the square he had lived on down on a piece of paper with a kind of inescapable accuracy. He simply walked into the offices of the firm one morning and introduced himself, remarking lightheartedly that he had heard of the file of directories and asking in a pleasant, deferential way if he might make use of them: he seemed to want to verify his notes for a genealogical record of some sort he was trying to get together. His likableness was the thing

they spoke of oftenest around the office afterward. They damned themselves to a man if they had ever been so sorry for a young fellow before in their lives. They regretted with explosive genuineness that they should have been called upon to witness the monstrous thing that took place under their collective eyes, because they all helped him, since the books were frail with age and most of the neighborhoods had shifted this way or that. And they found what they were after, his great-great-grandfather's name, and following it like an overweighted tail to a tugging kite, the letters *f. m. c.*, branding him irrevocably as a Negro, a free man of color.

III

In Haiti a single drop of white blood makes a man white, although he may be as black as stove polish to look at. You'll say to a blackamoor on the street corner, "What time is it, friend?" And he'll answer you laconically, "Ahsk the w'ite man yondah, stan'in' by the sto'." There won't be the difference in two midnights in the hole of Calcutta between them. But the first blackamoor knows that the second blackamoor has white ancestors.

There was a white man from down there who looked white to boot; but when he arrived in the United States to take up his residence he followed his African blood and fell in love with a French quadroon, and, renouncing his native claim to call himself a white man if he chose, set about establishing himself among the Negroes.

Just here he discovered difficulties in his way. No one would believe he was a colored man. Indeed, he seemed to the dusky families on the Gulf Coast a creature from an alien star, a character not to be trusted, an individual of a sinister and shady kind.

This was because he had sleek hair and trimmed his beard in a point, while his manner was polished and elaborate as a result of his having gone to school in Paris. It is possible, too, that he wore

spats and a morning coat, and pressed his trousers too carefully and kept his handkerchief in his cuff. Anyhow, to the rolling eyed Cotton Belt blacks he appeared about as congenial as a personal emissary of the Devil. They refused to believe his tales of Negro ancestry and spewed him out on the town. Even his high-yellow, willowy bodied fiancée used to say, through her mouthful of pins and dressmakers' tools, that she dreamed of snakes every time she made up her mind to marry him.

This was regrettable, because it forced him into white boarding-houses where, in happy ignorance of the abhorred taint in his blood which bound him to the black white men of Haiti, they made much of him, while he suffered mightily within himself at his enforced residence among so tepid and unimaginative a people. Eventually the flirtatious brown girl married him and made him a home of his own. But she never tired of sly references to his sojourn in the world of palefaces.

You can't tell the man in the street a story of that sort and expect to be believed. "Don't tell me I don't know a nigger when I see one," he'll say. And he'll say, "People can't get away with that in a country where they're known. If the fellow had been an American somebody would have gotten the drop on him quick enough." It's always meat for a rowdydow discussion.

Usually only two starting points are admitted from which a line may eventually take the color hurdle, and both of them are discounted as immediately as presented. The first has to do with illegitimate children of representative white fathers who are barred from recognition in their native communities by reason of their notorious origin. The second sets up, and rightly enough, ejects without pause the hypothetical adoption by white women of negroid strays belonging to their husbands. Such reasoning is at once flamboyant and unessential to the problem at hand: the game, if a person's determined, is an easy one to play. What can't be proved is better to ignore.

IV

There was a little red-headed runt, arrived in one of the border States some years after the Civil War, who had no such jungle flavor. He set out at once to make himself indispensable to the town he selected, a settlement heavily Southern, where nigger was a fighting word with the majority of the inhabitants. The usual bad blood showed up wherever the question of race was concerned, and seethed and boiled, and sank to old levels, and boiled up again, spilling itself in petty feuds; but the little fellow with red hair and a determination to have the liking of the community worked his way to the top through divers civil activities, and finally settled himself into the niche of a valued citizen.

But one day a chap came through who had known him around the race-track in New Orleans, and he said to the first person he met, "What's that nigger doing in this town?"

Sometimes that's said about a man and his history is so well known or his Caucasian backing is so powerful that the statement makes no impression on the listener. But while the runt was well liked, the only hold he had on the place was personal. He had to get himself out of the accusation single handed the best way he could. And that was where the situation became delicate. He was a familiar guest in all their homes, a popular member of their lodges.

It was necessary to prove without delay that the man from Louisiana was a liar. The stench of Negro must be lifted from their firesides with all the haste possible. A libel suit was tedious and might prove unsatisfactory. Moreover, it would make them a laughing stock in the place where the runt lived if the Louisianan could make good his accusation of the tarbrush.

Here it is possible that they considered old wives' formulas for ferreting out black blood, and rejected them. "Look at the base of the fingernails," say their books. "A blue moon is plainly visible on the

fingertips of an African." But poor circulation or sudden cold snaps had made their own nails blue at odd times. They glanced down obliquely and looked further.

Back of the ears a dark line might mean sluggish blood around a scar, or another man's imagination. They couldn't pull the little chap's head off his shoulders trying to decide as absurd a thing as that. Beside, there might be no marks of any sort on him, since to all appearance he was as white as anyone among them. He hadn't a family tree about him and he said his family had never had one made up.

Sharp practice can put a man where it's a nuisance to his neighbors to know him. They gave him a pistol and told him to go out and shoot the chap from New Orleans if he was the white man he was passing for. They didn't think he'd do it if he wasn't all right. A murder of that sort isn't easy to go through with without justice behind it to give it stomach.

So the little red-head took the gun and went down-town looking for the Southerner, and when he found him, shot him through the heart. When the insult was explained to the bystanders, no harm came of it. Calling a man a nigger in a community of that sort just after the Civil War meant trouble up to the hilt.

Just the same, the man who spoke of it to me said, "But do you know, that little scoundrel *was* a nigger? His father was a filthy rich carpet-bagger and his mother was a classy octroon—used to pass for a Spaniard around Houston. My folks knew all about them, but they weren't looking to get shot like the chap who told on him; neither was anybody else down that way. So when they heard of it they all kept their mouths shut."

V

I eventually swapped this yarn for one from Mississippi which seemed to me rich in color values beneath its cracked surface, like an old canvas glowing with mellow, unquenchable life. A physician, a representative of a stately and honorable line,

was called to the bedside of an aged quadroon dying of malaria in a tiny settlement at the edge of a cypress swamp.

It was one of those places that isn't a town and isn't even a village; just a handful of shanties at the head of a tiny bayou. Back of it was a line of scummy water, blanketed with Spanish moss and crawling with snakes and mosquitoes. On the tumble-down doorsteps sat old men and women like images from the hands of the mother tribes in Africa, like murdered skins shrunk with fillings of hot sand. Naked children played under the mournful, unquiet oaks, or rolled in the flat mud yards with underfed pigs and rickety cats and dogs.

The old woman in the miserable, sagging lean-to had been a belle in the days of quadroon balls. Now she was shrunk like a rancid walnut, and clawed at her toothless mouth with hands that were unsteady talons, and mewled, and huddled wretchedly in the disordered bed.

A man's portrait on the wall looked down at her with a supercilious smile. It was the likeness of a Nineteenth Century dandy, a white planter with a horse fancier's stance in the angle of the legs, and love of women in the thin, braggart's face. The artist had pinioned them there to watch beside the foul deathbed of his mistress three quarters of a century later.

Money wouldn't buy it from her. The doctor offered her a great deal, in a fever

at the abomination, because the portrait was that of his own great-grandfather, and he himself was a man with early gray hairs acquired in a lifetime of hard work and rigid adherence to the attenuated living of an impoverished aristocrat.

The sitter for the portrait had little to do with it. The old woman had forgotten him. But his natural great-grandson in the North had extracted a promise from her that it should be his at her death. She had stripped herself of clothes and belongings, regardless of all physical need, and had bought him a law practice in a city where he was unknown, where his swarthy good looks and hearty manner made him popular and a good mixer, with no questions asked, in a pleasure-loving set of fly-by-nights.

Horrifying as the situation was, the doctor found his hands tied as completely as if they had been bound with ropes. The dying old woman whimpered that she had been given the picture as her lawful property when the man who had owned her had married; and produced documents to prove it. Short of theft, there was no chance of possessing it.

And there the tale rests, with the physician endangering his none too robust health with his sweat about it, and the young near-white lawyer waiting for the day when it will hang in his library with every semblance of authority and gather within his walls the dignity of a seemingly unassailable house.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE A. F. OF L.

BY EARL W. SHIMMONS

THE American Federation of Labor cannot be understood without a knowledge of Samuel Gompers, whose long career epitomized its history from its radical pioneer days and struggling formative period to the height of its power and the beginning of its decline. The ghost of Gompers still haunts the halls of the Federation's ornate home in Washington and presides over the Executive Council.

He was born in the Whitechapel district of London, of Dutch Jewish parents, in 1850. His earliest recollections were of the misery of poor lace-makers thrown out of employment by the introduction of lace-making machinery. The tide of the Industrial Revolution was wiping out another handicraft. The craftsman, who had been the keystone man in industry since the days of feudalism, was losing his trade skill and the ownership of the tools of production. He was being demoted to the ranks of the unskilled. Gompers was to become his champion.

At the age of ten young Sam was forced to leave school to help support the family. He never forgot that bitter experience and in later days was to become a relentless foe of child labor. He was apprenticed to a cigarmaker and worked at the bench twenty-six years before becoming a paid union official. Into the dismal depths of the London slums seeped tales of a wonderful land to the west where "a man was a man if he were willing to toil." The Cigarmakers' Society helped pay the passage of the Gomperses to America and they arrived in New York in the dark year of 1864. In the front room of their tenement home in Houston street, in the heart

of the East Side, the father fitted up a work bench and the boy helped him roll cigars. Years later Sam was to lead the fight for legislation which abolished the cigar sweatshop.

A natural student, he was soon enrolled in the free night-school at Cooper Institute. He was full of vitality, warm sentiment, and social idealism. He early showed signs of leadership by getting himself elected president of a debating club. In the bitter battles of his later years he developed into a parliamentary tactician of great skill, and a master of biting sarcasm and repartee. He also showed an early flare for the dramatic, and as a result the A. F. of L. conventions of his time were always adroitly staged.

The debating society changed into a lodge of the Odd Fellows, with Gompers as noble grand. Then he became chief ranger of the Empire City Court, Ancient Order of Foresters. Later he joined the Masons, Elks, Moose, Eagles and other such orders, and took an active interest in their theatrical pomp to the end of his life.

At fourteen he joined the Cigarmakers' Union, but at the start seldom attended its meetings. When he had learned his trade he sought a job in an outside shop. In that shop there existed a grievance over working conditions and he was selected to present the workmen's case to the boss. The boss tried bribery on him, but found that "there was many a Marius in young Cæsar." Already he showed that hard independence of character which caused his friend of twenty-seven years, Professor John R. Commons, to call him "the most incorruptible figure of his long generation."

On his seventeenth birthday Gompers married a stripper girl employed in the same shop, and thus, while still a youth, found himself saddled with the sobering responsibilities of a family. They made him cautious, and to the end of his life he was distrustful of footloose young labor leaders who wished to try out radical experiments. In the turbulent 70's New York was the center of the American labor movement and the mecca of exiled social revolutionists from abroad. Most of these were members of Karl Marx's International Workingmen's Association, the American branch of which dominated the labor movement of New York. Gompers attended its meetings and became well acquainted with its leaders. He studied German in order to read "Das Kapital," then untranslated.

A former European labor leader who worked beside him in the cigar shop was Ferdinand Laurrell, who had been secretary of the Scandinavian branch of the International at Copenhagen. Laurrell became Gompers' tutor and guided his firsthand studies into the warring philosophies and tactical programmes of socialism, anarchism, syndicalism, communistic co-operation, and "pure and simple" trade unionism. Seeking a safe road to economic freedom for the wage-earners, Gompers gradually evolved the ideology on which the A. F. of L. still stands. Its main principles are that economic power is the magic key that unlocks all doors, and that organization opens the road to power. In later years Gompers waged a bitter battle with the orthodox political socialists, under Daniel DeLeon and Eugene V. Debs.

Although he never called a strike, he took part in hundreds, usually as a mediator. The first was in 1869, when the cigarmakers struck against the introduction of molds in their work. The strike was lost and the molds were introduced, along with bunch-breaking machines. In his autobiography Gompers says he then first realized the futility of opposing progress. The rapid introduction of machines resulted in

increasing production and this caused an annual decrease in the piece rate, with consequent lower wages. Gompers began attending his union's meetings, seeking some way out for the cigarmakers. Another time, he was placed in charge of a coöperative union cigar factory which furnished self-employment for 2,500 men. When the strike was settled this factory closed and Gompers found himself blacklisted. For months he tramped the streets in search of work, and pawned everything but his wife's wedding ring to keep his family from starving.

The Cigarmakers' Union was reorganized and the locals were fused into an international. It adopted the modern high dues and benefits system to accumulate a war fund strong enough to finance small strikes and lockouts. Discipline was instilled in the membership to end haphazard walkouts. Working rules were written into wage contracts to safeguard shop liberties. Gompers was by this time president of Local No. 144, which at one time had 6,000 members. When the International was organized he was elected vice-president and reelected annually for forty-six years.

He introduced a resolution in its first convention providing for the admission of all cigarmakers, without regard to sex, color or system of work. He was in advance of his time. It took forty-six years to get this liberal membership clause into the constitution, so strong was the old craft exclusiveness. Even then it was as a war measure designed to regain control of what had become a non-union industry. Today these union handicraftsmen, less than 18,000 of them left, are competing with automatic cigarmaking machines, operated by ill-paid girls, which roll 4,000 cigars a day. The story of Gompers' own union is symbolical of that of scores of once strongly organized crafts. Yet he never tired of holding up the Cigarmakers as a model for other A. F. of L. unions to pattern after. Most of them did so, with the result that the A. F. of L. is now going downhill.

II

After the A. F. of L. had established itself in the industrial field Gompers' time was increasingly taken up with national politics. He was an independent when party regularity was the rule. He had joined the Republican party out of boyhood admiration of Lincoln, but soon found out that the spirit of the Emancipator had left it. Boss Tweed was then teaching municipal government at Tammany Hall. In 1886 the reformers united in a crusade against Tammany, and Gompers stumped the city for Henry George. When Bryan rode forth to give battle to the golden dragon of Wall Street, Gompers campaigned for him. But four years later he was hand in glove with Mark Hanna, the boss of Big Business, who organized labor leaders to head his full dinner pail brigade.

With the return of prosperity at the turn of the century the membership of the A. F. of L., which had barely doubled in a decade, began jumping 300,000 a year. The National Civic Federation was organized, with Hanna as president and Gompers as vice-president, ostensibly to serve as a mediator between capital and labor and so bring about industrial peace. When Gompers and his lieutenants began banqueting with millionaire open shoppers at the N. C. F. orgies, Daniel DeLeon, of the Socialist Labor Party, delivered his famous philippic, "Two Pages from Roman History," in which he predicted that the leaders of the A. F. of L. would go the way of the plebeian leaders of republican Rome.

But Labor's sudden growth in power began to make it respectable and Labor Day became a national holiday. Labor lobbies began to obtain an increasing share of favorable attention in State and national halls of legislation, and departments of labor rose to administer the new laws. The advance caused the open shoppers of Big Business to undertake a counter attack. The methods they used to halt labor legislation were exposed in the celebrated Mulhall investigation. In Congress, Uncle Joe

Cannon's Old Guard sandbagged every labor bill at sight. In consequence, the A. F. of L., in 1906, was forced to modify its nonpartisanism and take to the warpath under the slogan of "Defeat your enemies and support your friends."

But no tangible results were forthcoming and in 1912 it was decided to give nonpartisanism another trial. The rise of the Progressives and the overthrow of Uncle Joe released the log jam of labor legislation. The Department of Labor was created and a son of toil who carried an A. F. of L. card took a seat in the Cabinet. The Clayton Amendment to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was put through for the benefit of Federal judges who thought the Sherman law was aimed at labor unions rather than at tariff-protected trusts. It declared that labor was "not a commodity or an article of commerce." Gompers hailed it as Labor's Magna Charta and a vindication of his nonpartisan political policy.

The A. F. of L. was deeply in debt to the Democratic party by the time 1916 rolled around, so it was thought expedient to abandon its nonpartisan stand and endorse Woodrow Wilson and his "He kept us out of the war" campaign. According to Gompers, organized labor was credited by Wilson with having swung the balance of power and elected him. Gompers became a power behind the throne and a telephone call from him to the White House opened its doors. Soon the war clouds from Europe began to spread over America. Instantly Gompers, by then a thin, bald-headed and near-sighted old man, set out with the fire of youth upon the crusade to make the world safe for democracy.

On the eve of the declaration of war, the A. F. of L. bosses pledged organized labor's loyalty to the government—with reservations. These reservations provided that the eight-hour day and union working conditions should prevail in war work, with equal pay for equal work to guard union wage scales against the unorganized women who were flocking into industry. They also provided for the enforcement of

labor legislation, and for labor representation on the war boards. Maximum production was the main consideration of the government, and labor and capital agreed to a truce. Dollar-a-year patriots handed out fat cost-plus contracts to corporations in which they held interests, and the labor leaders volunteered to serve for nothing, to get what they wanted. The Department of Labor grew so large that it was said that labor was in the saddle. Gompers served on the advisory committee to the Council of National Defense, as chairman in charge of labor relations.

This loyalty soon began paying the A. F. of L. big dividends. Wilson broke the employers' opposition by ruling that public opinion demanded the eight-hour day for American industry. Thus the A. F. of L.'s first big objective upon its reorganization in 1886 was achieved. McAdoo, as head of the Railroad Administration, favored organized labor and the A. F. of L. received 1,000,000 new members from the transportation army alone. Gompers made a gentlemen's agreement with Secretary of War Baker providing that the union scale should be paid on cantonment construction jobs, which principle was later extended to the shipyards holding Emergency Fleet Corporation contracts.

With the closed shop prevailing, all the enemies of the A. F. of L., such as the members of the I. W. W., were forced to join its "voluntary" unions to get and hold jobs. A golden flood poured into the treasuries of the internationals and the A. F. of L. built itself an office building in Washington. As skilled labor became scarce, the organized trades were able to advance their wage scales. With time-and-a-half and double-time for overtime many members were able to buy silk shirts and automobiles.

The A. F. of L. thus doubled its membership during the war and rose to the height of its power. But on the spiritual side it suffered heavy losses. Its idealistic minority—one-third of its membership were socialists in 1915, according to

the late Professor Robert F. Hoxie—was disheartened and is still soul sick. Having been educated to look upon the militia as scab herders, and the A. F. of L. as a force arrayed against war, many of the rank and file felt that the leadership had sold out a precious principle when it made an overnight switch to a pro-war stand. The apathy in the American labor movement today is partly due to this war-time loss of confidence in the leadership. The 1917 convention of the A. F. of L. endorsed the Conscription and Espionage Acts, along with the rest of the administration's legislative programme. Gompers personally headed the government-financed American Alliance for Labor and Democracy, which had been organized to still the protests of the anti-war socialists and the pacifist liberals who sought to uphold the constitutional guarantees through the medium of the People's Council.

When, near the war's end, the weary socialistic labor leaders among the Allies were thinking of settling the mess with a social revolution, following the example of the Russian Bolsheviks, Gompers and other "safe" American labor leaders were sent to Europe to convert them to orthodoxy. The pilgrims were wined and dined by diplomats and deluged with government inspired newspaper praise. Gompers was solemnly presented to His Majesty, King George V. He was from then on generally regarded by the leaders of European labor as a bourgeois, with only a child's conception of European politics and of the underlying causes of the war.

When the American Peace Delegation went to Paris, he was taken along, though not as a member of the official inner circle. He became chairman of the International Commission on Labor Legislation which drew up a forward-looking charter of labor principles. This was incorporated in the League of Nations section of the Treaty of Versailles. Gompers doubtless visioned himself as presiding over the International Labor Office at Geneva, but fate ruled otherwise.

III

When he returned home he found the A. F. of L. fighting on all fronts against reaction. The open shoppers, led by United States Steel, were now in the saddle and government support of the A. F. of L. had been withdrawn. Gompers waved the flag again, but the newspapers, having shifted their propaganda barrage from pro-Germans to Reds, no longer treated loyal labor leaders as heroes. Big Business was out to put labor in its place and former corporation attorneys on the Federal bench were handing out strike-breaking injunctions right and left. This post-war open shop drive cost the A. F. of L. 1,000,000 members. A similar number was rounded up and organized into works councils or company unions by anti-union employers. Protected by yellow-dog contracts, these company controlled unions have become perhaps the biggest obstacle to the A. F. of L.'s advance. During the past two years, while the number of companies supporting works councils has decreased, the larger corporations have found them to be good A. F. of L. insurance, with the result that the movement is growing from the inside and the total membership has increased.

The A. F. of L. was thus practically driven out of the trustified basic industries, but a series of desperate strikes, followed by a revival of industry, resulted in a victory for its principle of opposing all wage cuts. When the cost of living became stabilized the organized skilled craftsmen found their theoretical wages to be 40% higher than they had been before the war. Since 1925, however, in spite of attempts to coöperate with employers on a profit-sharing basis through increasing production, union wage scales have made practically no gains.

The courts having virtually outlawed mass picketing and other effective strike methods, Gompers was forced to seek remedial legislation. Platform committees of the capitalistic parties, with one eye on the source of campaign funds, flouted the pe-

titions of the A. F. of L.'s legislative committee. They refused to bid for the labor vote, apparently being advised that it could not be delivered. So nonpartisanism was again abandoned and Gompers from his sick bed told the Executive Council to endorse LaFollette and his third party. A fine showing of 5,000,000 votes was made, but no immediate and concrete results being in sight, the El Paso convention reaffirmed the old touching faith in non-partisanism.

The same situation faced the Executive Council last year, but there was no Gompers this time. Unofficially, organized labor was for Smith, partly on his labor legislation record, but principally because he was wet. Unlike the Knights of Labor, which barred saloon-keepers from membership, the A. F. of L. unions, many of them born in the back rooms of saloons, usually vote solidly against Prohibition.

Gompers is said to have been largely instrumental in preventing war with Mexico when relations with the United States were strained. He was invited by the Mexican labor party to attend the inauguration of President Calles as a guest of honor. The members of the Executive Council and many of the delegates to the El Paso convention went along. Gompers' reception was second only to that of President Calles. Ragged revolutionists from Central American republics begged his support for their outlawed labor organizations. As his doctors had warned, the high altitude affected his heart, and he was rushed back to American soil. He died surrounded by the chieftains of the A. F. of L. who filed in to say good-bye to Sam. Upon the arrival of his body in the nation's capital it was accorded military honors. In the history of American labor the death of Gompers marked the end of an epoch.

He left a stable national organization, run by a machine which had long been the envy of politicians. A large volume of labor legislation was on the statute books, and trusted labor veterans were in strategic positions to see that it was enforced.

The competition of European immigrants, with their lower standards of living, had been blocked by the restrictive Immigration Act, administered by the friendly Department of Labor. Friendly relations had been established with organized labor throughout North America.

The last of the founders of the A. F. of L. passed from the Executive Council last year with the death of James A. Duncan, the first vice-president. The men on the bridge today are of the second generation. They are more suave and diplomatic in their deportment than the hard-fisted pioneers, and they bear fewer scars of battle. Like most men of the second generation they are more interested in conserving their heritage than in seeking new worlds to conquer.

Aggressive leadership is lacking and President William Green has said in the *American Federationist*, the official organ of the A. F. of L., that the strike weapon has become obsolete, and that moral suasion must be used in seeking working agreements with organizations of employers. Despite the fact that State and city labor bosses have from time to time been found on the payrolls of companies that their unions had dealings with, the members of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. have so far maintained their financial integrity. As much cannot be said of the intellectual honesty of some of them.

IV

The most powerful personality in the organization today is John Llewellyn Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, once called "the backbone of the American labor movement" and "the greatest industrial union in the world." Lewis challenged Gompers' faltering leadership at the Denver convention in 1921. He is now regarded as the Warwick behind the throne. The actual president, William Green, a Baptist and an Elk, was formerly secretary of the Mine Workers, but was not an outstanding leader in A. F. of L.

affairs. Lewis is the fruit of labor politics, and the inside story of labor politics in America is a long and complicated one. Some of its high lights were touched upon by William Z. Foster, leader of the steel strike of 1919 and candidate for president on the Workers party or Communist ticket last fall. In his "Misleaders of Labor," speaking on the meteoric rise of Lewis to the head of the miners' union, he says:

He came to power by the back door route. He was a technical worker for the union. His tool, the weak Frank J. Hayes, appointed him vice-president to fill the vacancy made by Hayes himself when he took White's place as president. Lewis then . . . involved him in a compromising situation which forced Hayes to resign. Lewis then automatically became president.

According to current reports, Lewis now exerts a great influence on Green. Perhaps the fact that he controls the largest block of votes on the floor of the convention when the annual election of officers takes place is a consideration. He rules the U. M. W. like an autocrat.

Coal is now competing with oil and electricity and is badly disorganized as an industry. The A. F. of L. policy of opposing wage reductions in the face of such a situation resulted in strike after strike following the Armistice. The last one, which ended last year, left the miners' organization a wreck. After each lost strike there is a natural reaction against the strike leadership, and these rank and file revolts come to a head in the international's conventions. The Mine Workers' biennial conventions have become a by-word throughout the A. F. of L. Lewis, instead of back-firing by sending his shock troop organizers into the threatening non-union districts of West Virginia and Kentucky, is alleged to utilize them as a political machine to safeguard his own job.

Several months before the last annual convention "blue sky" locals began to blossom out in open-shop strongholds. Then Reds were discovered and a wholesale expulsion of locals followed in an effort to forestall a hostile majority. A communist, in the eyes of A. F. of L. of-

ficialdom, has come to be anyone who is likely to take the floor and demand to know who is getting away with it. If, in spite of all precautions, opposition orators get in and raise an uproar in an attempt to obtain recognition from Chairman Lewis, strong-arm sergeants-at-arms simply pick them up and throw them bodily out of the hall. When, despite all this, the opposition shows a clear *viva voce* vote against Lewis, as was the case several times in the 1924 convention, he plays Mussolini and ignores it.

The A. F. of L. has no jurisdiction over any international's elections. But in the Federation's own election the Lewis machine has for the past four years been casting a vote based upon a membership *per capita* tax for 400,000, although the actual dues-paying membership of the miners' union has shrunk to less than half that figure. If the U. M. W. were counted as 200,000 the A. F. of L.'s membership figures would show a further loss.

Last year the opposition candidate among the miners was John H. Walker, president of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, a former official of the U. M. W. After Walker had been nominated he was ruled off the ballot on the ground that "he was not employed at the trade." But Walker is at least as much a miner as Lewis is, and pays just as much dues into the organization. A Federated Press story described the natural outcome of this situation:

There being no opposition candidates, President John L. Lewis, Vice-President Philip Murray and Secretary Thomas Kennedy were declared unanimously reelected by the United Mine Workers of America. Two years ago John Brophy of Pennsylvania ran against Lewis and many charges of fraud were made when Lewis was declared reelected at that time. Radical opposition elements in the union have since withdrawn and formed the National Miners' Union, a dual organization, at a convention in Pittsburgh last September.

It has been decided that, to save expenses, there will be no convention this year. Lewis is a Republican and is said to have hopes of preferment under Hoover.

V

Vice-president Matthew Woll, head of the Photo-Engravers, ranks second in power to Lewis. He was born in Luxemburg and is a member of the Knights of Columbus. He is often in the spotlight, taking the lead away from President Green by appearing as A. F. of L. spokesman before public bodies. Woll represents the extreme right wing in the Federation and is the acting president of the National Civic Federation.

The real story of the National Civic Federation has never been written, but when it is, confirmation will doubtless be given to DeLeon's prophecy as to its probable influence over the "pure and simpletons" who supped of its lotus flowers. In connection with his comments on the "lynching" of Brookwood Labor College, instigated by Woll, which was the crowning achievement of the New Orleans convention, Professor John Dewey has said:

There is no evidence that Mr. Woll has used his position to alter the policies of the National Civic Federation toward organized labor. On the contrary, he has subtly employed his dual official position to cramp or paralyze action on the part of the Federation of Labor that is not in line with the policies of the Civic Federation. Positive confirmation, aside from the negative evidence of total absence of protest, is found in the history of old-age pensions, State and Federal, an idea actively sponsored by the American Federation of Labor when it had the militant leadership of Gompers, but skillfully side-tracked in the consulship of Woll.

Gompers trained Woll to be his successor, and he was known as the Crown Prince. The day after Gompers was in his grave, the Executive Council met behind closed doors. Lewis is said to have dominated the proceedings, with the result that the Crown Prince was shoved aside and Lewis's man, Green, was crowned. Green in four years has pretty well entrenched himself and Woll has given up immediate hopes of reaching the throne. Much of his time is now spent at national union conventions trying to sell them blanket insurance. His present ambition is said to be centered on building up the Union Labor

Life Insurance Company. He will then outshine the post-war crop of labor politicians who now preside behind mahogany desks as presidents of labor banks.

John P. Frey, president of the Moulders and also head of the now weak Metal Trades Department, represents the liberal forces in the Federation. Frey is one of the few American labor leaders who are real students of the international labor movement, and he is one of the few really able labor editors left in what was once a very promising field. Today labor journalism is at a low ebb, with the *American Federationist* fat with open shop advertising, full of conservatism and respectability. Frey has made the *Moulders' Journal* probably the best organ of any international.

Other leaders with progressive ideas are John Fitzpatrick, head of the Chicago Federation, and James H. Maurer, for sixteen years head of the Pennsylvania Federation. But labor politics tends to elevate opportunistic politicians rather than "economic statesmen" to positions of power in the inner body, and so there is little chance of the Federation being headed by a really progressive man in the near future. Such a man, however, will be needed to change what has become a steady retreat into a new advance.

The higher strategy espoused by the A. F. of L. after the war was heralded by its promoters as opening the road to the promised land. Labor was to lift itself by its own bootstraps through trade union capitalism. Banks, the centers of power in the business world, were to be captured by the unions by the purchase of stock control. The unionized banks were then to lend to fair employers and withhold loans from concerns which favored the open shop, and thus serve as heavy artillery on the industrial front. As stockholders and investors in such endorsed enterprises the "dear brothers" were to acquire steady and substantial secondary incomes, with the prospect of in time graduating into the class of the idle rich.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engi-

neers pioneered in the field with a coast-to-coast chain of banks, which were soon linked up with labor-controlled mortgage, investment and industrial companies. Interlocking directorates unified control in the hands of President Warren E. Stone and his associates. Mistakes of judgment and misplaced confidences soon began to cut into the anticipated profits and the labor financiers plunged heavily into the Florida swamps to recoup their losses. A showdown was called for at the 1927 B. of L. E. convention. As near as could be found out, at least \$20,000,000 of the \$100,000,000 invested in the various companies involved was a loss. The B. of L. E., like all the other railroad brotherhoods, is largely based upon insurance, because the old line companies formerly refused to insure men in dangerous occupations. The labor bankers had to seek aid from the insurance and pension funds, and today the engineers are paying an additional \$5 a month special assessment to rebuild them.

The A. F. of L. leaders had been quick to plunge into the banking game, but following the crash of the B. of L. E. enterprises, the Federation issued a storm warning against such "experiments." The total resources of the score or so of labor banks have shown a decrease during the past two years, a period of banking prosperity.

VI

With economic forces drawing textile and other industries southward, from organized to open shop territory, the A. F. of L. was forced by circumstances to face the issues involved in an industrial South. Its latest slogan, coined by the Executive Council for the inspiration of the New Orleans convention, is "Double trade union membership in 1929." The South was picked as the battle ground where the A. F. of L. was to halt its retreat and resume the offensive. Even its coiners, however, took the 100% slogan with a grain of salt.

The mill industries of the new South are largely based upon woman labor, which

the A. F. of L. has found it very difficult to organize. The economic and political status of the "pure American stock" in the little company towns borders in many respects on serfdom, and labor organizers sent in from the outside have had a mysterious habit of disappearing without trace. The well organized Christian employers of the South want no "agitators" shaking the foundations of its economic structure and have a reputation of fighting rather than mediating in dealing with organized labor. Public opinion, which the A. F. of L. has of late years increasingly relied upon for aid, expresses itself through such institutions as the Ku Klux Klan. Many A. F. of L. unions bar Negroes from membership and it is not likely that a drive will ever be made that might collide with "the first law of the South." No plan of campaign and no war chest have been provided for this year's ambitious programme. Thus the South, regardless of "conditions being ripe," does not appear to be a very promising A. F. of L. recruiting ground.

The same fanfare of trumpets was heard at the Detroit convention three years ago. The open shop automobile industry was then to be organized. But when the A. F. of L. delegates emerged from their tour of Ford's great Highland Park plant they were dazed. Modern straight-line production, whereby men become but cogs in an almost automatic machine, presented a problem that the minds of Nineteenth Century craft unionists could not solve. Expert machine-tenders could be made with two weeks' training; the old four-year apprenticeship to learn whole trades, the cornerstone of the craft unions, was no more. Industrial unionism could only cause a lot of bitter jurisdictional battles among jealous craft rivals. Ford's men were enjoying as high wages as union men, and as short or shorter hours, so there was little in material benefits the A. F. of L. organizers could offer them. Thus these organizers faced a dilemma. They had blown their trumpets and the walls of Jerico had not

fallen. So they folded their tents and left the citadel of American mass production, and the committee on ways and means of organizing the great automobile industry has yet to bring in its programme.

Anti-injunction legislation was not obtained in the last Congress, and with a less liberal Senate judiciary committee in the offing there seems little likelihood of halting the injunction judges unless the new administration gives aid, which is considered unlikely. Injunctions, as now used, practically hamstring all effective strike action. The Federal courts have even used them to guard the sanctity of yellow-dog contracts, so called on the supposition that a dog would not sign one of them. These one-sided contracts in turn are used to protect the company controlled works councils, shepherded by personnel and efficiency experts. The Clayton Act has been shot as full of holes as a sieve, and labor unions may now be sued for strike or boycott damages. They have very few friends left at court.

Of the many labor organizations which have risen in the United States in the past century, the American Federation of Labor has lived the longest, grown the largest, and accomplished the most for its members. But during the past decade it has been steadily losing membership, and it is still far short of a fully developed national labor movement. Four years ago the end of non-partisanism was seen, but with its local leaders in alliance with political machines like Tammany Hall, the A. F. of L. is making no progress toward a national Labor Party. The gigantic consumer coöperative enterprises that are allied with the trade union movements of Europe have made little progress here, and get little A. F. of L. support. The A. F. of L. remains what Gompers and his fellow hand craftsmen designed it to be: a life raft,—though now beginning to get waterlogged,—for skilled labor. It is still, in the second quarter of the Twentieth Century, a trade union "pure and simple"—with emphasis on the simple.

BUCKETS OF BLOOD

BY OWEN P. WHITE

FOR anyone at the present time, with the hero only sixty-three years dead, to monkey with the halo of the late William Clarke Quantrill would be extremely hazardous. For this there are two reasons: Kansas and Missouri. Let the historian step into the former State and warble but one measure in praise of the great guerilla, or let him hop across the line into Missouri and chirp but one note of criticism, and in either case he will be immediately beset by a whole host of octogenarians, who, snatching butcher knives from their boot-tops, will proceed to carve forget-me-nots on his façade.

Under such circumstances there is but one safe course for me to pursue, and that is the course of Quantrill himself. I shall pick up the crimson tale at its beginning, and with as little comment as possible, follow it through to its vermilion close. In this way I think I may please everybody. Mr. Quantrill's deeds, indeed, can be relied upon to speak for themselves, and in perusing the simple record partisans on both sides of the line should be able to read into it whatever will make them happy. The Kansans can chew on the tale as something upon which to fatten their waning animosity for their sinful neighbors; while the Missourians can wring from many of its paragraphs comforting draughts of good red blood, fresh-drawn from the veins of their most cherished enemies.

To begin with, William Clarke Quantrill was *not* born in Hagerstown, Md. He used to say he was, but his family Bible distinctly calls him a liar. According to it, he actually came into the world in Canal

Dover, O., on July 31, 1837. As one gazes at his genealogical tree one sees, dangling from the branches thereof in his immediate vicinity, a number of illustrious characters. Among them one notes a gambler, a forger, a seven-degree bigamist, a pirate, an embezzler, and last but not least, a horse doctor whose chief professional trick was gashing the under sides of young horses' tails, to the end that the said tails should no longer rest supinely on their natural couch between the buttocks, but would have to be held almost straight out. This gave the colts a very stylish appearance and they brought high prices as fancy hacks.

Regarding Quantrill's immediate forbears there is not much to be said. His father had three trades, which, it seems, he was able to combine. As tinker, author and embezzler, he wrote a book called "The Tinnerns' Guide," published it with funds belonging to a school of which he was the trustee, and later on came into local prominence when a milliner gave him a public cow-hiding for commenting too freely on her nocturnal habits.

During the early years of his career William himself was only a normal boy. One of his biographers makes much of the fact that he used to capture live snakes, nail them to tree trunks, and watch them wiggle. But what of that? The Puritans put old women in the stocks and threw stones at them. If anything, young William was to be commended for his nerve in holding the snakes. I wouldn't have done it.

By the time he was sixteen he had finished his schooling, and, as boys

developed rapidly in those days, he started out at once to make his living. Leaving home, he went to Mendota, Ill., got a job in a lumber-yard, and a short time thereafter was discovered standing behind a pile of 2 x 4's with a smoking pistol in his hand. There was a dead man at his feet, and as the general public seemed disinclined to believe his story, but couldn't disprove it—that the dead man had tried to rob him—, things became so unpleasant for him that he moved to Fort Wayne, Ind., where he taught school for one term. He then returned home, but evidently he was not popular there, for his mother at once made arrangements for him to go to Kansas with two men named Torrey and Beeson.

These good men advanced the money for the youth's trip, and took him with them to the new country near Paola, where they all took land. One night, when Beeson and Quantrill were sleeping together, the man, in rolling over, pulled too much of the cover off the boy, who at once got up, procured a Spanish dagger and was just about to administer the last rites to his bedfellow when Mr. Torrey, who was happily awake, hit him with a boot-jack. The racket, of course, awoke Beeson, who, taking a sensible view of the situation, proceeded to administer proper justice. He arose, went outside, cut a supply of *bois d'arc* switches, and treated His Future Eminence to one of the finest thrashings recorded in history.

This broke up the partnership, and the next day Quantrill went to live with a man named Bennings, from whom he learned a good many things not taught in the night courses of the Y.M.C.A. One of these was gambling, and thereafter it is not a great while until we find the tinker's son, under the name of Charley Hart, traveling across the plains as a card-sharp, with a government supply train bound for Fort Bridger, Utah.

At Fort Bridger, where he remained until early in 1859, Quantrill, or Charley Hart, struck it rich. With almost unflinching good

luck, and always with his gun on the table in front of him, to "insure the game," he tapped the monte lay-outs and called the turn at the faro banks until he came to regard anything as small as a dollar as not worth picking up. But in the end his luck deserted him and he went broke. Gradually he degenerated from his high place as a gambler to the low rank of a dish-washer, and in 1859 he returned to Kansas and again went to live with Professor Bennings.

During his first days in Kansas, although he had written his mother that any man who owned slaves ought to be hanged for it, he had not taken any active part in the warfare of the border. But now, considerably toughened by his year in the West, and reëntered in the Bennings' Academy for a post-graduate course, he threw himself heart and soul into the strife. Operating under the name of Charley Hart, and posing as a detective, he played the game both ways from the middle. Working with the Kansas Jayhawkers, he stole slaves out of Missouri, and then, in conjunction with the Border Ruffians, he stole the same slaves back again, and, either returned them to their owners for the sake of the rewards, or sold them into further slavery down the river. Many transactions of this kind are marked up to the credit of "Charley Hart." In fact, during this period of his career, he seems to have double-crossed everybody he had dealings with. He lived for a time with the McGee family, near Lawrence, and did his part in earning for one of his hosts the title of Cuckold Tom. He accepted the hospitality of the Delaware Indians and paid for it by stealing a lot of their ponies and getting away with a saddle and bridle belonging to an old squaw. He made friends with a free nigger, kidnapped him, and sold him.

As a detective he entered into confidential relations with two gentlemen from Missouri who had come into Kansas looking for stolen property. Unfortunately, these Missourians were carrying plenty of cash, and so, a few days after his meeting with

them, Charley Hart reported to the authorities in Lawrence that a double murder had been committed, as he had seen two corpses floating down the river. This statement was verified when the corpses were fished out, but it was not until after the disappearance of Hart and the reincarnation of Quantrill that the identity of the murderer was established. It was then too late to take action.

Such antics as these could have but one result. Crossing his own trail so often, Quantrill was bound to trip himself, and when he finally did so, as the aftermath to what was known as the Cass County Raid, he suddenly found that he was the most thoroughly indicted man in Kansas. He was wanted in Lawrence for nearly every crime on the statute books and therefore he didn't go there. Instead he bivouacked in the bushes close to the line, consorted with the Border Ruffians, and finally, without taking anyone into his confidence, concocted a scheme by which he could move openly into Missouri and at once win for himself a high place in the hearts of its people. In brief, he induced five or six men, three of them being Quaker Abolitionists who freed slaves as a matter of religious conviction, to join him in a raid on the Morgan Walker plantation, a few miles across the line in Missouri. Black ivory is what these Quakers went after and black death is what they got.

Following Charley Hart's lead, the raiders secreted themselves in the brush a short distance from the Walker home, and there they waited while their valiant commander, as he said, went out to reconnoiter. But instead of that, he called on Walker and informed him politely that a few doses of buck-shot would do some wicked Kansans, who were coming that night to steal his slaves, a whole lot of good. Mr. Hart, of course, at the same time made proper arrangements for his own safety, and that evening the party was pulled exactly as he had planned it. He led his Quaker friends up to the door of the Walker house; he stepped inside, ostensibly to advise Walker

to yield peaceably; and then, as he crossed the threshold to security the roar of shot-guns made it perfectly plain to the three Quakers that they had been betrayed. However that made no difference to them. Before the roar died out they were all dead. So was Charley Hart. There, at Morgan Walker's the "detective" died and William Clarke Quantrill was reborn.

II

In order to account to the Missourians for his betrayal of his comrades Quantrill had to have some kind of a tale to tell, and he got up a beauty. Here it is:

Three years before, he said, he and a mythical brother, accompanied by a mythical free nigger, who went along as a servant, had started out on an overland trip to Pike's Peak. But they never got there. *En route* they were set upon by a blood-thirsty band of Kansas Jayhawkers, who slaughtered the brother and the free nigger and left the tinker's son, naked and wounded, alone on the plains for the wolves to eat. But Providence intervened. After the naked one had spent three days shooing the buzzards away from the dead body of his brother an old Indian came along and rescued him. This old Indian took him to the teepees of his tribe, the Red Men nursed him back to health, and thereafter he changed his name and went into business as a professional avenger. Up to date, so he asserted, he had already disposed of twenty-eight unbelievers (in slavery) and he was now ready, with the help of God and Missouri, to go ahead and finish the job.

Missouri signed up at once. It opened wide its arms to the poor man who had lost his brother, and so likewise did one of the Walker girls. Everything was now lovely for Quantrill. For some time he lived comfortably in the bosom of the Walker family, watching his greatness grow; then, for some reason or other, he made a trip to Texas. When he came back, the Civil War was on and he became a hanger-on in the

Confederate army, but as he objected to any form of discipline he was not an official part of it. He still lusted, though, for the blood and booty of Kansas, and pretty soon he went after it. He began modestly by engineering a few impromptu raids across the line and robbing and hanging as many of his former friends as he could get his hands on. In Missouri also he did his bit by hunting out and shooting alleged traitors. Finally, in December, 1861, feeling that his already wide experience in murder and robbery qualified him to command, he elected himself as chieftain over a gang of seven men. This done, he instructed his men to go out after recruits and then reassemble on a certain date, and announced that he himself would retire again to the Walker place, where he could rest, practise love and plan carnage.

Quantrill's orders were carried out. With recruits that swelled their strength to thirty men, his berserkers were back on the appointed day, and, although there are no papers to prove it, it is quite likely that by that time "Captain" Quantrill had been given some kind of commission as a chief of Partisan Rangers. That word, partisan, was much to his liking. Like another great character in history, he recognized no neutrals. All men were either for him or against him, and woe be unto those who were not for him. He converted them at once into corpses, confiscated their live stock, and burned their homes. To this rule there were no exemptions. The result was that he soon became almost as much of a terror to the inhabitants of Western Missouri as he was to the inhabitants of Kansas.

I say almost as much, for there was, after all, a real difference in his doings at home and abroad. At home, that is in Missouri, where there might possibly be some doubt as to a man's eligibility for execution, the exercises were often conducted along humane lines, and sinners in some cases, provided they first gave up all their best horses, were allowed to repent and come into the fold. But over in Kansas, where

there was no question as to the status of anybody, the evangelist's orders to his missionaries were to convert 'em all. Women only were excepted.

In accordance with this general plan, and possibly because he wanted to get even for a slight defeat he had suffered at the hands of some Union troops near Independence on February 22, 1862, Quantrill took thirty of his men and on March 7 sacked the little town of Aubrey, in Johnson county, Kansas. There wasn't a soldier in the place and there was no resistance, but that, of course, only made it easier for the tinker's son. He and his men stole what they wanted, burned a few houses, killed five unarmed citizens, and rode bravely away. They should have killed a sixth man, who had known Quantrill as Charley Hart, but they didn't. They only wounded him and left him for dead, so that a few years later he was able to write the following:

He [Quantrill] was a highway robber of the darkest shade, and a desperate leader of the most desperate demons that ever disgraced the name of man—ininitely worse than he was. None of them with bravery enough to face an enemy—but they took every advantage of the surroundings, by treachery, to drench the earth with blood and carnage.

That this opinion of Quantrill was shared by the Federal authorities is evident. A few days after the Aubrey affair he was officially outlawed, which meant that any citizen had the full and free consent of the United States government to shoot him at sight. But note the result. In joyful acceptance of this recognition, Quantrill and his men at once captured and "converted" four sinners. One of these was a sergeant who surrendered peaceably and was shot for it. Two others were men who came in looking for protection, and got it—around the neck. The fourth was an old man who was walking down the road with his young son, and was shot, apparently, just for fun.

Nor was this gory jubilee the only effect produced by the order of outlawry. Within three days after its promulgation Quan-

trill's force, by voluntary enlistment, had increased to more than a hundred men, and, thus encouraged, he prepared to spread himself over a much wider range of territory. Under his plan of campaign this was easy to do. Not being regular soldiers, his men were not rationed from headquarters. The whole state of Missouri was their commissary, and every man in it who had anything they wanted was a quartermaster sergeant from whom they requisitioned supplies. It was thus easier for Quantrill to split his men into gangs and allow them to ravage at will than to maintain them as a whole. He did this, and in so doing made it impossible, in the limited scope of the present monograph, to follow them in all their gory activities. From this point on, therefore, it will be necessary to stick to the trail of the great man himself.

He reappears late in August, and one finds him in the throes of an emotional crisis. Since his excommunication in March he has been having a rather exciting time. On three separate occasions his personally conducted detachment has collided violently with the goddamnyankees, and on each occasion he has lost his horses and been forced to retreat on foot. In the whole record, extending over three months, there is but one really inspiring episode. Late in June, with about twenty-five of his bravos, he participated in the battle of Independence, got away with much loot, and wallowed in much blood. But even in that jug of ointment there was a large fly. Shortly after the battle he was set upon by Union soldiers who pursued him so diligently that he was again forced to abandon his live stock and take to the bushes on foot. In doing so he not only lost his horses, but also he lost a man, one Perry Hoy, who was captured and carried away by the enemy.

But by August, when he reappears with fresh horses, Richard is himself again. As we come upon him in his camp he is taking his morning coffee and turning over the pages of the *Missouri Republican*. Suddenly

his eyes fall upon a head-line, and he reads the paragraph beneath it. A look of agony comes into his face. He brushes it away. The look of a soldier, with jaws stern-set, takes its place. He turns to the sergeant.

"Have we any prisoners on hand?"

"Three, sir."

"Shoot 'em at once, and go out and get some more and shoot them."

"Yes, sir."

This was one of Quantrill's high moments. It was all done as he ordered it done. The three prisoners were immediately disposed of, and before night eleven more men, only one of whom was a soldier, were gathered in from the countryside and shot. Why? Because the great evangelist had read in his paper that Perry Hoy had been tried by court martial, found guilty, and executed.

But Quantrill's vengeance did not end there. In honor of the departed Hoy he called in several of his outlying detachments and led the entire mob over to Olathe, Kansas, where proper memorial services were held. "Not more than a dozen persons were killed," but much plunder was had and the sacrificial torch was so well wielded that the village was reduced to ashes.

After that, for a couple of weeks, we hear nothing of him except that he spent most of the time keeping one jump ahead of an industrious Yankee colonel named Burris, who was hot on his trail. Then, having given Burris the slip, he suddenly appears, on October 17, on the outskirts of Shawneetown, in Johnson county, Kansas. In the road ahead of him he spies a wagon train. It has halted for a rest. The men with it are all asleep. No guard has been posted. What could be nicer? Fifteen of those sleeping men never awoke. The rest scattered. "This whetted their appetite for blood and the guerillas dashed into Shawneetown and murdered seven citizens. The brand was applied and the village reduced to ashes. The stores were robbed and horses and household goods taken back to Missouri."

III

It was now Fall, the trees were beginning to drop their leaves, and there would soon be no shady coverts into which Quantrill and his gallant braves could duck when they were too hotly pursued. Hence it was high time for him to do something. He did do something. He assembled his men, told them that they would all seek a safe place for the Winter back of the Confederate lines in Arkansas, and the march began. On the road to Arkansas nothing much happened. On one occasion the two hundred did run into a wagon train and take it prisoner. Incidentally, they slaughtered six unarmed teamsters. But the same night some Union soldiers who happened along evened up the day's score by retaking the wagons and demolishing an even half dozen of Quantrill's best warriors.

Down in Arkansas, for the sole sake of rations probably, as it is not recorded that they did any fighting while there, the gang was attached to Gen. Shelby's command, but Quantrill himself didn't remain with it. Instead he went to Richmond to lay before the Confederate Secretary of War a request that he be commissioned a colonel with authority to raise a regiment, operate it under the black flag, and lay waste the entire United States. The Secretary of War told him very profanely that that was butchery, not war, and that therefore his request was denied. Quantrill thereupon retired in wrath.

He returned to Arkansas early in the Spring and immediately found solace in the arms of a new lady love. Her name, as it has come down in history, was Kate Clarke, and Quantrill liked her so well that he kidnapped her and carried her away into the brush. When he detached his outfit from that of General Shelby and led his berserkers back to business in Missouri he took her along. When he landed on his old stamping ground he found that he was now only the nominal leader of the band. His two lieutenants, Todd and Anderson, had superseded him as active field bosses

and there was little for him to do save wear a becoming red shirt, and a big hat with a feather in it, and issue orders which were or were not carried out, according to the whims of his underlings. Thus, during the Summer of '63 it was Kate Clarke and not the war that took up most of Quantrill's time and thought.

But by August, knowing he would have to go South again for the Winter, and realizing that during the past few months his hands had been strangely free from blood, he felt that he had to do something to reestablish his reputation. He thought it over and a brilliant idea came to him. He would get bloody well even with the town of Lawrence, Kansas, for not having treated him as it should have done two years before. The authorities in that little community should have hanged him, but they didn't, and for that lack of prudence they should suffer.

Quantrill no sooner evolved this scheme than he acted on it. He assembled the gang, told the men that he had something big up his sleeve, and sent able spies over to Lawrence to find out if the town was guarded in any way. It wasn't. The decision that finally doomed it was reached on August 10, 1863, and eight days later, at the head of 294 men, Quantrill marched boldly out on the road to lasting fame. The next day he added 154 candidates for blood baptism to his command and thus, with 448 warriors to sustain him, he crossed the line at dusk, six miles south of what was left of the little village of Aubrey.

From this crossing point to Lawrence was about thirty miles, and as Quantrill had figured that the safest time to reach the town would be at daybreak, when the men were all asleep, it was a question of hard riding in order to make it. For the first fifteen miles all went well, but then the trails got mixed. For this difficulty Quantrill had a ready solution. "Wake up the settlers," he said, "and make 'em guide us." This was done, and one sleepy settler after another was yanked out of his

bed and pressed into service. In eight miles ten guides were used and each one received his reward: they were all killed. Let us assume that Quantrill had them killed out of charity: he probably felt sorry for the poor fellows because they had to live in Kansas.

Just at dawn the vanguard of the guerillas came to a house on the outskirts of Lawrence. A Negro, an early riser who would have been much better off had he overslept that morning, was at work in the front yard. He was the first man killed in Lawrence. His name was S. S. Snyder and he was a Baptist preacher.

A little further on the army halted and Quantrill sent a few men ahead to reconnoitre. But with the table spread out before him he was too impatient for the meal to await the report of this committee. After only a few minutes he snatched off his plumed hat, waved it around his head, and cried: "Men, I am going in. Follow me!"

The first obstacle encountered was a camp in which twenty-two boy scouts, barely of enlistment age, were asleep. These children were uniformed but were unarmed and had never been drilled. But the mere uniforms were enough for the guerillas. In their eyes a blue suit was never so perfect as when it was riddled with bullet holes. By five separate miracles five of these boy soldiers escaped death.

In the meantime Quantrill, at the head of most of his men, rode down the main street of Lawrence, shooting at everything and everybody in sight. At the end of the street he stopped at the principal hotel and there he accepted the keys to the city from whoever it was who was duly authorized to present them. This is probably the only instance on record in America when such a ceremony really meant anything. In Lawrence, on the morning of August 20, 1863, it went over big. Quantrill's men took the keys and opened every store, bank, saloon, livery stable, warehouse and most of the residences in the town, while the leader himself, going to another hotel, entered

the dining-room and ordered a hearty breakfast.

When this meal was finished and he stepped to the street again everything was going nicely. The town was in flames; bullets were whizzing through the air in every direction; women whose husbands were being assassinated in their very arms were screeching pleasantly, and load after load of assorted plunder was being carted away. The courthouse, wherein were stored several bales of criminal indictments against Mr. Charley Hart, born Quantrill, was burning merrily. Quantrill noted all this and felt proud of his achievement. His lieutenants began to arrive and report and he felt still prouder, until finally at about nine o'clock, when the official returns showed that his men had killed seventeen boy recruits, massacred more than 150 unarmed citizens, and destroyed and stolen property valued (according to the damage claims filed with the Federal government) at \$882,390.11, he announced that he was satisfied.

He had established a record that is not approached in the annals of American slaughter. It was indeed a great day for William Clarke Quantrill. He ordered his bugler to blow the assembly. The men responded, fell into the semblance of a line, and as they straggled out of town, most of them drunk, they got another preacher. He was the last man killed in Lawrence. He was the Rev. Mr. Rothrock and he was an upholder of the gloomy faith of the Dunkards.

The retreat from Lawrence, although extremely well conducted, was disastrous. All the way to the State line the guerillas had to maintain a running fight against Union regulars, Kansas militiamen and volunteer avengers. Except for the cash stolen, they lost all their booty also, many were killed and many more wounded, and it was not until they crossed the line and scurried in small bands to the sheltering shades of the Missouri thickets that the rest were safe.

Then, within a few days, and as a direct

result of the Lawrence massacre, came General Ewing's famous Order No. 11, which commanded all settlers living in outlying locations in the border counties of both States to move themselves and their belongings into garrisoned towns, where they could be given military protection. This order constituted a body blow to Quantrill. It depopulated his particular play-ground. In it there were no longer any peaceful, non-resisting inhabitants upon whom he could prey, and therefore, when he exercised the last vestige of his authority and reassembled his men, it was to announce that they were going to Texas.

They all went—their adventures on the way were bloody but of no importance—and camped close to the town of Sherman. Texas was then a rough country, the guerrillas were rough men, and naturally there was trouble. They fought among themselves, bringing on a definite split between Quantrill and Anderson, and then they fought the Texans. Several of the latter were killed and robbed, and for these misdemeanors Quantrill was called to the carpet before General McCullough, and placed under arrest. But not for long. With the aid of a pair of trusty guns he managed to subdue a couple of sentries, and that same night, with a part of his own detachment, and all of Lieutenant Todd's, he was on his way back to Missouri.

He arrived without mishap, but also without prestige. Had he gone soft? Probably. At any rate, his old ability to lead his followers seemed to have left him. He quarreled with Todd; they exchanged shots, unfortunately without damage either way; and after that, for many weeks, the great Quantrill, at the mention of whose name every heart had formerly quaked, led a dreary, desolate, lonely existence out in the brush. Lonely, that is, except for Kate Clarke. Regardless of his misfortunes and miseries, that fair flower clung to him as long as he remained in Missouri, and probably she was the only person in the State who wasn't glad when he finally left for Kentucky.

IV

How Quantrill recruited the few men who went with him to ravage the Blue Grass is a mystery. Probably they were outcasts, as he was, and certainly they were desperate. There were thirty-three men in the mob. They wore Federal uniforms, and Quantrill, as their commander, represented himself as Captain Clarke of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. Masquerading in this manner, they spread misery wherever they went. They plundered, robbed, burned, and murdered, just as they had done in Kansas and Missouri, and from January until May no man in all that unhappy land, outside the members of his own band, had any suspicion as to the identity of the new bushwhacker. By changing his clothes he had transformed himself from a Southern to a Northern guerilla. But under either classification he was a moving target at which anyone was privileged to shoot.

The end came on May 10, 1865. While in camp on the farm of James H. Wakefield, in Spencer county, Quantrill, with twenty-five of his men, was surprised by a Union detachment under Captain Terrel. The rout of the Missourians was complete. Most of them, however, got safely away. But not Quantrill. His horse became unmanageable and broke from him. He tried to mount behind one of his men and a bullet struck him in the back, lodged against his spine, and paralyzed his legs. He was picked up and carried to a farmhouse. A few days later he was transferred to a hospital in a military prison at Louisville, and there, on June 6, he died. He was twenty-eight years old.

Before he passed away he made two bequests. He left \$2000 to a Catholic priest to say masses for his soul, and another \$2000 to Kate Clarke, with instructions that she was to use it to start a bawdy house in St. Louis. Kate did as directed, and prospered. Thus for years after his death the patriots of Missouri were the unwitting beneficiaries of the philanthropy of William Clarke Quantrill.

A LUBBER LOOKS AT THE SEA

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

Cliff

VICTORIOUS over but and if,
Stands the high, impassive cliff,
As unconcerned with sun or star
As with the bumptious calendar.
The ocean washes every day
A little bit of it away,
And bugs prolific make their home
In its uncouth and tangled dome,
And yet it does not scratch or kick
Or curse the billow or the tick,
Accepting without hope or hurt
The ancient dividends of dirt.
It prods with no complaining mind
The loud and predatory wind:
It hears the dictum of the fates
And placidly disintegrates,
As mindless of Nietzschean balm
As Buddha's over-conscious calm.
It bears the burden of the suns,
Is robbed of slowly-gathered tons,
And swells the unearned increment
Of bandit blasts maleficent—
Yet yields to each his mighty haul
Nor waxes metaphysical,
Nor searches the bewildered sea
For systems of philosophy.
Thus, imperturbable and strong,
No prey to silence or to song,
It baffles with its noble mien
The gods in their perplexed serene,
And juggling neither but nor if,
Lives and dies the perfect cliff.

Oh, lyre (I mean the instrument)
Stand by, the while this high intent
I bang upon your bilious strings:
The glory of unquestioning things
I yodel in my febrile fashion;

The mute, immobile lords of passion—
 The cliff, the stone, the tree, the sod,
 Still hands, that in the lap of God
 Lie quietly, while seraphim
 And mortals flutter at His whim.
 As distant from the hills of joy
 As from the glades of *web* and *oy*,
 Midstream in time they stand and are
 Bright with the light of every star,
 Dark with the dusk of every root
 And careless of them all, to boot.
 No female of their kind compares
 Another's happy lot to theirs,
 Or with Icarian wings persuades
 Ambition in their neutral shades.
 Interdependent, yet alone,
 They neither want nor owe nor own,
 Nor wonder, while acquiring things,
 If planets mumble in their rings,
 Nor harry others and themselves
 With nonsense from ten thousand shelves,
 Whose fecund seed is chiefly sweat,
 Whose yield, a heavenly Soviet.

Ah, noble cliff, that gives the sky
 An equally Mongolian eye,
 By lofty station undismayed,
 And of no mystery afraid,
 Cast one contemptuous glance on me
 Out of your impassivity
 Because I hug my but and if
 And do not want to be a cliff.

II

Shore

I said, "The sea is lonely, and the sky
 Intolerably deep and still and high,
 So that the flutter of our upraised hands
 Is but a quiver of the wave-worn sands."

I said, "The sun sets always in my mind
 And leaves a watch of darkness and of wind
 And those unbodied eyes that are the spheres
 Upon our dreams, upon our very tears.

"Lay then, your near and understanding head
 Upon my breast, against the monstrous dead,
 For we, the quick, the passing, what have we
 In common with the heavens and the sea?"

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

"How green the sea, how blue the sky!" she said.

I said, "There is laid upon us the weird curse
Of labor with an unborn universe,
And what has our gestation then to do
With ancient green of water or sky-blue?

"Inland upon this island have I seen
The darkness cradle the sun-weary green,
And stars fly low and pin upon the tree
Incongruous fringes of infinity.

"Yet lone the tree stood with its clinging sky,
And lone beneath a wider heaven am I,
For a new chaos cries in us with thirst,
And sea and sky remember but the first.

"For a new chaos cries in us for stars,
And a new order stands beyond the bars,
And ocean mumbling its primordial theme
Is but the scar of life upon the dream.

"Give me your hand, then; all the rest is old—
The sky is empty and the wave is cold;
The heart has long ago outworn the sea:
Give me your love and let the sunset be."

"As many worlds as there are eyes," said she.
"Far off the water glooms like dregs of wine,
But here the downs are bathing in the brine.
The moon comes like a lamb upon the sky."

"As many needs as there are hearts," said I.

She said, "The moon is waiting in the sky;
The sea is like a pasture for her mouth.
The dark comes like a shepherd from the south.

"The dark climbs like a shepherd north and east.
The foam is like a meadow for her feast.
The downs are waiting for her in the sea.
As many worlds as there are eyes," said she.

"As many worlds as men beneath the sky,
And how shall love bridge all of them?" said I.

"And how may love bridge any of them?" said she,
And saw the sun go down into the sea.

III

Voyage

On the other side of the setting sun
I've seen the ashes of things done
And the sand-bars of Avalon.

Peace was there like a white stone;
Peace you could lay your hands upon
And be healed of the hurt of things won.

On the other side of desire I've seen
Stillter than earth, a still demesne,
And colors better than blue or green.

And death walked on the farthest rim
Horizon-high and friendly and dim,
And all went to confide in him.

And they walked together, the little and large,
In a soundless air by a strange marge
Where time was moored like a spectre-barge.

And far away on the nearer side
There crept a little wounded tide;
And some remembered and some cried.

For that was the world and all its pain;
And that was living and all its gain;
A small cry in a handful of rain.

Yes, some remembered and some cried,
For note that none of us there had died
Though the spear was years-long deep in our side.

By our own graves on the gray strands
We sat and warmed our cold hands—
But the hands that we warmed were living hands.

And therefore, some of us heard the tide
Crawl and cry and on the nearer side,
And the hands remembered, and some of us cried.

But peace was there like a blessed stone
To lay the remembering hands upon
And the red stigmata of the sun.

And a great healing came thereof,
Of the ashes under, the sky above,
And closed the wounds of life and love.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Spread your sail and bury your mirth,
Your hope and sorrow and dreams and dearth
And your very love in the tight earth,

And sail to the dark of the setting sun,
To the dunes where all things done and won
Heap the pale sands of Avalon.

For there in the dark of desire I've seen
A gray sweeter than blue or green.

There in the dark of desire I've heard
The soft apocalyptic word,

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE REV. BEN M. BOGARD, pastor of Antioch Baptist Church, Little Rock, on the new Arkansas Anti-Evolution Act, as reported by the eminent *Arkansas Gazette*:

If the worst comes to the worst, we had better let our children suffer from disease and even die from neglect than to instill into their impressionable hearts the idea that the Bible is false.

EXEGETICAL note from the learned *Baptist & Commoner* of Little Rock:

Sister L. E. Goff, Granite, Okla., asks what scripture is there for women's auxiliaries in the churches. The word "auxiliary" means HELPER. It is scriptural for women to help in the church is about what it amounts to. No one objects to women helping as individuals but they do draw back when it comes to several of the women HELPING JOINTLY. To make it easy for all to understand the best way is for the church to authorize the women to meet together and study the scriptures together and to work together in anything that is honorable for the good of the church. They can make quilts and sell them for an honest price and give the money to the church and they can make garments and sell them for an honest price and give the money to the church. They can study our missionary work together and thus inform themselves on the work. If anybody asks where is the scripture for making quilts and garments and selling them and giving the money to the church will answer by asking another question: IF THE WOMEN SHOULD HIRE THEMSELVES OUT TO PICK COTTON AND TAKE WHAT THEY EARN AND GIVE IT TO THE CHURCH, WHERE IS THE SCRIPTURE FOR THAT? If it is scriptural for a woman to pick cotton and give what she makes to the church then it is also scriptural for her to make a quilt and sell it and give the money to the church. If several women should go in together and pick cotton for the benefit of the church why can't several women go in together and make a quilt for the benefit of the church? Can't find quilt making in the Bible? Is that so? Just where will you find cotton picking in the Bible? But I never heard of anybody objecting to women picking cotton and giving what they made to the church. Did you?

CALIFORNIA

News of the married life in Los Angeles, as reported by the *Times* thereof:

When Walter Stenberg married his wife Pearl,

she weighed 140 pounds. After the marriage she took to lying in bed for hours at a time reading detective stories, which ran her weight up to 210 pounds, and she would do nothing about it, according to the husband, who, through his attorney, Griffith Jones, yesterday filed a cross-complaint in the couple's divorce proceedings.

When a wife gets fat and refuses to reduce when the husband is willing to provide money and appliances for it, it is cruelty, according to Stenberg.

He declares that after Mrs. Stenberg gained so much weight, he gave her \$100 to be used in reducing. She never lost a pound. Then he rented a vibrating machine, which cost him \$30, he asserts, but Mrs. Stenberg kept on reading and growing fat. One part of the complaint alleges she was too lazy to feed the baby.

THE REV. HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY in the illustrious *San José Mercury-Herald*:

I believe that Abraham was the first American. I believe that when he loaded up his camels, and went out from his father's house in Ur of the Chaldees, setting his face toward a land he knew not of, seeking freedom to worship his God after his own fashion and to free himself from the trammels of sensuality and idolatry, that the Stars and Stripes went before him, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. I believe that America is the spiritual leader of the world.

COLORADO

WANT ADVERTISEMENT in the *Rocky Mountain News*, of Denver:

OLD MAID

Has no use for automobiles or men, wants to dispose of her car, very cheap; bring your pocketbook. 480 S. Broadway, South 6947.

GEORGIA

BOOSTER poem appearing in a bulletin of the State Department of Agriculture:

GEORGIA

By T. M. LINDER.

We people who share the great honor so rare
As in Georgia to have been born
Should always take glory in telling the story
That her pages of history adorn.

Both tree and vine in Georgia clime
With cows and hogs and mill and mine
Producing wealth and health and ease
Without extremes of heat or freeze.

In every nook with map and book
Our children learn of the things it took
To make old Georgia the Empire State
And we invite others to come and not to wait.

THE science of penology in Atlanta, as revealed by two news items in the same issue of the eminent *Constitution*:

A plea of guilty to an indictment charging embezzlement of \$53,459 from the estate of the late Woodson H. Hudson brought George H. Gillon, attorney, a term of from two and a half to four years at the State prison farm.

Theft of a purse containing fifteen cents cost Albert Bussey a heavy toll when he pleaded guilty before Judge Virlyn B. Moore to a charge of robbing Ora Bell Hasty, of 304 Williams street, N. W. Judge Moore sentenced Bussey to serve from five to seven years.

ILLINOIS

THE state of scientific inquiry in the more pious sections of marvelous Chicago, as reported by the great *Tribune*:

Serious efforts, backed by unlimited funds, will be made to locate Noah's Ark and make it an exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition to be held in this city in 1933. William H. Strong, former president of the Chicago chapter, American Association of Engineers, has made the suggestion and offer of funds to Rufus G. Dawes, president of the forthcoming world's fair.

Strong, a *Mayflower* descendant, is an ardent Bible student and a member of the Moody Bible Institute Alumni Association. He intends raising funds among Fundamentalists to finance the expedition. Strong, who is a graduate of Harvard and also an alumnus of other colleges, is a former president of the Aviation Club of Chicago, as well as of the local chapter of the national engineering organization.

It is proposed to conduct the search over and all around Mt. Ararat by airplanes equipped with large cameras. Hundreds of square miles could be photographed in a single day and a corps of scientists would thus be enabled to get some sort of definite lead upon which to work. Vast sections of this territory have never been explored.

INDIANA

SPIRITUAL exercises in Indianapolis, as reported by the celebrated *News*:

A mock wedding, in which the pastor of the church was the bride, was held Wednesday at the Brightwood M. E. Church. With due solemnity, the Rev. Victor Hargitt, arrayed in a white dress, veil and orange blossoms, took the hand of the bridegroom, John Halderman, before 800 guests. The event was held under the auspices of the young men's class of the church.

IOWA

THE state of morals in the heart of the Bible country, as revealed by a United Press dispatch from Lineville:

Husbands of Lineville today hailed the departure of a highway construction gang with sighs of relief. Four wives have left their homes here in the last three weeks. All are alleged to have departed with men employed in the gang. One deserted husband is reported to have selected another mate from the remaining women of the little town and to have left with her.

KENTUCKY

NEWS item from the grand old town of Ashland:

The famous annual public foot washing, so great an attraction in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, will not be held by the Baptists this year. It had been called to meet at Glo, in Lawrence county, and hundreds heeded the summons, according to word from there to-day, but because one official of the church where the sessions were to be held admitted he had voted for Al Smith, such a disturbance arose that the ceremonies were cancelled.

LOUISIANA

THE discovery of a new danger to morality in Baton Rouge, as reported by the *Kansas City Journal Post*:

Artificial legs displayed in show windows are a menace to public morality. That was the assertion made here today by Mrs. J. D. Grudger, prominent club woman of Baton Rouge, La., who is visiting here. Mrs. Grudger said that on a recent trip to New Orleans she saw some artificial legs in a show window, purchased them and then burned them.

MICHIGAN

How the Noble Experiment is working in Detroit, as disclosed by a dispatch to the *New York World*:

A union established between inspectors and Canadian rum-runners was disclosed during the Federal Grand Jury investigation here today. When the Canadian runners discovered a fellow runner who was not making his payments to the inspectors, according to the evidence, the runners would tip off the inspectors when the delinquent runner left with his cargo. The inspectors then would set out after him and arrest him on a charge of violating the customs law.

The "free night" was another innovation by which both runner and agent profited. At this time an importer would pay an agent or agents to keep the river open for a certain period of time, usually four or five hours. Then, while the agents were out of the way, the importer would

bring in as much contraband as he could find means to convey.

As a part of the arrangement the importer would usually agree to tip off the inspectors to runners availing themselves of the clear river, but not in on the blanket payment. These "out-laws" were arrested and their liquor seized, which is the reason, investigators said, why most of the arrested agents have excellent records of arrests and seizures.

RULES for the government of dramatic artists laid down by the Hon. Lester Potter, the censor of the same town:

Don't ridicule any creed or nationality.

Don't try to embarrass any person in audience.

Don't have spotlight thrown on any person in audience.

Don't address any remark to persons in audience. (Use a plant.)

Don't come on stage with abbreviated costume; body must be covered from above navel to a depth below the crotch in keeping with decency. The upper portion of the body, including breasts, must be completely covered to within two or three inches of the lower covering.

Don't use immoral talk or words.

Don't use suggestive actions, shimmie, cooch or sensuous dancing.

Don't come into the aisles unless properly dressed (three-quarter dress, evening or street dress).

Performers coming on the stage must not use a cloak number, opening and closing the cloak in order to show the outline of the human body, and no strip numbers will be allowed in the future; performer must continue with same costume, except in trapeze, acrobatic tumbling, bicycle acts, etc.

No suggestive songs must be sung.

Bedroom scenes must be carefully presented.

Scenes of infidelity must be eliminated and only presented in dramatic sketches within the bounds of decency.

The presenting of scenes representing a bawdy house, house of ill fame, house of assignation, or the operation of same, is indecent, unlawful and will not be allowed.

Presentation of sexual pervert characters, commonly known as "Nance" or "Fairy", will not be tolerated.

Under no circumstances should the mode of preparing or administering narcotics be permitted when dope characters are represented.

Remarks or words of a sacrilegious or profane character will not be tolerated. The word God in an irreverent manner must not be used.

MISSOURI

THE celebrated St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* passes judgment on the Hon. Edgar A. Guest, America's favorite poet:

His verse is clean, pure and helpful; it builds up ideals in the young and maintains human integrity in their elders. His writings constitute

one of the great influences in keeping the home fires burning in America, in enthroning kindness of thought and purpose in human association, in guiding straying minds back to thoughts of Home, God and Duty. Mr. Guest's verses console the stricken, strengthen the weak, encourage the worthy and sing with the joyful. What more can one man do?

And what a son and husband and father and friend this man we know as Eddie Guest must be to expound the sentiment that runs so easily and so colorfully from his pen; what reverence for motherhood, knowledge of family values and sympathetic understanding of children; what insight into the fellowship of man and the problems of the toilers, of the burdens of the downtrodden, of trees and animals and composite nature. He writes of the things we feel but have not the ability to express with ordered words. . . .

He sings a simple note that is understood in every level of society and sings it well. His interpretations of human emotions reflect the wisdom of the ages.

NEW JERSEY

THE REV. CHARLES J. WOOD, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, as reported by the *Daily Journal* thereof:

Jesus Christ was a commuter during the last week of His life. After Jesus closed His day of teaching in the city, He returned to the Mount of Olives to give Himself to God and to undertake other responsibilities. This same programme may be likened to that of the commuter who visits the city in the morning and returns to the suburbs in the evening.

NEW YORK

ÆSTHETIC note from the eminent *World*:

Displayed at an auction yesterday was a finely woven Persian rug representing a scene from the comic strip of George McManus's "Bringing Up Father," the property of the late John M. Phillips, Queens sewer-pipe king. This oddity, along with other items in the vast collection of luxurious furnishings of his Freeport, L. I. home, will go under the hammer this week at the American Art Association, 30 East 57th street. One of the best of Persian rug craftsmen was employed to make it, and reports have it that Phillips paid \$4,000 for it.

OHIO

FINAL proof that the war is over, from the *Journal of Commerce*:

B. E. Babcock of Phelps, N. Y., presided as some seventy-five sauerkraut barons from four States gathered at Toledo last Friday for the semi-annual meeting of the National Kraut Packers' Association. Behind closed doors in a hotel the kraut men heard reports of the success of the campaign to make *America kraut-conscious*.

From the secret meeting there trickled occasional reports of the barons' satisfaction with things as they are. Never in all its history has sauerkraut enjoyed the prosperity and popularity it commands this year. Sauerkraut companies pay dividends regularly. Sauerkraut itself finds its way regularly into the menus of polite society and smart restaurants. It has become a glamorous as well as a popular dish.

OKLAHOMA

PROFESSIONAL card in the *Henryetta Daily Free-Lance*:

DO NOT GAMBLE

—with Dr. JENKINS unless you intend to pay.
Teeth Extracted \$1.00
If there is any pain, you pay me nothing.
If there is no pain, you pay me twice—you be the judge.
Any kind of fillings \$1.00
Upper or lower plates, the best I turn out for fifty dollars, now \$12.50 each.
Gold Crowns \$5.00
Bridge Work \$6.00

If you have pyorrhea, see me.
Eight years in Henryetta. Those that have my work will say I am an artist.

Those who owe me and intend to pay, will vouch for me. Those who owe me and do not intend to pay, may say something.

I am the only dentist in Oklahoma that I know of who has taken a drink, smoked cigarettes, does not belong to any church, lodge or association, the only dentist who ever lied to his wife and did not get away with it.

Have your teeth fixed, wear a smile, teeth extracted while you laugh.

H. L. JENKINS

THE HON. TOM M. MARKS, Hollis county farm demonstration agent, as reported by the *Texas Extension Service Farm News*, organ of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas:

I think Jesus Christ was the first special or demonstration agent. He did not hold a meeting or institute to explain that He could cure the sick. He said: "Take up your bed and walk."

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT in the Hon. Cole L. Blease's archdiocese, as described by the Hon. John K. Aull, special correspondent of the *Fort Mills Times*:

That there are at least 1,500 commercial liquor stills in South Carolina making liquor every day for sale to retailers, and that there are from 5,000 to 7,000 or 8,000 retail liquor joints in South Carolina selling liquor every day to consumers of it is a conservative estimate, based upon an actual survey of the various counties of the State, in the light of information given by those who know what they are talking

about, because there is no doubt they themselves are engaged in the traffic.

By commercial liquor stills is not meant coffee-pot stills and tin-can stills, but liquor stills engaged in regular business, under regular management, with a regular force of hands, and turning out, some of them, liquor at the rate of two gallons a minute. Small stills that folks run for their own use or for the use of two or three families are not included. By retail liquor joints is meant not hip-pocket blind tigers (the latter meaning those who keep a pint or two under the mattress), but people selling liquor day in and day out by the pint or half pint, or whatever quantity you want, and many of them by the drink—people who are making a living out of the sale of liquor, and some of whom are putting by considerable money.

This is the situation in South Carolina, in the face of the most vigorous enforcement programme which the State has ever had. Governor Richards has used and is using the utmost powers of his office to check the violation of the Prohibition law. Without his strenuous, uncompromising efforts the State would be running wet with a stream many times as broad and many times as deep. Federal officers are assisting. But with it all, and through it all, violations of the Prohibition law in South Carolina have been on the increase—and a considerable increase at that—during the past year.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the *Pierre Capital Journal*:

THE CITY OF PIERRE

is challenged to debate "*Resolved*: That the belief that the world is round is a heathen belief, with nothing back of it but ignorance and the Devil." And I challenge and defy the City of Pierre to produce any three men to meet me in a public debate on this issue.

J. F. RICHE, *Professor of pantheology and bolder of the unchallenged world's debating championship.*
Blunt, S. D. 11-ad-30.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the rising town of Sisseton:

Amos White, a Sioux Indian, bit off the end of his wife's nose so she would be less attractive to other Indian men. Today he was sentenced to two years and eight months in the State Penitentiary.

TEXAS

NOTE on ecclesiastical polity among the Hard-shell Baptists of this Imperial State, from the celebrated *Baptist & Commoner*:

Brother S. F. Tipton, Farwell, Texas, asks what right a church has to ordain a seventeen-year-old boy as deacon of the church. The answer is that it certainly is an exceptional case. Never heard of such a thing before, but the absolute right of a church to do such a thing

cannot be questioned. But the good judgment exercised is altogether another question. I should think it possible for a boy of seventeen to fill the place of deacon just as it is possible for such a boy to be an ordained preacher. But I think it bad policy and poor judgment to ordain such a boy to either office. They have not been tried enough to hold such important positions.

WEST VIRGINIA

STERN and fearless editorial in the *Kanawha News*:

The *News* is advised that an effort is being made to have a Bell telephone installed in the sheriff's office. In this connection it will be remembered that several years ago such a telephone was installed in said office and as a result every Tom, Dick and Harry who had a pull with the sheriff used said telephone and had the fee charged to that telephone. It was also used by the sheriff in his private business and when settlement was made for this service the taxpayers had to foot the bill, which was quite a sum, so for that reason the county court ordered the Bell telephone removed. In the light of this experience, will the county court take another chance in establishing said telephone in said office, and if it should would history in this connection, repeat itself?

THE editor of the *Baptist Banner* throws a sweet bone to the Devil:

It is exceedingly unfortunate that we [Baptists] have no accepted standard for ordination to the ministry in West Virginia. We are ordaining men every year who have no qualification, either by nature, training, or grace, for the work of the ministry. Thus, we are filling up the ranks of ordained men with many who are not able to render any service and are frequently sources of trouble and division in the churches. We have prostituted this solemn ceremony until it is no longer an honor but a pastime. Our practice is lower than the standard of even the jazz religious organizations to be found in our State.

THE life of man in this great moral State, as described by the Hon. E. W. Howe:

His first job as a young man was as laborer at \$1.10 per day. At nineteen he married, and ten children were born to him, all of which he took care of and loved. The best job he ever had paid him \$3.25 a day, but was never able to save anything, his family was so large. The man worked for a sawmill company, and

was steadily in debt twenty-three years. At the end of that time he had \$4.20 coming to him, and celebrated by buying a pint of moonshine whisky, which he took a swallow of, but did not like. He had heard of people celebrating, and having good times, and thought he was entitled to try it once. That night officers of the law entered his home, and found the moonshine whisky. The man was fined \$100, and sent to jail for six months. Within three days after his arrest, his family was on the county. All his life this man had worked ten hours a day, and was a faithful husband and father.

WISCONSIN

SPIRITUAL exercises in Milwaukee, as reported by the alert Associated Press:

Permit or no permit, the West Allis Presbyterian Church plans to hold boxing classes with Myron ("Pinky") Mitchell, former junior welterweight champion, as the tutor. When the church applied for a permit, the request was held up because one member declared it could not be issued to the church, which, he said, was not incorporated for the specific purpose of teaching boxing, as required by law. Today the Rev. W. S. Critchley, pastor, said the church would hold classes without one.

HIGH honor paid to the new Governor of this illustrious Commonwealth by his business associates, as revealed by the *Wisconsin State Journal*, published at Madison:

A unique floral piece, an accurate three-quarter size model of a Kohler enameled lavatory, was presented Gov. Walter J. Kohler upon his inauguration, and attracted considerable attention during the reception which followed the ceremonies. Between 400 and 500 white carnations, favorite flower of Wisconsin's new Governor, were used in fashioning the unusual decoration, which bore the card, "Greetings To Our New Governor From the Peps and Superiors." The Peps and Superiors is a social bowling club made up of thirty-four veteran members of the Kohler Company organization, including Governor Kohler, president of the company. The floral lavatory stands about two feet high and measures about eighteen inches in width at the top. It is an exact reproduction of the Kohler Columbia lavatory, the basin being supported on a square pedestal. The fittings are gilded.

BACK TO THE LAND—OREGON, 1907

BY H. L. DAVIS

THE opening of Spring, which, in most parts of the North Temperate Zone, comes in for an eager welcome and lots of minor poetry with heigh-ho in it, was the season which everybody in the sagebrush dreaded and hated. Winters were long, cold and mean, but then, at least the roads were good—hard and solid and smooth with packed snow, and better than at any other time of year. When the snow thawed, they went into bottomless, rubbery mud, and human activity stopped as if the country had been hit by a pestilence. There was not a road anywhere on which a horse could set foot without sinking to his belly. Travel was impossible. Nobody but fools ever attempted it.

The Spring the homesteaders attempted it was the longest and dullest and most hopeless of all. Perhaps it seemed worse because of the job I had. I was typesetter on the cow-town weekly, and there was nothing to set except patent-medicine locals and a few miners' location-notice. News there was not a trace of. Nobody in the country was doing anything. The printing-office was like a cave which even the bats have deserted. The editor went out into the gumbo, to try to collect enough subscriptions to get drunk on. There were three degrees in his collecting. If business was slow, he hoped for enough to get drunk on; if it was fair, he tried for enough to stay drunk on; and, if things were rushing, he kept on until he had rustled enough to pay me my wages. There was no chance of that happening, I knew. Nothing else had any interest. I set type drowsily, and wished, not knowing about the homesteaders, that the Indians would come.

The coming of the Indians meant that travel would start again. Indians were supposed to have some instinctive way of knowing the exact moment when the roads had dried shallow enough for a horse to pull his feet through. They probably guessed at it, the same as anybody else; but they did manage to hit it close enough for people to depend on, so it had got to be a habit to wait for them. When the first band of squaws, bucks, papooses, pack-horses and dogs jogged through the street, the cow-town people woke up and unlocked and put on clean shirts and got ready for business. The ranch-hands, they knew, would have seen the Indians, and might be expected before night. There would be news, traffic, reunions, fights, hubbub and gaiety and celebration. People would call at the printing-office and pay up their subscriptions and get their names in the column of items of local interest, and the editor would pay me my wages.

It was the best possible kind of festival, because it depended upon natural causes. The enthusiasm was spontaneous, not pumped-up for some artificial occasion. I wouldn't have traded it for ten Independence Days, which always came when the weather was so scalding hot that even hell-raising seemed forced. The coming of the Indians was an occasion when people blew off steam, not from patriotic duty, but because they had accumulated more than they could hold. I loved it. I can be charitable with the homesteaders for spoiling my career as a journalist, but their destroying that Spring festival is something that history will hold against their memory forever.

The whole country was a mass of quivering blue mud. Melted snow undermined it, and rain pounded the surface to froth. It was the loneliest, dirtiest season in the whole year; and, right in the height of it, when not even the most morbidly silly Indian would have stirred out of his wickiup on a bet, the homestead rush started.

I had heard of homestead rushes before, but had never seen one. I had imagined they meant noise, excitement, competition, a thousand wagons racing each other through the sagebrush at a dead gallop. The reality knocked all that in the head. There were not a thousand wagons, but only three, so rickety that a moccasined Siwash could have kicked them to pieces. The horses wallowed through the mud an inch at a time, whimpering with weariness. Every whip-cut almost knocked them down. The people were dirty, sallow and starved. They drubbed the horses savagely, like a man chopping a knotty stick of wood. Sheets of rain slammed in their faces, and they looked glary and scared. In all three wagons were cold, half-naked children who sat and bawled monotonously, without opening their mouths.

They stopped in town only long enough for one of the men to trade a silver watch for some plug tobacco at the store. Then they plunged forward into the mud, leaving the town bewildered. Should the people take the homesteaders as a sign that the roads were open, and get ready for business? Would the ranchers go by this signal, as they had by the Indians? Suppose the town got ready, and the ranches didn't? Suppose the ranches got ready and the town didn't? Argument and debate, founded on guesswork, filled every man's mouth, and the end was confusion and disunity, with everybody playing a separate hunch. Some got ready; some got half-ready; and about half of them refused to make a move until they had something better to go on than surmises. That the homesteaders had got through the roads proved nothing except that the homesteaders themselves were fools. The ranchers who saw them, it was

argued, would so conclude, and would wait for the Indians, just as they always had done. As for the other homesteaders who, it appeared, were coming along behind, they weren't worth fixing up for. None of them ever had any money, and, besides, all homesteaders were teetotalers.

The same disunity, it appeared, existed among the ranchers. Some of them insisted upon striking out for town immediately, some were for waiting, and some sent in a couple of riders to see how things stood, and report. Being valved off in this aimless way, the old enthusiasm and trustfulness vanished. There was no big day to look forward to. The ranchers, by ones and twos, straggled in, bought what they wanted, gazed around wistfully, and went home. There was nothing to see except the homestead rush—a rickety wagon, or two, or a half-dozen, wallowing through the street; women and bawling children and sallow, middle-aged men beating the tired horses forward with the brutality of a desperate hope.

And they were not much to look at. They were coming to take up farms, which the government was willing to give away; and everybody in the country knew that there were no farms worth having as a gift. There was no hundred and sixty acres of land that a man could farm a living out of. Not knowing that, or that their two hundred miles of mud-wallowing were useless, the homesteaders were pitiable; and the sight of a pitiable man is embarrassing.

II

On me they bore the hardest of all, because of my job. I had to set in type the stories about them which the editor, hoping for new subscribers, banged off whenever a new wagon struggled into town, and it griped my sense of honesty even to read such a set of lies, false surmises and impossible predictions as he let loose about them: This influx of sturdy latter-day pioneers and substantial home-builders. The country faced an agricultural future second to that

of no section in the world. It would become the granary of America, and all Hell couldn't stop it. I don't know whether he believed it or not. There were times when I suspected he did. For instance, when he explained to me that we must do everything we could to make the new settlers feel welcome, because it wouldn't be long before they would be running the country.

It was that policy that forced me out of a typesetting career. The rush had lasted about a week, the mud and the weather were about the same as ever, and I had helped print one lying issue of the newspaper, feeling like an accomplice to a fraud, when a new and very diffident latter-day pioneer entered, tracking mud all over the floor (I had to sweep the place) and trying to work up nerve enough to ask a favor. The editor greeted him effusively, and interviewed him forthwith.

He was tall and thin, with a little head on a long neck, big feet, and a rascally-looking black mustache. The right things about him might have made pretty good reading. The coat he was wearing, for example. It was a long-tailed cutaway, with silk facings and cloth-covered buttons. They were black. The coat was yellowish-green. Where had it come from? Did he buy it new, and why? Was it a hand-me-down, and from whom?

But the editor had a mind above such things. He yanked his interview out of the man like a district attorney buttering a State's witness. The homesteader blushed at his own prominence. He had come to take up a claim from the government. It was a hard, horse-killing trip, but he was in a hurry to get in before all the good land was taken. It was the advertisements that had decided him to come. The railroad was advertising for homeseekers to join the movement back to the land. And he had fetched his wife and six children. Which reminded him, he said, that the editor could help him out some, if he was a mind to. The idea was that it seemed like his wife was going to have another, and it looked like she might need a doctor, or

something. Well, a doctor would charge—

"We haven't any doctor," said the editor. I thought he acted relieved, in spite of his continuing, "It's a disgrace to the country to be without one, too. A confounded disgrace. But, well, now, for matters of this nature the people usually call in some of the housewives around town. For matters of this nature they seem to serve pretty well. And, besides, they don't charge anything."

The homesteader remarked that that was a mighty handy thing to know. But he looked worried, as if he still wanted something.

"Well, now, it's a mighty fine thing to know you're welcome in this country, like you said," he began. "'Bein' a stranger here and so on . . . not acquainted around, nor nothin' . . . uh . . . whut 'ud be the matter ef you was to ask some of them housewives to help a stranger out, kind of?"

For a moment, the editor looked panicky. He was a middle-aged bachelor, and women scared him to death. Then he looked at me, peacefully distributing type, and the glassy look left his eyes. He became cordial again. "Certainly," he said. "Assuredly. Most decidedly. My compositor, here, needs a little fresh air, anyhow. We'll get him to tend to it."

They both looked at me, and I climbed down from my stool and got my hat. "Get family ladies, remember," cautioned the editor. The town had a small collection of ladies of another kind.

"And it wouldn't hurt ef he was to kind of hurry up with 'em, neither," added the homesteader.

I slammed the door, and stood in the rain feeling abused and outraged. What business did he have ordering me to hurry? Why did I have to rustle his midwives? How should I go about rustling them? That was the worst. All the housewives I knew were grim, cranky, and suspicious of practical jokes. How could I word my errand so they would believe it? I thought up speeches to open on them with. Everything sounded either licentious or flip.

The homesteader's wagon stood in the street, the back full of bawling children, and a woman holding the reins in the front seat. I couldn't see anything wrong with her, except that she looked notably shrewish and ignorant. She turned and rebuked the sniveling children with threats and cusswords that would have sent a ten-up team of mules into a stampede. If she was in need of help, I'd certainly have hated to be her little boy when she felt healthy. What would the housewives think of me for fetching them down to wait on a woman who swore like that?

I never found out, for suddenly my mind cleared, and I saw that the best way was simply to walk out on the job, and not fetch them at all. I wasn't married to type-setting, and I didn't have to go back unless I felt like it.

I closed my newspaper career there on the sidewalk in the rain, with the homestead woman glaring at me like a pet hawk; and it was so great a relief to have it over with that I felt grateful to her for having brought me to a decision. How she came out with her prospective maternity I never learned, for I rode out through the mud to a cattle-ranch and got a job that afternoon. They lit in some other part of the country, probably.

III

If the homestead rush was to blame for my losing one job, it was equally responsible for my getting a new one. The cattle-ranch had been torn by disputes, stirred up by the settlers' wagons passing. Were the roads open, or not? The foreman claimed they weren't, and forbade anybody to take a horse out until he gave the word. About a third of his force rebelled, quit, and waded into town afoot, where they remained, squandering their wages on dullness, leaving the ranch short-handed, and wishing, no doubt, that they could kick themselves till their noses bled. The foreman was pleased about that. About the homesteaders, he merely remarked that they had been overdue for a long spell.

"It's one of the things we figger on about every ten years," he explained. "It ain't anything a man can help. One thing, though; you'll have to be careful how you leave things layin' around."

I could see the sense in that, all right, but something more seemed to be called for. "Won't they fence off all the range?"

"Some of it, I reckon. Not enough to hamper us much. And they'll mostly all be starved out inside of a year after the roads they had to buck to git here. You don't know about homestead rushes, I reckon."

I told him that I knew as much as I wanted to, and hoped I never saw a homeseeker again.

"They don't run on sense, like ordinary homesteadin'. They can't, because there ain't any sense to 'em. A homestead rush runs on what the old-timers used to call afflatus. It's a kind of an edge, you might say, and they have to keep goin' till they git it worked off. If the roads was good now, like they was when the rushes come in '84, and '92, we'd have some land-buyin' to do to git rid of 'em. They'd tough it out the full five years till they proved up. But the way it is, it'll use up all the afflatus they've got to pull through that mud. They won't have none left for anything else. I know 'em."

I remarked that these might be a kind he wasn't used to.

"A little more up-to-date, maybe, but no better," he said. "Any of 'em tell you how the rush started? They seen an advertisement! You know what kind of people answer advertisements, don't you? They're the kind of humans that start in to raise hell and put a block under it, as long as their afflatus holds."

He went on talking, but I stopped listening. There was a sound of wheels ricketing, horses wheezing and children blubbing. It was a homesteader; maybe the prospective father in the cutaway coat coming after me. I stood ready to duck out of sight in case it was. But it was a different outfit—a young couple, with a long-chinned, black-eyed old virago of a grandma coiled

up in the seat between them. The young woman couldn't have been over eighteen, and nursed a gaunt, braying baby, beside fussing with two other children at her feet. The young man was pink-faced, filthy and talkative, and had a crippled foot bundled around with strips of gray blanket. He opened the conversation. One of their wagon-wheels was coming to pieces, and they wanted to swap it for a sound one. When the foreman declined to deal, the long-chinned old grandma leaned out and shrieked abuse—she would have called it giving him a piece of her mind—until he retired into the bunkhouse.

"Let her run," he advised me, though I had no intention of trying to stop her. "I'm used to it these days. Besides, it uses up some of her afflatus. The more she gits rid of, the less she'll have left to bother us with. . . . Are they leavin'? Stick your head around the corner and notice whether they try to pack anything away with 'em."

I reported that, by the looks of it, we were getting rid of them without loss.

"That's where you're wrong," said the foreman, emerging. "That's one kind of people there ain't such thing as gittin' rid of. Some of 'em, maybe, but there's always plenty where they come from."

I had quit a job that owed me wages for no other purpose than to keep from having to deal with them.

"I used to feel that way, too," he said. "I give up the notion. You can't git rid of 'em. The best you can hope for is to git used to 'em. It ain't their fault. It's afflatus."

IV

It was easy enough to talk about getting used to them, but trying to do it was different. As individuals they were simple enough to understand. A set of misfits, who had come homesteading because they could not be any worse off, and would try anything once. But, collectively, they had the weight and dignity of some great force of nature. The way the country filled up with

them was frightening. They travelled so slowly, and at such intervals. Yet, before the roads got fit to travel, they had overrun the sagebrush from one horizon to the other. I don't understand yet how they could have seemed so few and been so many. A schoolhouse on Cherry Creek opened the year with five pupils. It closed in the Spring with an enrollment of eighty and an epidemic of head-lice. There were families everywhere.

There was another anomaly. They had gone to so much work and misery to get in before the good claims were taken, and when they got there they took anything that happened to be close. Whether it was good or bad didn't appear to make any difference. They would work their wagons through a ten-mile creek-bottom, almost killing their teams doing it, and take their claim on a rock sidehill where there wasn't enough earth to hold up a fence-post. An uncle of mine who crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852 has told me that the early pioneers did the same thing. So perhaps the editor, in calling them latter-day pioneers, wasn't so far out, after all.

They took after the pioneers, too, in their tendency to help themselves to whatever they happened to need, without inquiring whether it belonged to anybody else or not. With the pioneers, that worked very well, because there was nobody to object, except Indians, and nobody to pay any attention to them if they did. But the wild game which the pioneers had appropriated was all gone. There was nothing left to eat but cattle, and they belonged, not to the Indians, but to white people who had votes and a pull with the sheriff. Still, it was either steal cattle or starve; and, though some of the homesteaders were extremely strong churchmen—one, I recall, held family prayer every evening—I don't remember a single case of death from famine. They did get pretty hungry sometimes; but the great thing is to keep alive, and that even the family-prayer man managed to do.

He was one of the toughest stock-stealers

that we had; not that he was hard to catch, but that, when we did catch him, he always had some kind of yarn fixed up to slide the blame somewhere else. He never attempted to deny that a steer wasn't his, or that he had killed it. But there were always extenuating circumstances—the brute had attacked one of his children, or he had found it tangled in barbed-wire, and so badly cut that he shot it as an act of humanity. He was a tall, slab-sided man with gray side-whiskers and a hard blue eye, dull and shallow like a marble. He had started out as a preacher—Nazarene, as I recall—and he felt that he oughtn't to be expected to work at anything else.

That accounted for him, all right; but what about the rest of them? They weren't preachers, and they didn't work, either. Not that they could have made a living, if they had plowed and seeded the whole country; but, after the prodigious labor of bringing themselves there they might have given it a try.

But they tried nothing of the kind and by the beginning of Summer we began to hear their wagons ricketing past the cattle-ranch in the night, leaving the country, as the foreman had predicted. Sometimes we would hear a woman crying in a wagon. All the suffering and hardship they had gone through to get to a place where, it turned out, they hadn't wanted to live—one couldn't blame them for crying, though a little more of that at the start would have saved a lot of it in the end. While they were wasting their effort was the time to have shed tears; not after it was wasted.

Some of them were left, like puddles after an overwhelming sea. There was an old bearded man who lived by cobbling boots, though he himself went barefooted. And a shrivelled-up little wart who charmed rattlesnakes, and was believed to eat them; and a man with long black hair and two thumbs on each hand—the extra ones growing, very small but perfectly formed, in the heel of his palm—who made brooms which he couldn't sell, because women were afraid of him.

There were only those three, and why even they stayed nobody could tell, least of all themselves. They could have done better at their respective trades almost anywhere else in the world. They admitted as much themselves; but they stayed on. Except for them, the country was exactly as it had been to start with; and nobody minded them much. They never washed; but they were harmless, and even, as oddities, interesting. And they were totally without vices of any kind; but, indeed, all the homesteaders were. Drunkenness, any of the anti-social excesses, were unknown among them. To a man, they were kind husbands and indulgent fathers, for which circumstance, I have more than once thanked God. If they hadn't been, I might have been running a country newspaper and getting backache once a week from pulling a Washington hand-press until death. And died knowing this people only as nomadic nuisances. I've been lucky.

V

The range left by the 1907 homestead rush looked much as it had before they came. They had exhausted their energy on the roads, and had none left to spend on altering the country. When, being rested, it returned, they used it to pick up and leave. If the roads had been good, what would they have done with it? But the homestead rushes of 1884 and 1892 had better roads to travel over. They brought their afflatus to the country unimpaired and yet they, too, had picked up and left. Why hadn't it done them any good? The time came to graze cattle on the home range, among the claims of '84, and the first one I visited showed all I needed to know.

It lay at the bottom of a deep river canyon—a fenced field with a house in the middle. Only the bare legal requirements. All the extra touches had been spent upon the road that led down to it. The road was fifteen miles long, graded out of crumbling basalt, with all cuts and fills complete! Every inch of it had been done by hand! I

refused to believe that it was the work of less than ten men. The foreman swore that it had been built by one, and a very average-looking one, at that. Fifteen miles! To replace it would cost, today, ten thousand dollars. One could buy all the land in sight of it for less. What did he build it for? To get to his claim, in the canyon. And it wasn't worth getting to. It wasn't worth anything.

Riding down into the blue shadow between the broken cliffs of the river canyon, I used to try to imagine what he must have looked like, gouging at that naked-flanked red sidehill with one small shovel. The foreman hadn't remembered, and I could never manage to form a picture that satisfied me. All I could be sure of was that he had been middle-aged, for a young man would never have undertaken a job so monumentally dull and endless, and no old man would have lasted till it was finished. And also, he was a bachelor. No woman would ever have stood for his wasting that much of his time. The homestead women may have been ignorant of reality, but they were never indifferent to it, as this road-builder was.

I have given up hopes of ever figuring that man out. Didn't he know anything at all? He must have, or he could not have built his road. It took more than high spirits to go through with a job like that. Yet, if he did know that much, how did he contrive to avoid knowing anything else? How did he preserve himself from the evidence, spread around him for thirty miles in every direction, that the earth he was shovelling a road to wouldn't raise a crop? In that red, gravelly soil even the sagebrush dies yearly. Did he convince himself that wheat was hardier than sagebrush?

The best I can do with these questions is to surmise that he never even thought of them until his road was completed. And then he didn't have to bother making tests and drawing inferences. All he had to do was to seed his field and see. At the end of the road was the place where he had done it. There was a field of old stubble, a pile of

old threshed-out straw, and, a little to one side, a mound of caked, queer-smelling earth, covered with sickly sprouts of wheat. That had been his crop.

It was not enough to be worth hauling to market, and he had poured it out on the ground and pulled up and left. The smallness of the strawstack showed that he had considered one fizzle enough, and had not tried a second. His cabin, too, was too clean to have been lived in long. Its rafters were not smoked, and the assortment of wreckage which accumulates wherever a homesteader has lived any length of time—old clothes, newspapers, patent-medicine bottles, scraps of machinery—was missing.

Maybe he realized that he had been a fool, and hated to go on living where he would be reminded of it. Maybe—I am still trying to figure him out—maybe the hopefulness and ardor of making his road had been so pleasant that he couldn't bring himself down to cheapen his work by making it the line of communication for a mere ordinary starve-out wheat-crop. Maybe he moved off on to another range, and used his last energy on building another road.

VI

These vacant homestead houses were used by the cattle-ranch as range-camps. All the hands were required to know where each place was, what its name was, and how to find it. Getting them all straight in my head was one of the first jobs of my apprenticeship. Eventually, I got so that I could have ridden to any one of them in the darkest night; but while I was learning, I had to depend more on luck and signs. One of the most reliable guides was a windmill. It was easy to see, hard to lose sight of, and a sure indication of a homestead.

Only the homesteads had them. For this, there were two reasons. They were a great deal of trouble to install, and, during the season when water was scarce, they were perfectly useless, because there was not enough wind to make the paddles go round.

Why didn't they find out about that before they put them up? Why did they do any of the things they wasted their labor on? Building corncribs on land that wouldn't raise a tassel; ash-hoppers and smoke-houses in a country where the only fuel is juniper, which makes neither ash nor smoke; cordelling farm-machinery up to the top of a mountain, where there wasn't enough earth to bury a dog; planting orchards at an altitude where the fruit froze, every year, before it was even thoroughly green.

The orchards were one thing that I wholeheartedly liked. They never matured any fruit, but I liked to go and look at them when they were in bloom. There was one apple tree that overhung a spring, so deep and still that the water was black. The sight of the white petals floating down into it was too beautiful to miss. I used to spend whole days there, on the sly. One needs smallness in beauty for a change, sometimes, from the majesty of a big country.

Another thing I liked was the material the homesteaders papered their walls with—namely, newspapers. I like it still. Nothing gives a house so definite a character. It is not only less monotonous than wall-paper, but infinitely more interesting. What conventionalized foliage, or English hunting-scene, could have duplicated the delight of finding a cabin in the brush on Cherry Creek, papered with issues of a newspaper for which I had set the type? Could any number of family portraits give a man more background than a few carefully-selected copies of his home-town weekly? Beside, it encourages literacy. I learned to read at the age of four, through being stood in a corner, for punishment, squarely against an illustrated advertisement for a one-man stump-puller. Most farm-children of my time acquired their letters in much the same way, to the subsequent joy of small politicians, and similar pamphlet peddlers, the country over. That is, of course, regrettable, but I would be willing to put up with even that, rather than lose the custom.

And even the thinnest reading-matter gains from being papered on a wall. A house southeast of the Three Sisters, where I wintered once, was lined with pages from the *Saturday Evening Post*, and they gained a real ascendancy over me. Not by the print, which I can't even recall, though I read it all through; but by the illustrations. They were by A. B. Wenzell, and depicted a complete assortment of tall, hatchet-faced men, exquisitely attired in long-tailed coats, choke-bore trousers, and white vests. I can remember how their scornful regard made me flinch when, during a spell of zero weather, I was weak enough to go to bed without taking off my pants.

There was a house west of Ridgeway that was papered with an account of the battle of Shiloh. It came from Memphis, Tenn., and its politics were vehemently pro-Southern. So were—and are—mine; but I did think this editor carried his a little bit farther than the facts warranted. His headlines were at least eight inches high—"VICTORY! VICTORY!! VICTORY!!! The Yankees Defeated And Routed!!!!"

Which, as I knew from Barnes' School History, they weren't. Not that it would have made things any better if they had been. A victory in a lost war is the saddest of all. It merely protracts the agony, slaughters men uselessly, and causes editors to make fools of themselves. It was unpleasant to think of my people being whipped at Shiloh, but at any rate the whipping had got them somewhere, which was more than a victory would have done. The prematurely triumphant hurrah of those headlines used to get on my nerves. It was like a child laughing in a house where somebody has died. Yet I never went near the place without stopping in to read the thing again.

It was on the homestead adjoining that one that I encountered a wonder of an altogether different kind—not sad, like so many of the other signs were, but grimly capable. It was an enormous old gray gander. His owners had gone away and

left him, and he had held the place, single-handed, against all comers, for at least fifteen years. He held it against me, too. I had knelt to drink out of the spring, and, without the slightest preliminary, he charged me and tried to stab his big yellow beak into my eyes. When I mounted, to get rid of him, he sailed into my horse, almost scaring the poor animal to death.

I had to either leave, or kill him; so I left. He was too good to kill. His keeping alive for so long in that lonely place, among so many wild animals that might have preyed on him, was real heroism. He was neither swift nor cunning, and there were hawks, eagles, coyotes, wildcats, lynx-cats, snakes, skunks and owls, by day and by night, that were both, and stronger than he to boot. Yet he had managed to evade, or to whip, all of them. As far as courage went, he could have whipped a whole pack of coyotes. But how had he managed against their brains?

Apparently, though, he was used to getting the best of fights. He plainly didn't consider that he had performed anything unusual in licking me. When I retreated, he stretched his neck, gobbled a few spears of watercress from the spring, and retired into a sagebrush thicket to digest them. Fifteen years. If the homesteaders had possessed half his determination—

VII

Or the adaptability of their cats. Cats, it appeared, were the one thing they always brought and never took away. They throve and multiplied until there was one behind every sagebrush in the country. Food there was no lack of—chipmunks, sage-rats, birds, jackrabbits and snakes were even more plentiful than the cats. The amount of hell that one family of adventurous kitties could raise around a range-camp after dark appeared limitless. They prowled boldly over our beds, knocked things over, yowled murderously and fought and squabbled among themselves, and when we scatted them they ran under

the horses, getting us up in our shirt-tails to quell a stampede, while they strolled back to camp and fought in our blankets. We hated them, and should have killed them. Why didn't we? Everybody threatened to, but nobody ever did. It appears to be a human failing everywhere to hate to kill a cat.

Another pest around homestead houses was the pack-rat. One imagines, commonly, that animals are gifted with instincts to help them get food, or escape their enemies, or continue their species. But what advantage can a pack-rat derive from the instinct that causes him to carry away and hide all the old junk he can get his claws on—spoons, keys, broken crockery, old harness-buckles, bottle-necks, bent nails—anything, so long as it is portable and perfectly useless? I slept once in a cabin where the pack-rats worked all night carrying rifle-cartridges from a wooden packing-case, and hiding them under a saddle at the opposite end of the room. Out of curiosity, I left the cache undisturbed; but I learned nothing, for they left it undisturbed, too, and never came near it again.

Since then, I have seen the same thing happen many times. If there is any reason for it in nature, I don't know what it is. Race-aberration, maybe; or a holdover from an instinct that did once have some sense in it. One guess is as good as another. The foreman probably hit as close as any when he called it *afflatus*. Maybe the pack-rats had hatched up some magnificent scheme in which the rifle-cartridges were designed, vaguely, to figure; and when they got the cartridges moved all their zest was gone and they decided to play something else. If moving the cartridges had done them any good I shouldn't have minded putting them back. As it was, I cursed them for a set of addle-headed little pests, and talked about putting out poison for them.

I never got round to doing it, though, and I suppose they did get some good out of moving the cartridges, after all. They had the fun of planning big; maybe that

was all they wanted or expected. If that is so, their living in the homestead houses was the most appropriate of all earthly coincidences, for they, more perfectly than any other created thing, exemplified the people whom they supplanted. If there is ever a monument to busted homesteaders, the pack-rat deserves to be on it. He is nature's one victim of the homesteaders' never-failing curse—a fury for beginning things and leaving them one-fourth done. It may have been from them that he learned his habits. I used to think so.

But the feeling that I had the oftenest, and the most clearly, when we rode in to make a night-camp in one of the old houses, among the ruins of work wasted,

was one of abashment and shame. It was as if we were prying upon somebody's hurried, childish extravagances which were none of our business, and ought, out of decency, to be left secret. The people who built them had no need to be reminded of their mistakes, being either dead or too old to profit by them. And the newcomers had mistakes enough of their own, including the one they had made in coming there at all.

We used to hear them when they moved out, passing the cattle-ranch in the night, arguing to make their wives stop crying, and explaining that there was still a new section of country a couple of hundred miles farther on, where a man stood a chance.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Surgery

BLOOD TRANSFUSION

BY HAROLD E. HULLSIEK

Imbecile, . . . now listen to what I have seen. When a soldier bleeds from a wound in battle these leeches say "Fever! Blood him!" and so they burn the wick at tother end too. They bleed the bled. Now at fever's heels comes desperate weakness; but these prickers and burners, having no forethought, recking nought of what is to come in a few hours, and seeing like brute beasts only what is under their noses, having meantime robbed him of the very blood his hurt had spared him to battle that weakness withal; and so he dies exhausted.

Thus in the words of Denys, the roaring, Fifteenth Century mace-swinging in "The Cloister and the Hearth," we have open rebellion against the venerated practice of phlebotomy. One feels it to be likely that Charles Reade was voicing the sentiments of his own times rather than those of his character when he put these words into the Frenchman's mouth, since in the days of the good Denys the letting of blood was far more universally practiced by both physician and layman alike than the conserving or replenishing of it. Be that as it may, it was only about two hundred years later, in 1667 to be exact, that another Frenchman, oddly enough by the same name, became sufficiently skeptical of the therapeutic value of removing blood to try the then novel experiment of furnishing to the depleted vessels of the sufferer a fresh supply of it.

Jean Baptiste Denys, physician to Louis XIV, had occasion to visit a child dying of repeated bleedings performed for the relief of some obscure ailment. Into the veins of the youth he caused to be injected lamb's blood, with immediate and beneficial results and the ultimate recovery of his patient. In this work is the earliest authentic report of a successful attempt at the transference of blood from a living body,

either animal or human (transfusions had been done between animals), to the blood vessels of a human patient. It is a far cry from the heroic work of this pioneer surgeon and his sheep's blood to the present day direct transfusion, using perfectly matched bloods, grouped donors, and a technique which not only reduces the dangers to zero but is so simple that the carrying out of the entire process requires only a few minutes' time. In this day blood transfusions have come to be performed so frequently that the operation is no longer considered news even by the most provincial of newspapers.

When one considers the well-nigh insurmountable obstacles which confronted the early workers in this branch of surgery, one wonders that a transfusion was ever completed, and if so, how it was ever done without bringing about the death of the recipient. The first transfusions were done by means of some method of direct communication between the veins of the donor and those of the recipient, usually by the use of quills or tubes, and with only a rough estimation as to the amount of blood transferred. Entirely ignorant of the now well-known fact that certain types of blood are incompatible with other types and not realizing the possibility of communicating disease by such a procedure, the early transfusers naturally made a great many failures. So dire were the usual consequences that for a time blood transfusions were forbidden by royal edict. This mandate had a discouraging effect on further research and under its shadow the operation gradually fell into disrepute. It was not until the Nineteenth Century that interest in it was again manifested, and this was brought about by another discovery, this time by a German.

The chief technical difficulty in the carrying out of a transfusion had always been the irritating characteristic possessed by blood of coagulating whenever it was removed from the vein for more than a few minutes. The consequence of this was the rather prompt clogging and gumming up of all apparatus used, the occurrence of which phenomenon usually terminated the efforts of the operator in a mess of hopelessly plugged needles and tubes.

In the process of blood coagulation long strands of gelatinous material form throughout the fluid, and in the meshes of these fibers the blood cells are caught and held. As the fibers form and draw their network tighter and tighter, the serum, or fluid component part of the blood, is separated out. Bischoff, in 1835, perfected a method by which these gelatinous fibers, the so-called fibrin, could be removed, at the same time allowing the red cells to be collected with the serum or plasma. The defibrinated blood, containing all the essential elements, could now stand for any length of time without coagulating. This permitted injection into the vein without haste, and disposed of the drawbacks accompanying the use of normal coagulable blood.

With Bischoff's work making the performance of a transfusion technically very much easier, investigators again became enthusiastic, and many new types of apparatus, some of which were unnecessarily complicated, were devised. But in spite of the comparative ease with which the procedure could now be carried out, alarming symptoms continued to appear. Severe chills and elevated temperatures occurred in patients given even small amounts of blood, and fatalities were frequent among those receiving anything approaching therapeutic amounts. So common consent relegated the operation to desperate cases, where it was used only as a last resort.

Thus the development of blood transfusion was again practically at a standstill, little real progress having been made despite Bischoff's work. Here it remained

until the early nineteen hundreds, when it was found by workers in hematology that the blood from any given human being contained substances which caused grouping or clumping of the cells when mixed with that of certain other individuals; also that certain bloods caused the cells of certain other bloods to hemolyze or dissolve. In this startling finding was immediately seen the explanation of the accidents and fatalities which had followed transfusions so persistently in the past.

Today it is a task requiring but a few minutes to procure a few drops of a donor's blood, a like amount of the patient's, and by comparing them with known or standard types, determine with absolute accuracy to which type each belongs. A patient whose blood falls in Group I may safely receive blood only from a Group I donor, a Group II patient from a Group II donor, and so on through the four groups. Assuming that the typing has been properly carried out, all danger from incompatibility, with the accompanying severe reactions or deaths, is eliminated.

In most hospitals at the present there are maintained lists of previously grouped individuals who have expressed their willingness to act as donors should the occasion arise, and who are immediately available. In fact in the larger cities there are persons known as professional donors, a portion of whose livelihood is gained by the selling of blood. These people have formed associations, to a certain extent regulate fees, and sometimes even advertise their wares. A donor may, and sometimes does, give blood as often as every two or three weeks, the frequency of his donations being controlled by his particular ability to regenerate new blood. The fee received for approximately one pint of blood varies in the different sections of the country from \$25 to \$75.

The modern method of circumventing the troublesome coagulation of the blood differs somewhat from that of Bischoff. It entails the use of sodium citrate, a small amount of which effectively prevents the

blood from clotting. In the technique using the citrate method the blood from the donor's vein is allowed to flow out by its own pressure through a small needle into a vessel containing the citrate solution, until a sufficient amount has been collected. The citrated and hence uncoagulable blood is then introduced into the vein of the patient through a second needle.

But after transfusion had been done long enough to make possible the collection of data on hundreds of cases it was found that in spite of careful grouping a certain number of mild reactions still occurred—not the fatal or even the alarming reactions of the pre-grouping era, but now and then a chill followed by a rise in temperature. When it was found that some of these reactions were due to the sodium citrate and that by eliminating it they could be cut down, the direct method was again resorted to.

Concomitant with the discovery of the use of citrate came a higher degree of perfection in the manufacture of the apparatus itself, with a study and removal so far as was possible of all factors contributory to coagulation. Thus we have reached the modern direct method. A needle is inserted into the arm vein of the donor, a second one into that of the recipient, and the two needles are connected by a length of rubber tubing. In the center of the tubing is placed one sort or another of syringe or pump for the double purpose of accelerating the flow and measuring the volume of blood removed. With any one of a number of the modern and beautifully accurate outfits now on the market five hundred cubic centimeters of blood may be transferred from one person to another without exposure of the blood to the air, and without coagulation, in from five to ten minutes. The normal clotting time of the blood being in the neighborhood of five minutes, an almost continuous flow, itself a factor in the prevention of a clot, allows one to complete the transfusion before coagulation becomes troublesome. The operation when properly done entails no more discomfort

than that accompanying the insertion of a needle into the vein and may be rendered entirely painless by the use of a few drops of novocaine.

The conditions which are benefited by a blood transfusion are many, but the outstanding one, and the one in which the results are most constant and gratifying, is that in which there has been a sudden hemorrhage. In this type of cases the fresh supply of blood replaces the actual volume lost and at the same time acts very effectively as a hemostatic. Here the transfusion is nothing short of life saving, but to be of use it must be immediately available.

In surgical shock, to replace in the vessels the fluid which has been allowed to escape due to the increased permeability of the capillaries, and in carbon monoxide poisoning, for the purpose of supplying fresh oxygen-carrying cells to replace those that are no longer able to carry on that function, transfusion is invaluable.

In hemorrhagic diseases of the blood, such as purpura hemorrhagica or thrombocytopenia, it acts favorably by replacing volume, increasing the patient's diminished coagulating power, and increasing the blood platelet count, and in certain types of cases where a permanent cure can be brought about only by removal of the spleen, it brings the general condition of the patient to the point where such an operation can be safely attempted.

Of late years transfusions have been used in the acute septic states, where there is a bacterial growth in the blood stream, or septicemia. New blood in these cases cannot always be depended on to give the striking results that are obtained in other conditions, but is thought by most workers to be of sufficient value to warrant a trial. Its use in primary anemia, while not considered in any sense curative, is an extremely valuable weapon in the battle against this disease, and produces temporary and sometimes very dramatic results.

The possibility of the transmission of communicable disease is rendered practically *nil* by a careful selection of a healthy

donor. The boggy of air-embolism, the allowing of small bubbles of air to gain entrance to the veins of the recipient, is no longer alarming, since it has been established that while it is not good practice to permit this to occur, if it should, no harm will result.

Most of the dangers which confronted the earlier workers in blood transfusion can be entirely obviated by proper atten-

tion to detail. Agglutination and hemolysis no longer occur since the study and establishment of the four blood types. It requires no more than a careful cross-matching of the bloods to be mixed to prevent the distressing or worse sequelæ that were at one time so common. And those reactions which are definitely known to be due to citrate may be avoided by using one of the direct methods.

City Planning

TURNING CITY BLOCKS INSIDE OUT

BY JACOB L. CRANE, JR.

A MATHEMATICIAN explains that the idea of the fourth dimension could be illustrated by turning the skin of an orange inside out without breaking it. The plan I here present contemplates turning the usual town plan inside out by facing home-sweet-home away from instead of toward the street. The time may be approaching for city planners to cry "Ready about!", as the sailing skipper does when he wants to head the other way. The contest for the use of the streets, waged between the conflicting purposes of traffic on the one hand, and play, promenade and outlook from the windows on the other, has been clearly won by traffic, and the losing side is now looking for accommodations elsewhere than along the streets. In response to this new situation there suggests itself an arrangement by which the street, passing between the rear ends of reversed houses, will be given over entirely to horseless four-wheelers hauling people and goods directly to the service entrances and people and refuse away from them. The sun-parlor, facing away from the street, will look out upon the garden, or upon the greensward of a private interior park full of playing children.

There was no conflict over the use of the streets until the excitement of riding fast by gas filled them with motor-cars. Formerly all of the customary street activities got along together. We could entrench ourselves behind half-drawn curtains or drape

ourselves on the stoop and keep the children in sight while they destroyed the lawn and darted safely among the infrequent carriages. Now, from the same vantage point, the scene has greatly changed. At five minute intervals we have to bawl to the youngsters to keep out of the roadway. An occasional child's funeral on some neighboring street adds to Mother's terror. Conversation must be edged in sideways between the racket of starters, sirens, klaxons, gabriels, and squeaking brakes. The ice man can't get in, and daughter has difficulty backing out because too many cars are parked along the curb. The quiet darkness of Summer evenings is destroyed by the glare of the street lamps necessary to keep the cars from wrecking one another.

We get out the old logarithmic slide rule to figure how we can pay the assessments for the pavement widening which will bring even more machines down the street and take out the parkway trees and the hedge so patiently developed for seven years. And over all there drifts a miasma of dust and carbon monoxide. Our streets have become traffic and service ways, and are no longer fit for playing, porching and promenading.

The most important consideration, it strikes me, is that of providing a place for the children. Shall their cavortings be limited to the back-yard? Maybe your back-yard is big enough; mine isn't. They require room enough to run, to throw and kick balls, and to emulate Tom Mix, Sitting Bull, Al Capone and Sergeant York.

The school yard is too far for going back and forth several times a day all Summer, especially for the smaller children. Also there are hazards in crossing main streets or railroad tracks. Mother can't keep an eye on them there. Even though it seems to be necessary in crowded playgrounds, the supervision of a janitor or a play director does not attract the gang with resources of its own. And so, the back-yard and the public playground failing alike to fill the bill satisfactorily, there is suggested (and in a few instances it has been tried out), the idea of a playground within each block.

The specifications call for a large enough area to provide for group play, say at least one hundred feet wide and as long as the block happens to be. There should be no access for automobiles. Woodmar in Indiana, the Country Club District at Kansas City, an outlying development near Dallas, and the Radburn project in New Jersey furnish examples. A two-thousand acre Illinois land operation now under development is laid out with interior playgrounds. Most of the little squares in Boston, New York and elsewhere do not qualify because of their limited size and the fact that they are generally surrounded by driveways. If we are to have sizable interior parks or playgrounds, we must turn our houses around and front them on open spaces. Sidewalks could be placed along the sides of the parks, inside the blocks. We could then push the houses back close to the service-way which the street has become.

Certain examples of existing interior playgrounds have been cited. Individual residences with their service entrances toward the street and their living quarters looking out on private gardens are even now not uncommon. From this experience we can understand the forces working against a general change. There is, first, the matter of custom, which is difficult for any of us to violate, even though we think we are as open-minded as the clerk

in an Atlantic City hotel. Many will cling to the traditional pleasure of viewing the road where the race of men goes by. Some will object to the noise of a playground, and these, no doubt, will confiscate the baseballs knocked outside its boundaries. Subdividers will not be able to crowd so many lots into a forty-acre tract. And there will be, as is the case with the interior parks already in use, the serious problem of financing the equipment and maintenance of the inside ground.

But these difficulties may all give way to the advantages of the arrangement suggested. If it is adopted there will be a place for the children to disport themselves safely and adequately and near enough to be called for dinner. The living-room and porch outlook will certainly be improved. The yard and garden will in effect be greatly enlarged by opening out into the larger space, and at the same time we will have far more privacy than the front-yard can ever again command. In-town walking, from one interior park to the next, will be more pleasant. All kinds of service to and from the house will be easier with the back door near the street. And we will be turning away from all the disagreeable features of the car-crowded roadway. The strength of these various factors, pro and con, is difficult to appraise, and their resultant is not easy to determine. But I can't disguise my prejudice in favor of the change, and I believe it may come about within the next generation or two, at least in new developments. The utilization of existing shallow blocks is possible also, but it will be slow.

This discussion, of course, assumes that the widespread, even if deplorable, custom of living in family units, one or more to a house, will continue. Probably it will. If not, then a still more fundamental change in our town planning will result when the children are left day and night at schools, the men live in dormitories and clubs, and the women are at last wholly free.

THE SPORTS SECTION

BY WILLIAM HENRY NUGENT

THE United States learned its first lessons in sports journalism and sports slang from the British Isles, where flowered the first public prints dedicated to horseracing, the hunt, the chase, cock-fighting, prize-fighting and other such pursuits and spectacles. The writers for these periodicals invented a special style and vocabulary that are still used by our modern sports-page literati.

Some of the terms thus transplanted in oral and printed speech have become so common that philologists, amateur and professional, often mistake them for Americanisms. *Chinaman's chance*, is an example. It has nothing to do with an Asiatic. It dates from the 1820's, when a writer in the *Weekly Dispatch* of London called the light-hitting Tom Spring, whom he thought likely to break in a long fight, a *china man*, that is, a porcelain man. *Palooka*, now signifying a fifth rate pugilist, derives from a pure Gaelic word. *Ham*, a poor performer in any line of endeavor, especially on the stage or in the ring, began as an abbreviation of *amateur* to *am*, which the cockney foot-racers and pugilists of the 70's pronounced *h'am*. Other locutions on the long list of transplanted English slang terms often mistaken for Americanisms are *to kid*, *faker*, *pink of condition*, *fan*, *cake-eater*, *to pony up*, *the fight is in the bag*, and *lucky break*. Despite a popular belief to the contrary, the English, the Scotch and the Irish have contributed much more slang to sports than the Americans.

That the British taught us sports journalism will not seem strange when it is recalled that they also taught us nearly all the games we now play or see. Out of

thirty-eight covered by the *New York Times* last year, ranging alphabetically from archery to yachting, only four were natives of this continent. The Indians bequeathed us *la crosse*, our native baseball players promulgated their first regulations in 1845, Dr. Naismith synthesized basketball on the gymnasium floor of Y. M. C. A. College in 1892, and the football Justinians of the 70's first codified the American football rules. The remaining thirty-four games listed in the *Times* came from the British Isles. All did not, of course, originate there, for to cite only two exceptions, the French idled at tennis and the Persians knocked a polo ball around centuries ago, but the British reshipped these exceptions to us along with their own inventions.

Before the Revolution, the pioneer Americans, as part of their heritage from overseas, raced horses, hunted, played cards according to Hoyle, fought game cocks, and mixed drinks. After 1830 many other imported games took root and flourished here. Turn to the colleges for examples. Yale and Harvard first rowed against each other in 1852, twenty-three years after Oxford and Cambridge had begun their rivalry on the river; American college athletes competed in the first intercollegiate Four A track and field meet in 1876, thirteen years after Oxford and Cambridge had inaugurated their dual meets; Rutgers and Princeton, in 1869, booted a football in the first intercollegiate match a decade or more after the English universities and club teams had given us the basis of the present game.

It will not seem strange that we inherited sports journalism from the British

Isles if it is further recalled that we also imported the organization of sport, the solemnities, the ceremonies, the rules, the first prizefight manager, the promoter, and the feudal distinction between amateur and professional. Again, despite those who applaud the English sporting spirit and blame everything wicked on Americans, the British initiated us into the mysteries of commercialism, faking, and publicity. But they gave us the good with the bad. The English, Irish and Scotch immigrants in the last century helped to break down the wall of puritanical prejudice against organized play. They acted as teachers. Think of all the English and the Irish pugilists, the Scotch golf professionals! In time, the pupils learned to play as well as their instructors and even better, and competed against them in international contests.

Anyone, then, who would trace the evolution of the present-day American sports section and its slang should examine certain early periodicals in England and their imitators in the United States. To save getting lost in a forest of papers, he may limit himself to the two cities where styles in sports journalism have always originated, or at least, got themselves popularized, London and New York. It will be sufficient, further, to limit the inquiry by blazing a few great oaks and ignoring the lesser saplings which multiplied from their acorns.

II

The sire with the greatest progeny was a weekly established in England in 1824, *Pierce Egan's Life in London and Sporting Guide*. After steering it for four years, Egan sold out to a publishing firm, which, placing an all-seeing eye and the motto *Nunquam dormio* over the title, rechristened it *Bell's Life in London*. Instituted primarily as an organ of the prize-ring, it also presented news of the turf, cricket, rowing, professional foot-racing, card games, gambling, hunting, the taverns, cock-fighting,

and the theatre, and for a few years also printed cartoons and crime intelligence. It conducted an Answers to Queries department, whose editors never seemed stumped for a reply. For example:

S. B. We cannot tell whether a white or a gray goose has the most feathers, but if you will send us one of each before Michaelmas Day we will have them carefully plucked and the feathers weighed.

All classes of sports sophisticates, the toffs, the howling swells, the milling coves and the Corinthians, read *Bell's Life*. It profited from advertisements and from a circulation that averaged 75,000. In the issue containing the description of the Heenan and Sayers fight, without a doubt the most exciting athletic event of the century, it ran to 400,000. The editors who succeeded Egan from 1828 to 1868 were a father, Vincent Dowling, and his son George. Exercising a Czar-like power in pugilism, they made or broke a boxer with a paragraph. They dogmatically scolded, praised and criticized. They issued a yearly handbook, "Fistiana, or, The Oracle of the Ring," which was the parent of the modern boxing-guide and contained a list of sporting inns and taverns. The elder Dowling wrote the London prize-ring rules, and his son helped to form the Pugilistic Benevolent Association for the "well-behaved and deserving pugilist," and was elected the custodian of the British championship belt.

Yet the Dowlings only echoed Egan, whose influence is felt to this day in the sports department. Born in Ireland in 1772, he died in England in 1849. As a compositor on the *Weekly Dispatch* in London, he sought recreation on his days off at criminal trials, the hangings of important rogues, horse-races, cock-fights, dog-fights, and prizefights, and, writing what he saw, modestly laid the sheets on the editor's desk until he was asked to join the staff. In 1818, he published his first volume of "Boxiana," based on Smeeton's previous work, and in 1829 his fifth and last. He dedicated one to the Duke of Wellington

and another to the King of England. Christopher North reviewed them in no less than eight full-length articles in *Blackwood's*. So popular was Egan that in 1824, Thurtrell, a murderer, awaiting death by hanging, regretted that he could not live a few days longer to enjoy reading his account of the Langan and Spring fight. Egan's serial in 1823, "Life in London, or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorne, Esq. and His Elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, Accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in Their Rambles and Sprees Through the Metropolis," illustrated by the Cruikshanks, became the rage, and the heroes, Tom and Jerry, lent their names to all things from a drink to a drama.

Egan was the father of newspaper sports slang. Before his day, a journalist who knew the flash and cant idiom spoken in boxing and on the turf censored its terms when he wrote for the printer. Egan, an eager experimentalist, mixed into his articles words that he had picked up from the speech of vagabonds, jail birds, bartenders, soldiers and actors. Many of these words Samuel Johnson had excluded from the famous dictionary as "impure" and "not legitimate English," but thousands in the three kingdoms used them in their daily speech. Some that Egan adopted were silly, flat, and idiotic, and have become so archaic today that a reader needs a glossary to understand him, but others, colorful and vivid, live in the lingo of bums, I. W. W.'s, actors, gamblers, crooks and sporting enthusiasts.

These terms may be found assembled in a half-forgotten lexicon that Egan compiled in 1823, the third edition of a work first issued by Francis Grose in 1785. Etymologists have traced some of the entries to the gipsies, the Jews, the Romans, the French, the Irish. The 1823 title read in full: "Francis Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue as Revised and Corrected by Pierce Egan." Here is a typical entry:

The Fancy: one of the fancy is a sporting character that is either attached to pigeons, dog-fighting,

boxing, etc. Also, any particular article universally admired for its beauty; or which the owners set particular store by, is termed a fancy article, as a fancy clout, a favourite handkerchief, etc; also, a woman, who is the particular favourite of any man, is termed his fancy woman and *vice versa*.

The fancy was long a class name in England and America for followers of boxing. Baseball borrowed it and shortened it to *the fance*, *fans* and *fan*. I do not agree with Ted Sullivan, who asserts in his "Stories From The Diamond" that he originated it as an abbreviation of *fanatic*.

Here are some other things in Egan's dictionary that have a familiar sound today: *to kid*, *to fake*, *to stall off*, *where do you get that stuff?*, *cheese it*, *cut it*, *to bike*, and *to crab* (that is, "to prevent the perfection or execution of any intended matter or business by saying anything offensive or unpleasant.'). A *racket* or *rig* was "a particular kind of fraud or robbery." To cheat was *to trim*, *to sting*. A dishonest man was a *sharp*; an honest man, a *square cove*, a *flat*. Money was *dust*, *iron*, *pony*, *stephen*, *darby*. *To post the pony* or *pony up* meant to put up the coin. *Even stephen*: even money. A *bean* was a guinea; a *jack*, a farthing. Terms of male disapprobation included *booby*, *youkel*, *stiff* (a dead one), *kiddy* (a young thief), *dummie*, *collegiate* (a jail bird, an inmate of Newgate prison, often referred to as the college), *gollumpus*, *squealer*, *sucker*, *cake* or *cakey* (a foolish fellow), *fish* (a seaman), *lobster* (a red coat), *lame duck* (a defaulter at the Stock Exchange), *scab* and *yellow-belly*.

Here are some synonyms Egan used in his boxing stories: Head—*knowledge box*, *tea canister*, *can*, *block*, *nob*, *phrenology box*, *pimple*, *dome*. Nose—*conk*, *snuffer-tray*, *beak*, *snorer*, *bugle*, *smeller*. Mouth—*gob*, *mug*, *potato trap*. Eyes—*peepers*, *squinters*, *shutters*, *blinkers*, *lamps*. A black eye was "a touch of the blue bag under the peeper." A blow might be a *zoc*, or a *wistycastor*, or a *leveller*. His dictionary of the nicknames for mill-ing coves, that is boxers, included Young Sky Blue, Gas Hickman, the Fighting Quaker, the Old Ruffian, the Young

Pitch-pot Jack, the Tremendous Little Gipsy, the Birmingham Youth, the Chelsea Snob, the Clogmaker, the Prime Irish Lad, and the Nonpareil.

Bell's Life, carrying on the slang tradition, printed this bit in 1858 in telling how Tom Sayers defeated the Tipton Slasher for the championship of England:

Sayers danced lightly out of harm's way, and then, stepping in, popped a tidy smack on the spectacle beam, and got away laughing. After dancing around his man, and easily avoiding several more lunges, Tom again got home on the snuffer tray, removing a piece of the japan, and drawing a fresh supply of the ruby. The Tipton, amazed, rushed in, missed his right, and also a terrific uppercut with his left, and Sayers again dropped in upon the smeller.

Bell's Life had disciples throughout the English-speaking world. *Bell's Life in Sydney* appeared in Australia in the 40's. Three weeklies in the United States before the Civil War, although they did not borrow its actual name, borrowed everything else, and by reprinting millions of words from its columns during a half century spread British sport slang here. These publications in turn served as models for the later newspaper sports departments.

After the younger Dowling died in 1868, the *Bell* cracked and its peals no longer charmed the ears of Englishmen, who, instead listened to the *Referee*, the *Sportsman*, and the *Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News* which introduced cartoons in the modern sports-page manner. *Sporting Life*, now a daily in London, bought the historic paper in 1886 and still carries in small type at its masthead the gallant name of *Bell's Life in London*. Today the English sports publications have almost a negligible influence here, but for half a century *Bell's Life* set our styles.

III

The first important sporting weekly in the United States appeared in New York on December 10, 1831. It was the *Spirit of the Times; the American Gentleman's Newspaper*. This pioneer lived until 1901, when it merged with the *Horseman* of Chicago.

Horace Greeley, as a young printer, set type on it in 1832. Its editor and owner, William Trotter Porter, who came of horse-loving Vermont stock, attended Dartmouth, learned the printer's trade at a Bible House at Andover, Mass., and at twenty-one descended upon New York City with the notion that a national sporting paper devoted principally to horse-racing would be a profitable venture. A friend wrote in later years:

He was perfectly aware that there existed, in some sections, a marked antipathy to the very name of race-course, and a morbid apprehension of rumors and indefinite mischiefs which were erroneously believed to be its inseparable attendants. But in the Middle States, a tolerant and kindly feeling for the turf was quite prevalent, while at the South and Southwest out-of-door life, with its various sources of amusement and excitement, and its promptings to a zealous, yet rational regard for the horse, the gun, and the angling rod, was an ardent passion with agricultural gentlemen of wealth and spirit.

Porter made his paper national in scope by publishing correspondence from all horse-racing centers. By purchasing and absorbing in 1839 the more provincial *American Turf Register* of Baltimore, established in 1829, he took rank as *the* horse-racing authority in the Republic.

He advocated and ballyhooed the same sports played up in the papers across the Atlantic. It pleased him when his overseas contemporaries called the *Spirit* the *Bell's Life* of the Western World. He sprinkled his columns with hunting stories about the buffalo, the wild cat, the turkey, the panther and the 'possum. He had articles on old sledge, the brag steamboats on the Mississippi, an Answers to Queries column, a few woodcuts, dramatic reviews, jokes, and an occasional serial novel. He popularized poker and "pea-knuckle" by printing their rules and answering questions on their problems.

Porter, known as York's Tall Son because of his six feet four, edited the paper for twenty-seven years, until his death in 1858. A partner, George W. Wilkes, succeeded in control and kept on until he died in 1885. Porter, an excellent editor

but a poor business man, was in the red \$40,000 at the end of his first decade for unpaid advertisements and subscriptions. Wilkes, a better manager, if not so brilliant an editor, prospered and died a plutocrat. Because he once wrote out a plan for a trans-Siberian railway, the Czar of Russia knighted him and gave him the right to educate his sons free at the Russian West Point.

The *Spirit*, as masculine as *Godey's Ladies' Book* was feminine, was read by horsemen, breeders, farmers, college students, army officers, Congressmen, gamblers, pugilists, ball players, bartenders, all the knowing ones. Daniel Webster, a friend of Porter's, took it at Washington while the Senate was in session and at Boston when he returned home. The success of the *Spirit* gave birth to seven other papers bearing the same title. At the outbreak of the Civil War it had, according to sworn testimony in a libel suit, a circulation of 100,000. Only one weekly in America, aside from the religious press, had more, *Bonner's New York Ledger*. Thousands of subscribers seceded with the South in 1861 and never came back.

By encouraging cricket in the 40's and 50's, just as he had sponsored other hyphenated pastimes here, Porter nearly made it the national game and indirectly helped to establish baseball. Up to a few years before the Civil War, indeed, cricket had more advocates in the nation than baseball. Elevens sprang up not only in New York and in Philadelphia, but even in Detroit and Naugatuck, Conn. The All-United States beat All-Canada in an international match and the victors considered challenging the parent Marylebone Club of London, which is to cricket what St. Andrew's is to golf. The St. George Cricket Club, instituted by British residents in New York, built a club-house on Bloomingdale road, and its members bowled and batted and drank tea just as they had done in the old country. They ignored the jibes directed at them by ribald passersby. How unlike the attitude of the sensitive Philadelphians in 1828,

who abandoned their wickets in a field at Camden, N. J., when onlookers and newspapers laughed at them for wasting time at a boy's pastime!

In 1844 the activities of the English gentlemen encouraged a group of young men who had offices in Wall Street to consider exercising after office hours, but instead of playing cricket they voted for the town-ball of their boyhood. They rented a field near Madison square, but later moved to the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. They gathered twice a week and imitated the St. Georgians by building a club-house, keeping a score-book and fixing a system of fines for non-attendance. This Knickerbocker Ball Club wrote out regulations in 1845 for a new game that it called baseball. It caught on. Just as the small-town Babbits of today in plus fours play golf because it is the recreation of the Rockefellers, so did the young men of Brooklyn and in New York in the 50's organize baseball clubs in imitation of hightoned Wall Street. The game took because Porter gave it publicity.

He printed the first rules, the first scores, the first picture of a match in progress, the first box-score, the first allusion to it as the national game, and the first dope stories, and gave wide space to the first convention in 1858, when the players voted to make nine innings a game instead of calling it when the first side had tallied 21 aces. Cricketers, native and foreign-born, switched to baseball and carried over many terms to the newer game, among them, *lucky breaks*, *fielding average*, *batting average*, *batter* (instead of the old fashioned *striker*), *fly(ing) ball*, *innings* (instead of *hands in*). Henry Chadwick, an Englishman who wrote on cricket for the *Spirit of the Times*, first edited Spalding's Baseball Guide and won a press agent's title of the Father of Baseball. Harry Wright, another Englishman who played cricket with the St. George Club and baseball with the Knickerbocker Club, organized the first salaried nine, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, in 1868 and later managed

teams in the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs which he helped to launch.

The *Spirit* also boomed prizefighting in America, introducing the London prize-ring code and the Marquis of Queensberry rules. For a considerable period the American ring, long a bootleg institution, was really only a branch of the English ring. It was under the control of Englishmen and Irishmen; they did the fighting, the managing, the training, the faking, the promoting and the collecting. Wilkes, in 1859, arranged with the editor of *Bell's Life in London* for Heenan, one of the few native-born pugilists, to fight Sayers for the champion of England's belt, symbolic of fistic supremacy. Wilkes sat at the ringside in England, and since the ocean cable had snapped and was under repair, printed a fight extra in London which he consigned to New York by the steamship *Vanderbilt*. He severed diplomatic relations with *Bell's Life* in 1860 after a dispute over that "great drawn battle." Dowling aggravated the breach during the Civil War by wisecracking about the Dis-United States. Looking on the war as a game between the North and the South, he chided the Yankees for hiring Irish and German mercenaries to fight their battles. Wilkes got even, first, by telling his readers not to buy *Bell's*, which had a large sale here, as he would clip the essential news and reprint it in the *Spirit*, and, second, by publishing a woodcut of Dowling as a Lord Dunderreary Englishman.

Wilkes also fulminated editorially against English sports jargon. An anonymous satirist, in 1868, aided him in this crusade by shooting darts at the current prize-fight lingo in a penny pamphlet, "Comical Fights," but himself added a new term in describing how a mythical Mike made a mythical Patsy's *viaduct* look like a *damaged cauliflower*. The Fancy, instead of interpreting *viaduct* as *beak* or *bugle*, as the author probably intended, translated it as *listener*, and thus was born one of Fisticiana's clichés, *cauliflower ear*. Wilkes spoke up too

late for a restricted immigration law against British slang, for he and his contemporaries had admitted boatloads of aliens, among them, *knockout*, *pink of condition*, *fighting trim*, and *walk-over*. As late as 1867 the *Spirit* considered to *kid* alien enough to write that "Coburn *kidded* McCooles, as the English say."

Wilkes in 1869 threw prizefighting news overboard mainly because the daily newspapers had begun to serve it up, if not better, at least faster. By that time the American reading public had become accustomed to telegraph specials, extra editions, and cable dispatches. Wilkes cut adrift from *Bell's Life* only to tie to two other London journals, *Land & Water* and the *Field*, both organs of English gentlemen amateurs who played football, ran, rowed and boxed. The editor of *Land & Water*, John G. Chambers, one-time Cambridge rower and foot-racer, had founded an exclusive athletic club which defined a gentleman amateur athlete and laid the foundation for the British Amateur Athletic Association.

The *Spirit of the Times*, in the 70's, imitated its two transatlantic contemporaries and introduced amateur boxing, football, rowing, and track and field competitions into America. Curtis, whom Wilkes had engaged as his editor in the 70's, was the Chambers of the United States, forming the New York Athletic Club, defining an amateur athlete (a rewrite of the English definition), and aiding in establishing the present Amateur Athletic Union. For good and for evil, the old *Spirit* for half a century was the chief propagandist of British professional and amateur sports, their slang and their journalism, in the Republic.

IV

The second important sports weekly was born in New York in 1845 and still lives. It is the *National Police Gazette*. It circulated early among police officers, criminals, the Fancy, barbers and saloonkeepers. It picked up stories of British criminals until

the American underworld had developed its own heroes. Each week is summarized the nation's rapes, burglaries, murders and hangings. But it remained for a rival, the *Illustrated Police News* of Boston, to set a different alliterative headline each week over the country-wide harvest of executions, e. g., "Spine Stretching," "Legally Lassoed" and "Justly Jerked."

The *Police Gazette* later added news about boxing, cockfighting and other pastimes. Wilkes, before going to the *Spirit of the Times*, had edited it, but it never had the *Spirit's* literary tone or class of readers. When Richard K. Fox, a Belfast Irishman, gained control in 1876 he changed it from a blanket newspaper sheet to a smaller pink one and decorated it with pictures of athletes and *déshabillé* ladies, especially burlesque beauties in tights and iron, hour-glass corsets. (He captioned these dizzy blondes Dizzies, Lizzies and Fairies.) In the 80's he hung up diamond-studded belts for prize-ring champions in all classes, and made and unmade them as a boxing commission does today. He bestowed collars upon pedigreed dogs that had won in pit battles or rat-killing shambles. He settled disputes about poker, dog-fights, cock-fights and pugilism in his Answers to Queries column. Just as the *Spirit of the Times* in the 70's stood for amateur sports so did the *Police Gazette* under Fox boom professional activities. It scorned golf, tennis and college football. Fox died a millionaire and his sons still carry on, but they lack the influence of their father in Fisticiana.

The *Police Gazette* adopted the language and style of the British crime and sporting papers. Its editor in 1859, George W. Matsuell, compiled "Vocabulum, or, The Rogue's Lexicon," a dictionary of American underworld cant. Many terms came from Egan and other English sources. Imported words that then appeared in the files of the *Police Gazette*, or in publications similar to it, bob up today in speech or in print and are sometimes proclaimed as newly-created. For instance, tales have come out of Chi-

cago that a gangster, lately machine-gunned to his reward, not only contributed the occupation known as the *racket* and the followers of it known as *racketeers* to our civilization, but also created the words to describe them. But the *Police Gazette*, which borrowed the term *racket* from Egan, spoke long ago of the *fight racket* and of the *empty-bottle racket*, and the *Illustrated Police News*, on August 11, 1888, had a story about *racketers*.

The New York *Clipper* cruised the journalistic seas from 1853 to 1924, carrying boxing, baseball and theatrical news, and from 1897 onward stage news only. It docked for the last time four years ago in the office of Sime Silverman's *Variety*. The *Clipper* not only helped to spread underworld and sporting argot from abroad, but also contributed idioms from the English-speaking stage and circus lot. Other weeklies containing sports news blossomed between 1830 and 1890. To note a few, there were the *Whip*, the *Rake*, the *Flash*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Mercury*, and the *New York Sportsman*. *Leslie's Weekly* and *Harper's Weekly* pictured important athletic events. Thomas Nast drew sketches of the Heenan and Sayers fight for the *New York Illustrated News*. But the *Spirit of the Times*, the *Police Gazette* and the *Clipper* were the big three in sports journalism in the last century.

Even before the Civil War some newspaper editors, though they looked on athletics as the province of the weeklies, printed news of any event that aroused public interest. The *New York Herald*, from its establishment in 1835 until 1885, assigned Uncle Joe Elliott, superintendent of its delivery room, to double as a reporter of prizefights and horse-races. Seated at the ringside, he dictated a story to a stenographer, who later transcribed the notes for a copyreader to cut down and polish. *Herald* pony-express riders, in May 1847, carrying Elliott's story of how Yankee Sullivan vanquished Caunt the Englishman early in the morning on a dew-covered battle ground at Harper's Ferry, galloped

from the ringside to New York in time for the *Herald* to print the yarn only two days after the mill.

Less than two years later, Elliott, in relating how Tom Hyer had won the championship of America by flaxing out Yankee Sullivan in eighteen minutes at Rock Creek, Md., dispatched from Baltimore to New York the first prize-fight message ever sent over Morse's five-year old magnetic telegraph. This epochal dispatch, plus other pugilistic intelligence, filled the entire front page next day. In April, 1860, the *Herald's* presses rumbled day and night for four days to provide an eager public with accounts of the "great international match" between the Benecia Boy, an American blacksmith's helper, and Tom Sayers, an English bricklayer's laborer, a landmark in ring history. Bennett did not send a representative from the home office, but economically clipped his report from English and American exchanges. The *Herald* also reported horse-races, especially the matches between Northern and Southern thoroughbreds, yacht races, and the early baseball games.

James Gordon Bennett the younger, himself a long distance pedestrian and polo player, offered cups in the 70's to winners in college rowing races and track and field events. Out of this developed the present Poughkeepsie regatta and the annual intercollegiate meets. In the 80's he introduced polo to Newport and found space in his paper for news about it, as well as about golf and tennis, old pastimes still indifferent to newspaper publicity. His *Evening Telegram*, established in 1867, had a clientèle among boxing and baseball zealots. When Elliott was superannuated in the late 80's, the *Herald* engaged Billy Edwards, champion emeritus of the lightweights and bouncer at the Hoffman House, to dictate a blow-by-blow account of boxing bouts to a shorthand reporter. Thus he was the founder of a long hokum dynasty of prize-fighters who "expert" for the newspapers at higher salaries than are paid to city editors.

Topsy Maguire, a contemporary of Elliott, served the New York *Sun* as a boxing and racing authority for thirty years. Sometimes Charles A. Dana accompanied him to a fight. Arthur Brisbane, while London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, cabled stories about Sullivan's visit to the Prince of Wales, and at other times wrote about the bare knuckle fights between Smith and Kilrain, Mitchell and Sullivan. The puritanical New York *Tribune* preached against prize-fights and horse-races, but its reporters were assigned to them and turned in excellent yarns.

These early American sports writers, through oral and printed tradition, inherited a ready-made vocabulary. For a while the editors of conservative newspapers with traditions of good writing toned down their excessive slang, but today all editors allow their sports writers greater liberties than those granted to reporters in the other departments of the paper. Many terms and wisecracks borrowed from the past still survive, some without change and some with slight changes due to the wear and tear of colloquial speech. American sports writers yet use a lot of this standing-metal slang, but they likewise create their share of new phrases, idioms and nicknames. Baseball experts, adapting boxing diction to baseball, introduced *initial sack*, *hot corner*, and so on.

V

William Randolph Hearst bought the New York *Journal* in 1895. Before turning his talents three years later to his war with Spain, he had worked out the modern newspaper sports section. Finding his rivals running from three to seven columns of sport news daily, he doubled, trebled and quadrupled the space and on occasional Sundays issued a bicycle or a horse supplement of twelve pages. Finding his contemporaries content with one column captions, he flew banner heads across his pages in 1896: "The *Journal's* Special Page For Amateur Sportsmen," "Special News

of Horses," "Champions Give *Journal* Readers a Sporting Page," "In The World of Professional and Amateur Sports."

Hearst not only invented the present-day sports page make-up; he whooped things up all along the line, putting the final crusher on the weekly as an authority in athletics. Before he breezed in with his open purse other papers had appended the names of the writers at the ends of sports stories. The *New York World*, for instance, had baseball chatter signed by De Wolfe Hopper, the actor, who had already discovered the poem "Casey At the Bat," and Dominick McCaffery, the heavy-weight contender of 1889, explained over his own name that John L. Sullivan beat down Jake Kilrain, not by face hits, but by blows to the heart.

The *New York Illustrated News*, in 1889, appointed John L. Sullivan sports editor, with the understanding that he would sit two hours a day at his desk. John L. collected his salary for eight months, but did no work. He blustered in once, bought the staff a drink, and then refused to come again. The publishers, after frequent telegrams to Boston, ultimately cut him off the payroll.

Hearst placed the new byline rig on a better basis. He signed his champions to a contract and instead of giving them an impecunious \$50 a week paid out real money. He paid James J. Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, successors to Sullivan, \$5,000 a year each for the right to put their signatures in facsimile over articles. Furthermore he did not ask them to associate with the staff, but gave them a ghost writer, Robert H. Davis, to do the work of composition. He hired other champions, Hobart on tennis, Bald on bicycling, Batchelder on wheeling, and Heffelfinger, the Yale hero, on football. Amos Rusie, the Giant's pitcher, told how he threw puzzling curves; Arthur Irwin, manager of the Giants, charted the science of the hit and run; and under the shaky fac-simile signatures of two dinge jockeys, A. Hamilton and Willie Sims, appeared the story,

"How A Horse Race Is Ridden." Hearst, in 1896 and 1897, had signed up nearly every sports champion. Of late the price of bylines has gone up. Dempsey was paid \$45,000 a year for his name and Tunney is said to have received a still higher sum.

Hearst built up a staff of experts, including Ralph Paine of Yale on rowing, Charles Dryden on baseball, and Paul Armstrong on boxing. The *World*, in 1889, had boasted that Nellie Bly, in interviewing John L. Sullivan and his trainer William Muldoon to the extent of three columns both before and after the Kilrain fight, had been the first woman to achieve such a feat. The *Journal* assigned Winifred Black to visit New Haven and in the Fall of 1895 appeared a five-and-a-half column story and three sketches headed: "At Old Yale. The Journal's Woman Reporter Trains With the Little Boys in Blue. Once Around the Clock With the Lads Who Will Uphold Yale's Prestige. The First Time a Woman Was Invited to Dinner by a College Football Team."

The *Sun*, the *Herald* and the *World* spread out on college football reports, running seven and more columns with sketches. Hearst ran wild in covering the Yale-Princeton game in 1895. He printed two-and-a-half pages, with five sketches, one seven columns wide, and two diagrams showing "How the Ball Moved." Richard Harding Davis filled a whole page, aside from pictures, plus a breakover. Heffelfinger presented a technical description, and Jim Corbett in a signed story approved of football by saying: "It has a tendency to make a man a strong healthy animal and it is all right. I consider football as played today rough sport, but not brutal." Both the team captains signed statements. On Monday Captain Thorne of Yale told his own story of how he made that great run. Not only did Hearst splurge on football, but he gave space to other pastimes and a big prize-fight called for five pages. All this before 1898.

Other publishers in 1896 and for a long time thereafter shrilled that he was pros-

tituting journalism by his yellow methods. Today the innovations of 1896 have become commonplace. All publishers have adopted those identical methods, with the eight and the ten page sports section, the banner headlines, the cartoons, the pictures. Even the *New York Times* and the Associated Press, within the last few years, have allowed their sports writers to sign their names to stories. Others have gone into the market and bid away champions from Hearst. As a result of adopting his devices and newer ones, such as the double-measure sports column popularized by Grantland Rice of the *Nashville Banner*, the *New York Mail* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, a feature that has a thousand imitators, other papers have overhauled and passed him.

Since the World War the sporting section has grown tremendously. The *Editor and Publisher* has computed that the *New York World* devotes 40% of its local news on weekdays to sports and that the *Herald Tribune* gives over no less than 60%. All large city newspapers now surrender four or five pages to sports news on weekdays and eight and even ten pages on Sunday. E. Robert Stevenson, of the *Waterbury Republican-American*, after a survey of the newspapers of twenty representative cities, said:

Sporting departments are making ever-increasing demands of space until distracted managing editors are wondering when the growth of this department will cease. It appears to move in the well-known circle, an increased quantity stimulating more interest and consequently more demand on the part of the readers, who constantly ask for more as it is given to them.

To supply this demand the Associated Press has lately organized a segregated sports department with twelve men on its staff. The *International News*, out of a total of 45,000 words in a full thirteen-hour report, carried 5,000 words on sports. The United Press is sending out three times the amount it transmitted a year ago. Publishers agree that circulation, prestige and reader interest are created by sports news. One editor said that he did not regret giving away free space to sports, even though someone profited, any more than he regretted giving away free space to stock market reports because someone benefited financially. William P. Beazell, assistant managing editor of the *New York World*, observed:

When I consider the amount of space given over to sports my intelligence is offended, but my editorial judgment supports it.

Today America leads the universe in sports journalism. Our syndicated specialists sell baseball stories and box-scores to Japan and Mexico, prize-fight and polo yarns to the press of the world. Readers in the British Isles know the cartoons of Bud Fisher, Tad and Edgren. Slang from our sports sections has found its way to England, often in movie captions, until nervous Bloomsbury critics write letters to the *London Times* that we are corrupting, that is, Americanizing, the mother tongue. Few seem to know that many of these words are making a return trip to their place of origin. For it was the British who taught them to us when they gave us our first lessons in sporting journalism.

KANSAS IN LABOR

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

MY FATHER made two or three barrels of wine from his own grapes every Fall. He also liked to stop and have a foaming schooner of beer at Frank Gard's saloon when he was selling hogs or cattle in Wichita. When he felt particularly domestic he would bring home a case or two of beer for the family, but the family, God forgive it, didn't appreciate the offering, and he invariably had to drink the whole of it himself.

When visitors came to our Kansas farmhouse, my father thought it a routine matter of hospitality to offer some of his wine. He would go down cellar and draw a tall pitcher of it, and bring it before the company, with glasses.

"Will you have some wine?" he would ask, quite innocently, for he was born in Ireland and he had sailed the seas and Great Lakes, and he couldn't quite believe that Kansans could be as queer as they seemed to be. "I made it myself," he would add, propitiatingly. "It is good medicine for a hot day—or for a cold one either."

The company, if it chanced to be local and respectable, would sniff. Perhaps there would be a pious observation upon the evil effects of wine and debauchery in general upon the young.

In such cases, my father would fall silent and seem to be considering the ways of persons among whom he was always destined to remain an alien. Then he would quietly drink the pitcher of wine himself, and go on about his work.

Since my father made no secret of his wine-making and his love for a cold measure of beer to temper the scorching Kansas sun, he became a sort of hissing in the

valley. On the next farm lived Steve Balch, a hearty, loud-laughing, independent spirit. He made much wine of many kinds, and he didn't go to any church, and he minded his own business so well that he was conceded to be the most progressive farmer in the community. He loved to tell the preachers to go to Hell, but he explained to his good friends that that didn't mean anything, since there really wasn't any Hell. He just wanted to frighten the Prohibitionists.

Steve Balch, however, was a Yankee, born and bred. In fact, he was born in that very neighborhood, or came to it in babyhood, for his aged parents lived near him on another farm. The Balch ancestry went back to Connecticut or some such thoroughly American locality, and therefore Steve could afford to flout the common hypocrisy and go on making the good wine that he always was ready to give to the sick and ailing or to the rare spirit who might appreciate it.

You could be independent if you were a Yankee. But my father spoke with the rich accent of County Cork. He had his citizenship papers, to be sure, but the community never considered him a citizen. He was a Roman Catholic, while Steve was merely an atheist. The good people of the valley did not so far forget their Americanism as to consign Steve and my father to the same Hell.

We children went to a one-room public-school, a mile-and-a-half away. It was a sorry school from an educational point of view, but it was sound in matters of faith and morals. We were obliged to sing Prohibition songs for opening exercises, and

at least once each day we were given mass instruction on the evil effects of alcohol and tobacco upon the human system.

Kansas was the first State to put Prohibition into its constitution. Maine had a Prohibition law before Kansas was able to sit up and vote, but it was only a law. In 1881 Kansas adopted an amendment to its constitution, forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. The Prohibition Amendment under which we now groan nationally is taken bodily out of the Kansas constitution, with only a word or two changed to make it national in scope.

In my early boyhood, however, Kansas constitutional Prohibition was merely a blunt instrument, used to extort blackmail from saloon-keepers. It had no more force and effect than the Ten Commandments or the Beatitudes. Saloons were doing a slopping good business in every Kansas town, but they had to observe certain forms, out of deference to the hypocrites who wanted to pretend that the State was dry. No signs were permitted to say Saloon or Bar. The recognized name for a saloon was Sample Room. There were thirty-eight sample rooms in Wichita, our nearest town.

Besides the name, the saloons adopted another clever disguise, so that the ministers might go on telling the world that there was no hell-broth in Kansas. They curtained their front windows, or painted them, exactly as the saloons in Hoboken do today.

In this formal disguise, the saloon flourished. But it was against the law, and once a month, on the first day thereof, the saloon-keeper had to go to the City Hall and pay a fine of from fifty to one hundred dollars, depending upon his location and prosperity. This blackmail kept the city running, and the preachers pretended to think that their own taxes were kept low by the simple expedient of fining the wicked run-sellers whenever they were caught at their devil's work. Of course, any preacher with a nose could smell a

sample room a block away, but who wanted to ruin the town and increase taxes by analyzing odors?

Two of the best and most liberal citizens of our town in those days were Tommie and Johnny Mahan, who ran a wholesale liquor house and owned many saloons. Whenever a charity committee or a civic graft gang wanted money, the leg-pullers went to the Mahans and started their list. The fattest man in town was Fritz Schnitzler, also in the wholesale booze business. Peter Getto, who never sold a dishonest quart in his life, handled some excellent brands wholesale.

These good town-boosters did not hide in a corner. They advertised their wares on the opera-house curtain, took space in every amateur programme, and had their names posted at church fairs and socials, wherever such publicity would aid a worthy cause.

II

The Devil, I was early informed, never sleeps. Some of his insomnia infected the Prohibition agitators who prowled over the prairies in those days of innocence and sin. Kansas has always been a booze-conscious Commonwealth. The prairie preachers, the deaconesses with holy fire in their eyes, and the moral leaders of the Y. M. C. A. talked and sang and prayed Prohibition for many weary years before the country at large consented to take their mission seriously.

One of our teachers at the rural school I attended was a squatty little man with a flowing red mustache. He taught school rather less efficiently than the teachers who had preceded him, although that really seemed quite an impossible feat. But Mr. Mar was popular in the district because he lost no opportunity to inculcate the evils of strong drink. Under his learned tutelage we barefoot urchins were taught to sing, twice a day, about some poor unfortunate who once took a sip of red wine, and eventually, at the end of the twenty-fourth

stanza, was borne in a cheap hearse, "o'er the stones to a wine-bibber's grave."

There was a large chart in the sanctuary of that temple of learning, and it was kept always open to a section depicting the evil effects of alcohol upon the insides of the human body. Some of the more nervous girls were unable to look at this chart without becoming ill, but most of us became so accustomed to the revolting sketches, in five colors, of an ulcerated stomach and a disintegrating liver, life size, that we much preferred them to the dull pink map of the British Isles on the opposite wall.

The laws of Kansas required that we be given daily instruction in the evils of booze and the desirability of Prohibition. Since it was much easier to tell about the depravity of habitual drunkards and the horrible deaths they invariably met than it was to teach the fundamentals of the Arabic system of notation and numeration, we spent much of our time taking notes upon Prohibition discourses.

The Last Day of School was the annual social affair of the district. The mothers of extensive families cooked and baked for a week in preparation for the event, and every wagon, buggy and buckboard that wended its way over the muddy roads to the school ground was heavily laden with good food, especially cakes and pies. It was a regular cake-and-pie orgy, and the strong farmers fairly staggered home in the twilight, thoroughly done in by indulgence in samples of not less than forty pies and twice forty toothsome cakes.

The school children were drilled and rehearsed for half of the school term in preparation for the Last Day entertainment. Shortly after Christmas we began learning the new Prohibition songs and canticles. The drilling furnished a fine excuse for occupying school time with something other than study and teaching, and helped to save the teacher from the embarrassment of being caught by one of the big boys or girls in a fatal error in arithmetic or history.

There were dialogues designed to illustrate in a lifelike manner the dangers of taking just one sip, however small, of wine, beer, whiskey or mint julep. There were tableaux representing the plight of the deserted *mater familias*, whose unworthy spouse was at that moment enjoying the subtle damnation of 4% brew in a palatial hell-hole in the neighboring Gomorrah.

One of the most fetching of these dramatic interludes still haunts my memory in graphic detail. A chorus of a dozen girls, the non-bathing beauties of the valley, sang a song beginning:

Oh here we are, as thus you see,
Each one a farmer's daughter;
We know just when to legislate
And when we hadn't oughter;
And we won't have any saloon men
To kneel to us and bow, sir,
For we can do without a man
If he can't follow the plow, sir!

The adolescent swains who heard that noble chorus day after day could hardly avoid conversion to the cause of militant Prohibition. We pictured these fair ones spurning the grovelling saloon men who might become maddened suitors for their hands. I used to dream of the loathsome bartenders and vendors of spirits, vainly attempting to coax a promise of honorable marriage from my favorite among the long-legged Prohibition chorus girls. Secretly I vowed to hit a bartender right on the end of the nose some day.

Still I marvel that we were able to hate saloon-keepers and their patrons collectively, when we knew so many charming drunkards and so many Christian vintners and dispensers.

One member of the school board was Lem Sulka, a right noble tippler and a farmer beyond reproach. He was prosperous, but democratic. He would drink with anyone, and had been known to endow an unidentified tramp with the entire proceeds of the sale of a load of fat hogs from his pens. The tramp, it seems, had approached Lem while the genial farmer was reclining, somewhat stove in, with his

two legs strangely intermingled with the barbed-wire fence that bordered the railroad right-of-way.

"What's the matter?" says the tramp.

"I don't rightly know," replies Lem. "I think my horses got drunk. They ran away when I tried to drive down the railroad track so's to get home quicker."

"Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? I don't know about hurt, but I've got a roll of bills here that'll never do me any good, because I can't drink with all this wire around my legs. Here, you take the money and buy a drink for yourself!"

Lem had the most powerful horses in the valley. They all looked like graduates from the Ringling circus parade. And run! Well, if such a patron of the turf as Harry Sinclair had ever seen Lem Sulka playing Ben-Hur in a lumber wagon, coming home from town after a successful day in the market, the ancient and honorable sport of chariot racing would have been revived as a national pastime. Lem loved to travel rapidly, and as airplanes were still far in the future, he laid on the lash with a right good will, and the infuriated horses went madly galloping along the country road, while groceries, bottles, and bits of wagon gear went flying in a train of steadily mounting destruction.

When the valley folk passed along that highroad next day they viewed the sad disfigurement of the roadside hedges, the mailbox posts, all bent and broken over in one direction, and the splintered remains of rolling stock. Then they said one to another, "I'll bet old Lem Sulka's had another runaway. We better stop and see some of his kin and find out if he's bad hurt."

Nobody really wished Lem any ill. He was a thrifty, likable fellow, with that same rare ability to mind his own business that distinguished Steve Balch and others among the unsaved.

Tom Fahey was one of the first saloon-keepers I ever knew, and he was of the salt of the earth. He was all that a jovial Irishman is supposed to be in song and

story, and his home was the dwelling place of hospitality. Down town he ran a sample room until he began to grow too old for such activity, and then he set up his favorite son in the business.

"It takes a man in ivery sinse of the wurrid to stand behind the baar!" declared Tom Fahey, as he looked upon his son and was well pleased.

I remember waiting outside of Ed Fahey's sample room one hot Summer day, holding the reins over a patient farm horse while seated in a cart that was the Ford of the farmers of that time and place. My father was within, imbibing great draughts of Fahey's cooling beer. Out came old Tom Fahey, fat and hearty and cool, holding high a foaming schooner of beer. He stepped up to the cart at the curb.

"Here you are, me bye!" he shouted. "A drink on Tom Fahey! Fine and cool, and 'twill make a man of ye!"

I refused. Or was it I who refused? Certainly, there is something gravely awry with this philosophical theory of Personal Identity.

But there sat one whom I then called I, refusing a perfect glass of wholesome beer, while the unbelieving Tom Fahey stared in wonderment that Old Man Driscoll should possess a boy who didn't know enough to drink a freely offered container of joy. He stood there and argued and urged and descanted upon the merits of this particular brand of beer, which already had made Milwaukee a center of civilization. He went away beaten and discouraged, after tossing the flat stuff into the gutter. He had wasted golden words upon an ignorant spirit, and the hot sun had robbed his nectar of its life.

My father, I am told, wept when he heard his old friend's report upon the waywardness of the son of an Irish sailor.

"The boy would be all right," said my father weakly, "if it wasn't for these God-damned Prohibitionists! It seems there's a law that we have to send the children to school, and the teachers and preachers they have at the school are trying to make

sissies out of them. Glory be to God, Fahey, I don't know what this country's coming to at all, at all! You best put a case of beer in the cart, and I'll see if the family won't feel like a little drink before going to church Sunday morning anyhow."

While the Yankee neighbors pointed to my father as one lost in Romish superstition and devil's brew, I never saw the man drunk but once, and I fully believe it was his only lapse into genuine inebriation. He was past fifty, prosperous, and at peace with the world. But he conceived a violent dislike for a certain prospective son-in-law. The family took no heed of his likes and dislikes, since he was generally conceded to be a bit old-fashioned, and never thoroughly Americanized.

So my father prepared to get drunk as a gesture of protest. That Fall he made seven barrels of wine, instead of two or three. There was some good wine left over from other years, too, and he started on it while the new wine was a-ripening. He laid in a few cases of beer, a five-gallon jug of whiskey, and a few little jugs of gin. By Thanksgiving it was clear that he was a bit groggy, and by Christmas he was fairly plastered.

He sobered up suddenly, a year later, and he never drank more than enough to make him a bit reminiscent during the thirty years of life that still remained to him. He had registered his protest, and no stress of circumstance could ever induce him to utter a word against the objectionable son-in-law thereafter.

Every once in a while a holy pilgrim would come to our house, laden with tracts dealing with liquor and tobacco. Cigarettes were already under the ban of Kansas law, but some dudes from the cities were bootlegging in the vilest kind of cigarettes, we were told. These instruments of the Devil were packed subtly, perhaps by Satan himself, who was said to frequent tobacco plantations and factories where his weed was made up into smokes. Pictures of shameless play-actresses, some in tights that displayed their legs to an inconceiv-

able height, were to be found in these packages, and fond mothers were warned that their boys often secretly collected these pictures and stored them above the rafters in the barns.

As if to point the moral taught by the wandering salvationists, a family of townies bought the farm adjoining ours on the south. The Burwell boys used to ride out to the farm from Wichita behind a spanking team of bays, and there were plenty of eye-witnesses to the fact that all three of the Burwells smoked cigarettes.

Coming home from school along the highway, we boys often picked up samples of the offending pictures of actresses. Then we knew the Burwell boys had been out to the farm again, or had driven back to town that way. One of my sisters was of the tender age of sixteen, and she was sternly forbidden to speak to the Burwell boys, even though they were our next neighbors. They smoked cigarettes, and rumor had it that they also carried a flask of whiskey out from town with them when they came to stay a week or so at the farm.

III

About this time there came eerie signs in the heavens, presaging the approach of a new dispensation. Three prophetic stars twinkled insinuatingly above the monotonous prairies. They told of the coming of the three prophets of reform: Carry A. Nation, Henry J. Allen and Myra McHenry.

Carry Nation came first, making straight the paths of the other prophets. There had been much stirring of the spirit at Sunday-school conventions and meetings of respectable married church women, and as ill luck would have it, Carry Nation was having domestic troubles. She lived in Medicine Lodge, and she was the town's professional troublemaker. She was short and fat and ugly, and her special mission was the preaching of damnation against women who were young and slim and beautiful. She had turned Medicine Lodge

upside down by publicly denouncing the ladies of the choir for wearing their skirts clear up to their insteps. Such hussies, averred this prophetess, were out after the husbands of honest women.

Having a pronounced beauty phobia, and not being able to find very many beauties upon whom to vent her despite in Medicine Lodge, Carry hustled over to Wichita, where, she had heard, there was a picture of a beautiful woman in the Carey Hotel bar, owned by Johnny Mahan. The picture was entitled "Cleopatra at the Roman Bath," and had been painted by John Noble, now a notable New York painter, in exchange for unlimited credit at Mahan's bar. It was a very large picture, and very nude, and it hung in front of the bar, so that the customers might be charmed ceaselessly by it while they sipped their potations.

Carry Nation had heard that Cleopatra was the most beautiful and seductive of all women, and she had heard something quite the reverse about herself. So she would have it out with Cleo, here and now. She went into the Carey bar on the morning of November 21, 1900, and, after feasting her eyes upon the winsome curves of the Lady of the Nile, she proceeded to lecture Eddie Parker, Johnny Mahan's brother-in-law and bartender, on the wickedness of beauty, especially nude beauty.

Eddie Parker uttered not a word, but cleared his throat a couple of times and even coughed a little, as he looked at the floor. He was a very polite and mid-Victorian gentleman, and he did not hold with those who say that a woman may use any words that a man may use, so long as they are both in a barroom.

Seeing Eddie somewhat chapfallen, Mrs. Nation turned and threw a piece of a stone through the glass and canvas, sorely lacerating the perpetually young seducer upon the wall. As Eddie still did not stir, Carry was inspired with her Great Idea. She threw another stone (she had put three stones into her handbag before entering) and smashed the mirror.

The mirror cracked from side to side, as in the case of the one at Shalott, and the curse descended upon the American trade in strong waters. Carry smashed some bottles, and went her way. She was sent to jail and there quarantined by a jolly sheriff who thought that ordinary imprisonment was much too good for a woman who would willfully waste good beer and smash lovely pictures.

The world-wide publicity given the Carey Hotel bar-smashing spurred on the more spectacular of the ladies of the W. C. T. U., and soon Carry Nation found herself the leader of a band of females with long unsatisfied grudges against the temptress who beguiled Mark Anthony. Every pious dame who looked as unlike Cleopatra as did the doughty smasher rallied to her banner, and when the leader was out of jail the gang of them went up and down the streets of Wichita, smashing in sample room windows, seeking lewd pictures, and chopping open barrels and kegs with hatchets that were the very images of their countenances.

Myra McHenry, who yet survives to scourge the ungodly in the plains region, was one of the trusted lieutenants of Carry Nation. She often posed with a hatchet in her hand, and many times kicked and bit and scratched the officers of the law who came to take her into custody when she stood upon street corners, vilifying the leading citizens and telling the unpublished lives of the most noted of the local ministers of the gospel. Myra hated booze and seducers so flagrantly that she was willing to set even the First Christian Church by the ears with tales of its reverend pastor's life, shouted frenziedly at noonday, right in front of the temple.

Henry J. Allen came along when the battle was waxing hot, and bought the Wichita *Beacon*, a mild-mannered evening newspaper. He came out for God and against liquor in all its manifold forms. The stirring of the waters of unrest in Kansas began to take on tempestuous proportions.

Marsh Murdock, who ran the *Eagle*, was a very Stonewall Jackson for the beleaguered hosts of the rum power. He was for booze, and no nonsensical hypocrisy was indulged in by him when he wrote about it. He predicted that the reformers would be the death of the town and of the State, and he meant, of course, the spiritual death, although his enemies chose to believe he merely threatened financial ruin to the Commonwealth. Marsh Murdock went down fighting, his circulation sadly depleted, his heart broken, and his closest associates whispering the treason of compromise in his deaf old ears. He was the last. His heirs surrendered sullenly to the rising clamor, and recouped the fortunes of the paper after the most vitriolic of the reformers had won the battle and gone to their eternal reward.

The sun rose on a dismal Kansas, one certain morning, after an election in which Henry Allen and Carry Nation and the Lord of Hosts had won a smashing victory. The Mahan Supply Company was in ignominious retreat toward free Missouri, in three long freight trains. Tom Fahey was standing forlornly outside his dismantled sample room, meditating upon the wickedness of the foes of joy and beauty.

IV

Kansas entered upon a new era. It was an era of self-glorification and of missionary activity. The forces of righteousness had so completely triumphed that they began persecuting the ungodly in the name of God. They hauled Jay House up before a court of justice to make him tell the names and addresses of all the saloons in Topeka, and when Jay refused to be a Smedley Butler they denounced him and deplored him throughout the length and breadth of Kansas. They dragged Steve Balch from his peaceful agricultural pursuits, and tried to make him divulge the name and address of someone from whom he had bought a half-pint. When Steve laughed his care-free laugh in the magistrate's face,

he was consigned to the dungeon, and there held for contempt of court for the better part of a Summer, while weeds grew in his beloved vineyard.

Those were bitter days for the few free spirits who remained within the State. Billy Sunday came swooping down upon the wreckage of a once bibulous frontier civilization, and convicted the community of sin and lust and evil. Those who wanted their businesses to thrive upon public approval hastened to join the church, to weep publicly at the Billy Sunday mourner's bench, and to get as much publicity for their repentance as possible. Henry Allen, although already safely enrolled in the Book of Gold, stepped forward and grasped the great evangelist's hand, weeping, while the inspired community arose as one man and shouted, "Glory to God!"

By that spectacular maneuver Henry almost ran away with circulation and advertising. The Murdocks remained unrepentant in person, although they allowed their newspaper to join the ballyhoo for right living. Sons of old Marsh Murdock could deliver up their swords, but they could not quite bring themselves to bow the knee before the alien invader.

Gospel teams were now sent scurrying out into America Irredenta, to carry the tidings. Flying squadrons of Prohibition speakers went east and west, telling how Kansas had done it. New life was injected into the fight which the Anti-Saloon League and the Ohio Gang had been carrying on in so desultory and expensive a manner.

Raymond Robbins, Dan Poling and a half dozen other apostles met in an upper room in lower Fifth avenue, New York, and found themselves endowed for a foray. They went forth in what they called the Flying Squadron, stopping for one-night stands in the larger cities, from coast to coast, advertising the slogan: "A Saloonless Nation by Nineteen-Twenty!"

I was a reporter in Omaha when the Flying Squadron hit the town for two meetings, in 1914. When sinful Omaha

heard the slogan of the invaders, it roared with good-natured laughter, and lifted another bumper to Bacchus. That was on a Sunday, and I wonder whether any clairvoyant pastor of souls thought it worth while that day to preach on the text: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

During those precursive years, you met the Kansans everywhere, tirelessly and with staring enthusiasm, preaching Prohibition. They went into far fields, stumping the East and the West for silly-looking

Prohibition party candidates for every imaginable office, and taking defeat with the same angelic smile with which an idiot takes castor oil.

A short-sighted nation was somewhat annoyed by the noise and confusion that proceeded from the general direction of Kansas. Annoyed, and mildly amused. For the nation was too busy about trifles to realize that Kansas was in labor, and that the ridiculous offspring she would soon bring forth would live to betray a continent.

FOOL

BY JOHN HUSTON

VICTOR DU LARA was a young Italian. He had the shape of head you often see on clever boys. You would call it conical. From a small hard jaw it widened upward to a cranium that was round like a bowl. He had a hard mouth, and his eyes were set wide apart. He was short with a strong back, so he could hold like a vise and pound in the clinches. He was a slugger with a lot of native speed. Like a nail he made his own openings, and he followed up fast, hammering like a carpenter.

Victor and myself, and a fellow named Harry who used to second for us, and a friend of Harry's, a man whose name I forget, who had just got out of the army, were all of us on the street car. We were coming away from Madison Square Garden down in Darktown.

Madison Square Garden is a Negro fight arena, named after the big Madison Square Garden in New York.

When I think about that ride I get elated. Something had happened that put me at the dirty end of the stick. I had done something terrible. I want to say that Victor and Harry and the soldier were three men of mercy. They laughed at my sin and didn't rub it in. They let it go at that. Their treatment rid my nature of a lot of rubbish.

Victor du Lara and I had gone as children to the same school, but we had not known each other. That is, we had never been friends. I was a few months younger than he, and that made a great difference. He was the crustiest boy in the school.

The neighborhood of the school was poor. Most of the students were the sons

and daughters of low-class Italians and Negroes and Polacks. Beside myself, there was only one other child who could lay any claim to being well raised, and he was slightly effeminate. The Italian boys used to gang him on his way home—not from lack of nerve, for any one of them could have handled him. They only desired to share the pleasure. I envied them.

One night after school I was alone with the tormented fellow. I hoped vicariously to enjoy the companionship of the rough-necks by beating him myself. But it was a heartless effort. He made no resistance. The yard was deserted except for the effeminate boy and me. I had been awkward about starting the fight. He would resent nothing. Finally I pushed him over. When he got up I knocked him down with my fist. Then he sat in the sand, rubbing his eyes and weeping, while blood trickled out of his nose. I threw him my handkerchief and went home.

To and from school, and in the recess periods, Victor jumped rope and shadow boxed. He was the youngest in his room and he was small, but he could teach tricks to anybody in the school. Into the Negroes he put the fear of God. He called them jigaboos. I have seen him step into a group of blacks, measure the largest, and without warning slap him flat-handed. The jigaboos came to understand that any defense meant twice the punishment. Whenever they gathered there was always one posted to keep a nervous watch for Victor. When he came toward them they'd separate. He never picked on a jigaboo alone.

In those days all paths led to love and physical supremacy. They were the male

and female and they embraced in constant beauty. The youth of the school were hot-blooded. Hardly any of us were graduated without physical experiences of love. At fourteen the Latin girls had swelling breasts. The eighth grade was a hotbed of romance.

Victor wore bracelets on his wrists, and rings too small for his fingers dangled on strings over his chest. The jewelry belonged to girls. It was secured by Victor's plights. He was a vowing lover.

His first professional fight was when he was sixteen. At the athletic club he had one or two starts. But he was full of contempt for the amateur. They tried to give him a bronze medal for clouting the State champion, but Victor said keep it: if he didn't get cash he wouldn't fight. His professional start was out at Monrovia, which is a little fight town about twenty-five miles away from the city. It is quite a fight center. They have several good Negro boys out there. They still have battles royal, which they wisely keep all black. They make up their main events by bringing two good boxers in. The crowds are mixed, but they are mostly white. It is a good tryout place.

Victor boxed a white man, who was getting old and going down. But he had been good in his day, and he had an awful stock of tricks. At Monrovia they like blood. They judge a card by the number of knock-outs. The matchmaker out there would rather put a ham and a good boy together than two evenly matched hams. The man Victor was to box had a little reputation, so the matchmaker must have thought it would be that kind of a fight. The State limit was four rounds. Victor forced the going from the first. His opponent was a general, and tried to stall by clinching. But he found that the young Italian was like a riveting machine. He could jar himself loose. Then the man got dirty. In a clinch he rolled the heel of his glove over Victor's nose, and when Victor lowered his head, he gave him his elbows and put his thumbs in his eyes.

Remember, this was Victor's first professional fight. He had boxed up at the athletic club with kids his own age. Here was something new. He'd never been up against a man like this before. What he did showed there was no dog in him. Nothing in Queensbury could help him. So he bared his teeth and caught his man by the throat. Then he hung on. That's the kind of a guy he was.

II

The beginning of our friendship was one day in the gymnasium he asked me to work out. It's best to be careful of a pickup. If you're known to be any good, and if he isn't afraid of you, he'll usually try and put one over for the crowd.

"All right if you'll take it easy. I only want to sweat."

We boxed nicely. Afterwards I took my rubdown. Victor asked me to be first. While I was being rubbed he talked.

"I'm no good with tall fellows like you unless I go hard. That's the only way I can fight. If you can't box you can't beat a man that won't fight. There are two kinds of fighters, offensive and defensive. What's your religion? Are you a Catholic?"

"No," I answered.

"But you believe in God."

"Yes, indeed."

We took our shower together. While the water rained down on him he stuck out his belly.

"You went to the Lincoln Heights school, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I remember you. You were in the eighth grade when I was in the seventh. I only went there one year."

"Are you using your real name?"

"No." I told him what my real name was.

While we were drying he asked if I liked wine. I said that I did, and he invited me to come over to his house.

"There's no one there but my old lady."

When we got on our clothes I went with him.

His mother was a nice Italian lady, who spoke no English. She sat with me in the parlor and smiled, while Victor got wine and glasses. I do not believe she drank any, but only held some in her glass, and smiled while we drank, which was her Latin breeding.

The ride on the street car that I spoke of at the start was after the night's bouts at Madison Square Garden, where Victor and I had both fought.

I want to say that an all-black crowd makes about the best audience there is. Jigaboos have a real sense of humor, no mistake. What happened that night a white audience would never have stood for.

We used to get only fifteen or twenty dollars for a fight out there. It would have been worth it if we had fought for nothing. Those blacks were a picnic. The referee was a jigaboo who had been a fighter himself. He was the most comic man I ever saw in a ring. He was a regular actor. It was worth the price of admission to see that man break up a clinch. He would knock with his knuckle on a boy's shoulder, very dignified, as though he were knocking at a door. Then when they broke he would thank them, bowing from the waist. That used to bring down the house.

The way they made up their cards out there was a scream. Two days in advance they wouldn't know who was going to fight. But the bills would have been out for a week. How they worked it was they just threw a lot of fake names on the poster. Then first come, first served. You could look over the programme, and choose for your own whichever name you liked best. Those jigaboos introduced me by six different names the times I fought.

This evening I fought an extra time to fill up a vacant spot on the bill. My first fight was the one I was matched for. It was with a big red-headed boy. They introduced me as Battling Levinsky, which is very funny, as I am neither Russian nor Jew. The first fight was no match. We were stopped in the third round. That black

referee stopped more fights than any man I ever saw. Maybe it was because the matches out there were the craziest in the world. But all the boxers were not hams. Occasionally they brought in some good boys who were short on pin money, and two fine young Negroes were developed out there and got their start. Still, almost anybody could get on. At Madison Square I've seen boys fight in those Y. M. C. A. gymnasium pants, and tennis shoes.

The Irish kid whom I boxed that evening wasn't much above that class. He was heavier than I but he could never get inside my long arms. And for all his weight he wasn't even strong. Although I am not a hard hitter, they had to stop us because the Irish boy couldn't take it.

III

My second match you would never call a fight. It was with Victor to help him out. Everything was agreed upon beforehand. His boy did not show up, and there was no one on the card good enough to match him with. At Madison Square they never heard of a forfeit. He would either lose his twenty dollars, or we would have to pull a fake.

That fight was the funniest thing that ever went in a ring. I was a lightweight and very tall, and Victor du Lara was a welter. As I said there was an all-around understanding,—the matchmaker, the referee, even the audience.

To line us up just about as we were, I'll say that Victor was a hard hitter, a slugger with speed. He fought low, weaving his body and swinging them up from his hips, with his whole weight behind each blow. But for all that he was a very clean cut kind of boy. I was tall with long arms, and I knew how to keep them out. I was naturally a straight hitter, right from the start when I had my fights at grammar school. I developed a short jab in my left that was almost automatic. It would work without my thinking of it. The blow was not hard, you understand, but it was sting-

ing and cutting, and it used to make them first mad and then disheartened.

We were introduced and the fight started. No two boys ever came together who could fake less convincingly. Victor with a slugger like himself, or I with the other kind of fighter, a more scientific person, might either of us have stalled it out. But the two of us together trying to bluff were the craziest pair you ever saw.

My left went out automatically, and chopped him right on the nose. I knew what I had done and I climbed into a clinch where I apologized. Victor, as he was a welter, could have killed me.

The jigaboo crowd knew what had happened. They laughed. If a white audience had been around that ring, we would have been mobbed. But jigaboos are either sillier than whites or they have a finer sense of humor. I'll leave it to you.

In the clinch Victor didn't answer me, but only pushed me off. I was frightened and puzzled. I didn't know whether he was angry or just keeping up the bluff. I broke clean and began to dance around. Then he came at me hard, or so I thought.

"I don't like to do this," I thought, "but if he is going to make a real fight of it I'll stay in as long as I can."

So I nailed him again right on the nose.

I heard the crowd yell. It was certainly a peculiar situation. Jigaboos are quick to see a thing. They could tell about my dilemma.

Victor drove in with a one-two, but I caught both blows on my forearms, and gave him back two short ones right square on his nose. I felt the bone give through the pads on my knuckles. A red clot big as a polliwog came down out of his nostril and hung over his lip. I was certainly afraid. I was worried for fear it was all a great mistake. I grabbed Victor's arm and yelled in his ear over the noise.

"Vic, did I hurt you?"

He said something back, but for the noise of those jigaboos I couldn't hear. I tried to see the expression on his face. He was so bloody I couldn't make him out. It

was time. I went to my corner worse off than ever. In my corner I decided there was only one thing to do. Rather than take any chance about his meaning business, I'd leave an opening. If he wanted he could knock me cold. It would be better than my picking them off his nose that way, and he trying to do the right thing. I tried to catch his eye across the ring. I thought maybe if he could see me smile at him he might understand.

Harry, the man I spoke of, was my second. He was a friend of Victor's and friend of mine. As Harry liked us both I thought he might tell me, if he knew, what was going on.

"How does it look?" I asked.

"It looks great," answered Harry. "Nobody ever saw anything like it."

I was all turned around. I believed, or tried to, that Victor wasn't in earnest, that he could lay me out whenever he pleased. But there was the shade of the doubt. My mind was made up to do as I said. I'd leave a spot open; then, if he wanted, he could cut me down. Anyhow I'd know what the game was.

But that is harder to do than you'd think. Your instinct is not to drop your arms and let yourself be plugged. It was certainly nerve-wracking.

The bell had rung and I had come out. I was dancing around.

All the blacks in the house were on their feet, yelling their lungs out. The referee was making comic antics. I couldn't see humor in anything. Victor edged toward me. The Negroes pounded their feet and clapped. I never heard such a racket. The referee darted around the ring like a bird. I just danced back and forth.

I thought, "I'll have to end this."

I stepped over and made a wild swing at Victor's head. I expected him to dodge it, and maybe lay me cold on the spot. But it landed, and I never hit a punch more solid.

That almost killed those jigaboos. They laughed and laughed. I never heard such laughter in my life. I grabbed Victor and

clinched. He pushed me away. I just stood there with my hands down.

He looked at me strangely, and backed off a little lowering his own hands. The referee paused in the center of the ring, and the Negroes all shut their mouths. Everything was at a standstill.

Right then was the strangest moment I ever spent. Victor didn't lead and I didn't. The whole world seemed paralyzed. I had only one thought.

I thought, "I'm a shameful fool! I'm a shameful fool!"

The bell sounded. That crowd released. I mean they let everything loose. Nobody ever heard a yell like that crowd gave. I ran to Victor and threw my arms around him.

Don't believe I'm one of those guys who kisses a boy after he's knocked him hell west and crooked. I never hugged any boy before, and I never have since. I'll leave it to you to understand.

It was only the end of the second round, but the fight was over.

"I didn't cross myself," Victor said. "It was a fake, so I didn't like to cross myself."

We climbed out of the ring and walked down the aisle. Those Negroes got up off their benches and slapped our backs. And I want to say that I never felt anything so comforting as those black hands on me.

To show you the kind of fellows those jigaboos were, when the manager and referee came back to pay us off they offered me thirty-five dollars.

"For that last fight," I said, "I don't want any money."

"You aren't getting any," the referee said. "The extra fifteen is just a present from the house."

So they made me take the money.

And I want to say right here that I never knew a guy like this Victor. He stood up there and let me break his nose like the shameful fool I was when he could have stretched me unconscious with either hand in less time than it takes to tell it

here. That's what I call a man of mercy.

We got dressed and went outside and caught the street car. The soldier who had come with Harry, and Harry were along with Victor and me.

I remembered Victor as he was back in the Lincoln Heights school, when I used to stand back and envy him. Then I thought to myself,

"That same guy let me break his nose."

IV

Suddenly I felt happy. I stopped feeling terrible about the thing I'd done. I only felt glad I was with those three guys.

I began to talk without there being sense to anything I said. But those three fellows all listened to me as if they wouldn't miss a word. I never had such a time. I sat there with my cap in my lap, bent toward those fellows. When I had anything to say I would put my mouth to the nearest ear and shout. Harry and the soldier talked the same way. I guess we were having what you'd call the social instinct.

The soldier would speak, then Harry or I, then Victor would break in. After that long silence in the ring I certainly wanted to hear him talk.

He said: "Listen. I believe that Christ and Judas were in cahoots. I believe it was all laid out between them. Christ told Judas in private to sell Him for thirty pieces of silver, that if the Jews thought he'd been sold for that much, had suffered on the cross all for thirty pieces of silver, then they would not want to be like Judas and would want to be like Christ. It would make them good. I believe it was all fixed."

"I believe that," said Harry.

"Of course," said Victor. "He was the only one to die with his Lord-and-Master."

The soldier turned to me.

"What do you think? Do you believe that, too?"

"That was it," I said.

BIBLE ENGINEERS

BY ARTURO F. RATTI

IN THE old days, if a man longed to work for Jehovah but hadn't the talent to do it as a full-time clerk in holy orders, his opportunities were restricted mainly to a few simple ecclesiastical chores, such as washing the church windows, guarding the poor-box, and keeping the dust off the pastor's Bible. Now and then, if he was versatile as well as willing, he was perhaps allowed to shovel snow in the churchyard and to ring the bell on Sunday morning. Aside from these, and similar puerile tasks, there was little for him to do.

Today all this erstwhile simplicity is no more. Not only has church-working been harnessed to System and Efficiency; it has evolved into a vast and roaring science comparable to osteopathy or advanced cost accounting. This new science is now minutely organized all over the Republic, with huge and potent national associations to foster it. In addition to the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, there flourish such eminent organizations as the Students' Epworth League, the College Mission Band, and the Life Service League, with the Religious Education Association leading all the rest. The R. E. A., beside having national headquarters in Chicago, with a full staff of executive secretaries, is also graced by a board of trustees consisting of four college presidents, one Y. M. C. A. secretary, one bishop, several lesser men of God, a banker, and a Chicago corporation manager. It has an annual convention and the usual up-to-date and scientific house-organ. Consecrated to Service, Prayer, and Research, this organ, *Religious Education* by name, discusses all the latest problems of Bible Engineering, as for example, "Coax-

ing Them Into Church," "What Makes a Leader Religious?" and "What Science Offers On Character Education."

Like the new science of business, Bible Engineering has invaded and conquered the academic grove. To celebrate its arrival several new and improved collegiate degrees have already been put on display. The most popular of these, no doubt, is the degree of D.R.E.—Doctor of Religious Education—, now in the show windows of Hartford, Southwestern Baptist, and the great Boston University. At the last-named shrine of learning the larval Bible Engineer may also pick up the less advanced, but none the less desirable B.R.E. and M.R.E. But naturally enough, for the most glittering of the newer academic bays it is to the Bible Belt that one must hie. This masterpiece is to be obtained at the eminent Southern Methodist University, at Dallas, Texas, and is known as the M.C.A., or Master of Church Administration. In addition, of course, the more old-fashioned Ph.D. is available: for those Bible Engineers who crave it, it is in stock at Boston, Yale, California, Iowa State, Syracuse, Temple, Northwestern, and Columbia. Columbia's chief reward in Bible Engineering, however, is not the Ph.D., but a series of titles including Instructor of Religious Education, Supervisor of Religious Education, Adviser of Women and Girls, Director of Community Recreation, Social-Religious Worker, and Rural Community Worker.

To earn any of these honors the *studiosus* is naturally expected to do a great deal of painstaking clinical research. To give him the chance most of the up-and-going houses

of learning have made ready by installing rafts of new and gaudy courses. The most complete and up-to-date list is offered by Boston University to customers of its School of Religious Education. I name a few:

Case Method in Parish Work
 Leadership A
 Leadership B
 The Family as a Social and Religious Institution
 Child Accounting in the Church School
 Statistical Methods of Religious Education
 Surveys and Measurements in Religious Education
 Prophets
 Pathfinding
 Adolescent Religious Education
 Seminar in Adolescent Religious Education
 Worship X, 3, 4, 5, 6
 Practicum for Directors of Religious Education
 Camp Management
 Principles of Pulpit Worship
 Gospel Team Work
 Country Church Methods
 Evangelism
 Constructive Evangelism
 Personal Evangelism
 Field Laboratory in Woodcraft
 Personality
 Church Administration
 Chant Répertoire for Religious Service
 Coaching for Women
 Country Life in the Bible
 Greek Praxis
 Care of the Sick
 Worship in the Church School
 Special Survey Methodology
 Urban Survey Methodology
 Life of Christ
 Mental Diagnosis
 Chapel Choir
 The Evangelistic Message
 Responsive Readings
 Hymn Evaluation
 Seminar in Worship
 Voice Building
 Technique of Pageantry
 Summer Camp Study and Practice
 Beacon Lights of Religious Education
 Skiing and Tobogganing
 Costuming and Properties
 Choral Technique

In addition the nascent D.R.E. may energe such helpful arts and sciences as Practical Hymnology, Mountain Climbing, Aramaic and Arabic, and Research.

Not all the academic shrines, of course, are as completely equipped for teaching the new science as Boston. Some of them still stick to old-fashioned methods and ideas. Such an academy is Parsons College, at Fairfield, Iowa. Here the art of assisting

the pastor to save souls is acquired in the tried and ancient text-book-lecture way. There are no gaudy degrees in Bible Engineering, but instead the simple B.A. and B.S., with now and then a B.Mus. Nor are there any such new-fangled academic appliances as field work, theses, seminars, and laboratory research. No. All that Parsons has on tap are five unadorned courses in Holy Writ. But this work, wisely enough, is required of all real Parsonians, whether they aspire to be Bible Engineers or not. "The aim," says the college catalogue, "is to maintain the highest standard of scholarship and at the same time to stimulate deep spirituality."

The work is done along constructive lines. Criticism . . . is employed, but the aim is to strengthen the authority of the Bible as the Word of God. . . .

In addition to the five Bible courses, Parsons also offers a Training Course for Christian Leadership, one in the Earthly Life of Jesus, and one in Biblical Sociology. The real star at Parsons, however, is Course 317, announced as Prophecy. Prophecy's popularity is easy to understand:

It seeks to discover the will of God for the Jew, the Gentile, and the Church. It looks backward . . .

But sometimes Prophecy also looks forward, "to discern what is yet in the mind of God for His people."

II

This plain and primitive sort of Bible Engineering is not to be found, of course, at any of the bigger rolling mills of learning, where the microscope and test-tube are supreme. Perhaps the archetype of the modern school is the great Temple University, in the town made famous by Mr. Vare. At Temple, as at Boston, the science of Bible Engineering is served up in a special school. This, while not quite as big as the Temple School of Chiropraxy, is none the less just as cold and analytical in its *modus operandi*. Temple tackles all its clinical research work with the feeling that

"Christian Education is the key to civilization." Perfection in the student is made sweet with the award of a Ph.D. There are, however, other and more up-to-date possibilities, as for instance:

Director of Weekday and Vacation Schools of Religion
 Specialist in Young People's Work
 Specialist in Children's Work
 Director of Religious Pageantry
 Director of Religious Music
 Director of Religious Education

For some of these the coöperation of Temple's masters of pedagogy has been enlisted. But the heavy sweat, of course, drips from the specialists in Bible Engineering. The king pin of the Temple sales-list is Church Economics, which analyzes such things as

benevolences, advertising, development of community life through the church and Sunday-school; principles of administration for both church and Sunday-school and the various auxiliaries of the church. The Christian Stewardship movement and the every member canvass. Special lectures will be given from time to time by representative preachers and laymen.

Beside Church Economics, the Temple School of Religion also turns its microscopes upon the Holy Spirit, Evangelistic Preaching, Winning and Holding Attention, God, Sacred Oratory, and How to Train the Memory. The gates to all these sciences are flung open to females as well as to males.

But one has to travel below the Potomac to find the really up-to-date contributions to Bible Engineering. Down there the new science is so lusty and prosperous that it's almost impossible to pick the leading seminaries. In Holy Tennessee, especially, competition burns red hot, and in the end it's only with the help of the Vanderbilt cash-box that the famous Vanderbilt University is able to beat its rivals. As a tribute to this assistance the university seal is graced with the likeness of the original Cornelius Vanderbilt, as yet, has no special School of Religious Education, but it has an up-and-coming department which, in some ways, is even better. Dedicated to all those "who are to be co-workers in the

kingdom of God," Bible Engineering at Vanderbilt also "inculcates the reverent, scientific spirit." A special attraction is a practice workshop known as the Rural Church School. Furthermore,

students . . . have the privilege of taking without cost any of the courses by the faculty of the Y. M. C. A. School and of receiving credit for the same.

The Bible Engineer as he is turned out at Vanderbilt is expected to "be a capable, safe, and wise leader." Church work is examined psychologically, "by distinctly progressive means in the reintegration of life on the plane of the Golden Rule." Evangelism, quite naturally, is one of the major phases of the new science. Indeed, in this field Vanderbilt doffs its cap to no one—not even the great B.U., as witness this sample:

3 (b) *Evangelism*—A study of the varied forms and most effective methods of modern evangelism; personal, pastoral, lay, social, Sunday-school, interdenominational, and other modes of evangelism.

Another course is in Leadership. In this the nascent Bible Engineer studies a Programme of Action, beside "applying standards and tests and other forms of measurement." This advanced clinical work is under the capable guidance of Associate Professor of Church Administration George N. Mayhew, M.A., B.D. All this regular laboratory work is bolstered up by extra practice on the outside, such as is provided by the daily Quiet Hour and Evening Prayer Service at the Vanderbilt Y. M. C. A., as well as by lectures by the Republic's higher intimates of God, such as the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Though a State university, and hence supposedly hostile to God, South Carolina is on top of the pile when it comes to Bible Engineering. Action, not theory, is what counts there. As usual, the neophyte is started off with a series of scientific questions, such as the following:

Did you attend Sunday-school as a child? How long?
 Did you hear preaching regularly as you grew up?

What was the general type of preaching and its theology, such as total depravity, sin, salvation, damnation, etc.?

Have you ever undergone the experience commonly called conversion?

What were the immediate after-effects?

If you did not have a definite conversion experience, when did you become aware that you were religious?

Describe the process by which you consciously became religious?

Through its Y. M. C. A. South Carolina works out the idea that "no religion is worth while that is not worth propagating."

Last year a deputation team of five students went to Cowards, and as a result of a three-day meeting thirty-seven boys and girls made a stand for the Christian life and a movement of far-reaching results started in the community. The purpose of such teams is to train the college men in active evangelistic work . . . and to teach the boys of high-school age that college men are thoroughly Christian in their outlook on life.

As at Vanderbilt, students in Bible Engineering are treated to special lectures. Here are some of the more lively topics:

Prayer and the Morning Watch
The Bible as a Guide to Life
A Christian
Sin as a Barrier to God
Strength Through Prayer
A Christian and His Job
Loyalty

South Carolina's greatest contribution in Bible Engineering, however, is its perfected system of Church Attendance Control:

All students, except those excused for special reasons by the President, shall attend a full service every Sunday in some one of the city churches. Attendance on such services shall be ascertained by each student placing a card in the excuse box at the Marshal's office with his name and "Yes" or "No" written upon the card, indicating attendance or nonattendance. Failure to report will be counted as absence. . . . A percentage of less than seventy-five in any term will subject the delinquent to dismissal.

Such efficiency naturally makes its appeal, and so it isn't surprising to discover the learned members of the Columbia Kiwanis Club raising the money for some three dozen annual scholarships to perpetuate this sort of research. These tributes to science are known, among other things, as the Columbia Kiwanis Club Scholar-

ship, the Coca-Cola Scholarship, the Columbia Paint Company Scholarship, and the Palmetto Compress & Warehouse Company Scholarship.

South Carolina's chief rival in the State is Furman University. Furman has done things in Bible Engineering that even such whales as Boston and Temple have overlooked. This achievement is not due to the help of the South Carolina Kiwanians, but to the scholarship of its president, the illustrious William Joseph McGlothlin, B.A., M.A., Th.M., D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., author of "A Vital Ministry" and "What is Essential Baptist Doctrine?" Furman's paramount contribution to the new science is the seminar in Christian Leadership. This emphasizes

Christian manhood, and it does this under the conviction that a *Christian* college . . . must make its students acquainted with *Christianity*, its character, its development, . . . its appeal and its present activities and methods.

Beside operating an athletic bowl that seats nearly 8,000, and "a kitchen with the latest improved equipment," Furman has in its stock-rooms the official Archives of Baptist History. Its other main attraction is a "thorough but not over-technical" study of Sin and Salvation. For the nascent Religious Director it carries in stock some specially advanced research courses which "recognize the need for more adequate religious education for the youth of America." Open only to Juniors and Seniors with high I. Q.'s, this work is crowned with the regular Furman degree and the much-prized Blue Seal Diploma of the Baptist Sunday-school Board.

III

In the wastes of Texas, scientific Bible Engineering is blooming. For example, the Southern Methodist University, at Dallas, offers "a clinic for religious work in the same sense that it furnishes clinics for medical students." With the help, moreover, of certain illuminati of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Southern Metho-

dist is able to run a fully equipped Correspondence School, with up-to-the-second courses in Religious Engineering. As at Temple, the female is equal to the male, and for the same cash and research she may pluck the same M.C.A. One of the bright spots in Southern Methodist's curriculum is Course 52:

Church Methods. This work includes the study of community and church fields within the territory of the school, mapping and charting tabulated facts, . . . followed by a thorough study of the principles of programme building, the actual construction of a sound programme on the results of the survey, and direction in organization and administration. A laboratory course.

There are also on draft such necessary courses as Advertising Religion, Play Leadership, Community Building, Mission Boards, Story-Telling, and Religious Pageantry.

Another great Southwestern seminary, Texas Christian University, beside offering an M.R.E. Course for Religious Education Directors, features an attractive Church Secretary Course. In addition, its regular A.B. work supplies training courses for Assistants to the Pastor, Musical Directors, Church Visitors, and Boys' and Girls' Specialists. Here it is deeds and not words that count:

An Evangelist is employed to represent the College in the field, and to give especial attention to the development of the smaller churches. . . . Nor only is this a good missionary work, but it assures prepared students of appointments. For this work as Evangelist, Mr. A. B. Reynolds has been secured.

At Texas the budding Bible Engineer is expected to be a 100% Christian even as a freshman, as witness the following:

The use of tobacco is forbidden anywhere on the campus. . . . This rule is made for boys. Girls who smoke are undesirable students and will not be admitted or retained. . . . Students who use tobacco, or other extravagances, will be ineligible to receive any financial aid from the University.

This same spirit is found in the Bible Engineering work at Trinity University, at Waxahachie, Tex. Here the nascent Bible Engineer is started off on the right track at the moment he begins his scientific training:

No young man will alight from a train at the opening of a new term without being greeted with a cordial handshake of some member of the Y. M. C. A.

Nor are Trinity's lady engineers overlooked—only here the job is done by the Y. W. C. A.

The organization is a great help in strengthening the spiritual side of their lives and in aiding those who are not Christians to give their lives to Christ.

Like most of the mills of higher learning in the Christian Endeavor country, Trinity enforces upon its *studiosi* the Go-to-Church-Sunday. But at Trinity this is no hardship, since

the leading religious denominations have handsome edifices and progressive congregations. The Methodist, Central Presbyterian, Christian, First Presbyterian, and Baptist churches have large pipe organs.

Beside getting first-hand contact with these Christian pipe organs, the cadet Bible Engineer also stands ready at any moment to rush to the aid of his pastor by applying his laboratory knowledge of the Use of Art and Drama in Religious Education, which course also "deals with the Christianizing value of pictures."

At Tulane, the aspiring church administrator is busy answering scientific questionnaires:

Are there any unsaved on your campus? Students? Faculty? Servants?

How many minutes a day do you pray?

Ever pray thirty minutes by watch? Honest?

Will a real Christian steal?

What per cent. of your students read the Bible daily?

What per cent. of your students will lead prayer?

What per cent. of your students go to Sunday-school? Preaching? Once a day? Twice? Prayer-meeting? Study the Sunday-school lesson? Contribute to the Church?

In how many rooms on your campus is there a deck of spot cards? A Bible?

How about smoking? Cursing? Drinking?

How many of your students dance? Is this spiritual?

Would you pray to God for a football victory?

Before science was harnessed to the study of the sacred mysteries the correct answer to the last question would have been in doubt. But now, thanks to the experiments of Centre College, Danville, Ky., those

cynics who scoff at prayer have been put to shame. I quote from the official report of Head Football Coach Moran concerning the behavior of the Centre eleven:

They pray that they will be able to give their all, and state that if in giving their all they give their lives with it, they are ready to go. . . . When a boy with a clean spirit and square mind prays, his prayer is bound to be answered. It is hard to beat a praying team.

These agreeable results of applied Christianity have been checked and found to work with the same unfailing magic at both the University of Minnesota and West Point.

Once a Holy Land, but now given to jazz and booze, the Middle West turns for redemption to the new science. Here, for example, is the way the professors of Bible Engineering at Union College, College View, Neb., feel about it:

We are living in very unusual times. The conditions, which, according to the sure word of prophecy, are the characteristics of the last days, are certainly in evidence now. It requires no deep study of the religious situation to furnish proof that Modernism, Rationalism, Spiritualism, Romanism, Atheism—all are showing their baneful influence, so that the foundations are being removed.

To combat these lamentable influences Union's church administration workshops are working day and night. The college "stands for an infallible Bible," and this, it seems, is split into several specialized portions:

Synthetic Bible 1
Synthetic Bible 2
Analytic Bible 101
Analytic Bible 102
Bible Worker's Methods 7
Bible Worker's Methods 8

The Union Bible Engineer is also eligible to an intensive laboratory course in the Philosophy of Science, wherein the professor gives the right answer to these and similar questions:

How can science contribute to a better understanding of the Bible?

How may the belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible affect the interpretation of science?

How may science influence practical religion?

This training produces high-powered Bible Engineers who are able without

difficulty "to instruct others in the successful methods of evangelism."

The great State of Illinois, as everyone knows, is the abode of the illustrious Shurtleff College, which was the first to hang an honorary degree upon Dr. John Roach Straton. Moreover, Illinois is also the home of the incomparable Northwestern and Chicago Universities. The latter is highly scientific. With the help of the philanthropic Mr. Rockefeller, it is able to run two special schools for Bible Engineers, in addition to giving many lesser courses in scientific pastor-helping. Religious Education and Social Service Administration are the big cards in Chicago's work, and in both the female is equal, if not superior, to the male. Thus, Chicago offers special "education of women for Christian Service," in addition to getting the girls ready "to assume charge of the church office, serve as the minister's secretary, and to assist in the educational and pastoral work of the church." For the boys Chicago offers Christian Hope, the Literature of Power, Personality Studies in Rural Life, Persuasion, Religious Drama Writing, Voice Science, and Ethical Problems in the Clothing Industry. The latter is a graduate research course. There are still other Big Things, as witness:

32. *Methods of Teaching the Bible.* . . . Several typical Sunday-school classes are used for experimental work in the various elements of Biblical literature. Lessons prepared for such classes and reports received for criticism. (Professor Soares)

S321. *The Case Method in Church Work.*—The purpose of this course is to prepare the student for the religious care of a modern parish. The theory of pastoral service, . . . specific cases presenting moral and religious problems, . . . and the diagnosis and treatment of cases of conscience are practically considered. . . . (Professor Davis)

362. *The Measurement of Character.*—Techniques for measurement. An evaluation of results. Practice in the use of the techniques . . . (Professor Hartshorne)

S25. *Evangelism.* . . . Modern evangelism: the public appeal, methods of personal approach, the experience of conversion. Methods and results. . . . Reports from students upon their own practical work . . . (Professor Davis)

But great as Chicago is in its development of Bible Engineering, it is eclipsed by Northwestern. This is due to several rea-

sons. For one thing, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday was once one of Northwestern's students, and his spirit still walks its laboratories. For another thing, its president, Walter Dill Scott, Ph.D., LL.D., is one of the directors of the great R.E.A. Finally, its Director of Research is the well known master of pedagogy and religion, Professor George Herbert Betts, Ph.D. It is mainly through the efforts of Professor Betts that the Northwestern Department of Religious Education is what it is. It was here, that Dr. Philip Henry Lotz made his researches in the nature and functions of the new science. He started out with certain scientific questions:

What journals of religious education do you read regularly?

Have you done work in Sunday-school?

Is there a worshipful spirit?

Is the library used?

What is the general appearance of the buildings?

What is the supervisor's salary per month?

By what title are the officers known?

Number of musical instruments?

Is there a spirit of loyalty and coöperation?

To whom is the director responsible?

Have scales been used for the purpose of testing knowledge, attitudes, and skills? Give the scales.

By means of these and other questions Dr. Lotz was able to determine a few of the goals of the Bible Engineer's investigations. I cite a partial list:

Prayer
Use of altar
Bible drills
Roller-skating
Complete quiet (reverence)
Church pilgrimages
Lunches
Emphasis on Divine Presence
Giving
Liturgical responses
Visiting hospitals
Service
Use of the prayer-book
Patriotism
Parties and picnics
Names of bishops and church heroes
Daily good turn
Antiphonal readings
Salute to Christian and American flags
Chorus singing
Response to roll-call with Bible verse
Genealogies
Ordinances

For real research in Bible Engineering, however, one must turn to Professor Betts. As a believer in the "teaching that sticks," he has discovered that Jesus was "the embodiment of all scientific pedagogy." Beside, he has given the Bible Engineer a technique:

Mode of Procedure—the Presentation, or Instruction

1. Greetings to the class—opening prayer and song
2. Introduction of the lesson and telling of the story
3. Discussion, questions and illustrations to reveal:
 - a. The many beautiful gifts which God had given Adam and Eve, and which He gives us.
 - b. How Adam and Eve were allowed to have everything except *one* thing among many. Application of this thought to the child's life at home, etc.
 - c. How Adam and Eve yielded to temptation and disobeyed. Practical application to child's life.
 - d. How Adam and Eve felt ashamed and guilty. . . . This can be made very real to children.
 - e. How punishment follows disobedience.
 - f. Why we must ask for forgiveness. . . .
4. Summary, or brief restatement of chief impressions to carry away, and of applications to be made in the week ahead . . .
5. Closing prayer and song

IV

In New England Bible Engineering is also in full bloom. Not only is it being served up by the renowned B.U., but also by Hartford and the University of Maine. The latter stands out for practical work:

Go-to-church Sunday at the University of Maine was considered most successful. . . . Posters were placed in all fraternity houses, dormitories, and store windows. The event was advertised through the weekly paper for several weeks, and on the Saturday previous to the date, President Little of the University wrote an editorial . . . Many fraternities attended in full force.

This learning-by-doing technique is carried out still further:

The University of Maine has started discussion groups in all fraternity houses and dormitories. . . . The groups will meet under faculty leadership. "How Jesus met life questions" has been selected as the study course.

Some of the fruits carried away from the Maine laboratory in Bible Engineering are:

The goal and purpose of personal evangelism
 The art of meeting men
 The art of winning men
 The price of spiritual power
 How may we know God?

Hartford operates a special School of Religious Education, and its work is high class. Like Chicago, it gets help from the generous Mr. Rockefeller. Beside that, it hands out the D.R.E., and is a steady advertiser for customers in the celebrated *Religious Education*. Thus it belongs among the top-notchers in Bible Engineering. Here are two courses:

23. *The Director of Religious Education* . . . Directing and supervising the work; specific problems and difficulties; personal relationships. . . . It includes directors and paid workers in the local congregation, on the college campus or in the community, county, State or province.

31. *Practice in Religious Education*. Every student is required to do a piece of actual work and to carry it on in a highly effective way. There is a great variety of opportunity, . . . such as teaching of various kinds, administration, group leadership, observation in churches, missions, etc., both in country and city. . . . The student is required to keep a weekly record, which is handed in monthly, . . . and to have a personal conference as soon as possible after being observed at his work.

At Hartford, Bible Engineering is interpreted broadly, and so the student gets training in Leisure Time Activities, Mental Adjustments, Needlecraft, Church Accounting, Handicrafts, Pageantry, Campfire Work, Textiles, Family Welfare, Basketry, and Special Problems.

Perhaps the greatest of all centers of the new science is Boston University. Like Chicago, it is compelled to keep two colleges of Bible Engineering running. One of these is the famous School of Religious Education, manned by a faculty headed by the eminent Dean Walter S. Athearn, A.M., LL.D. Dean Athearn is widely known for his practical work in Bible Engineering: he once made a religious survey of the entire State of Indiana. In addition to the items on the regular check-list, B.U. brews the following:

1. *The Pastor's Office*. This course will study the organization, equipment, and administration of the pastor's office from the standpoint of the pastor's secretary; . . . problems and duties in-

cident to a well-regulated and efficient church office.

11-12. *Choral Technique and Interpretation*. . . . The rise of the conductor. The technique of the baton. Methods of rehearsal. The choral director as a voice builder . . . The proper use of the baton. . . .

The star of the show, however, is Discipline and Business Principles. At Boston this is so good that "no Conference Board of Examiners has refused to accept our certificate of work done in this course as a substitute for the Conference Examination." But Boston, despite its scientific cold-bloodedness, does not overlook the deep human touches so essential to success in Bible Engineering:

Professor E. Augustine Smith of Boston University moved into a new home last year and dedicated it with a simple religious ceremony. His thought is that "the home and family circle should be dedicated just as a church, a shrine, or any building devoted to love, service, spiritual values, and the good of mankind should be dedicated." The idea was quickly taken up. . . . This year a world-wide observance of Home Dedication Day will be held on April 13.

Coming into the Gomorrah of the Republic, Mayor Jimmy Walker's Manhattan, one finds the new science in good health. As in Home Engineering, so in Bible Engineering, the lead is held by Teachers' College at Columbia. Some of the more polished offerings are Leadership in Religious Education, the Church Community Center, Use of the Bible, a Seminar in Religious Education, a Discussion Course for Group Leaders, and the Measurement of Character. The latter shows what can be done by applying the Binet-Simon plumb-bob to the field of scientific Bible Engineering. Its main god-father at T. C. is Assistant Professor Goodwin B. Watson, Ph.D., who has written "Case Studies for Teachers of Religion," as well as "Experimentation and Measurement in Religious Education." In the latter tome Dr. Watson reveals his genius for getting at facts:

Have you had trouble walking in the dark?
 Do you like or dislike to commune with the Great Spirit?
 Do you like or dislike vulgar shows?
 What is sin?
 How does one become a Christian?

Why should we pray?
 Don't count your chickens before they're hatched
 means—?
 For such offenses as bathing, bigamy, deafness,
 etc., should one be praised, ignored, scolded,
 put in jail, in prison or killed?
 Do you pick your nose?
 Do you find it difficult to make love? Yes? No?

Not all of these questions, of course, were first thought of by the eminent Columbia pedagogue. But the following are two of his own original research problems:

Does baptism by immersion tend to make a person's loyalty to the church more permanent than do other forms of baptism?

What type of church advertising will . . . produce the best results?

So that these problems will be tackled in the right way, Dr. Watson has evolved a formula of correlation between religion and ethics:

$$SD = \frac{1-r^2}{\sqrt{n}}$$

where SD means Standard Deviation, n the number of cases, and r correlation. This formula makes it easy for the young Columbia Bible Engineer to determine a patient's R. Q., or Religious Quotient.

Strange as it may seem, Chancellor Brown's Greater and Greater N. Y. U. pays only scant attention to the new science. But this, obviously, is not due to any

lack of enthusiasm: the whole trouble lies in N. Y. U.'s sad dearth of classroom space. With innumerable classes in scientific pedagogy and business engineering straining its plant, N. Y. U. must wait for more cash before it can begin to gather scientific data on Bible Engineering. Meanwhile students at the Heights must be content with compulsory chapel and the bestowing of honorary bays to the nation's great men of God, such as the Rev. Dr. Cadman. To help out in other ways the chancellor contributes now and then to the *Methodist Review*, while the scholarly Dr. Arthur Huntington Nason even donates part of his time to the "private criticism of sermons" at Union Theological. The mightiest contribution, however, comes through Professor Chick Meehan, head coach of the Violet eleven. This, as might be expected, is in the field of applied Bible Engineering:

Who says the churches aren't keeping step? The Pilgrim Congregational Church . . . secured Chick Meehan as its speaker on Sunday. A Football Service was held at 8 P. M. . . . Meehan's message consisted of the need for clean living for a young person with football ambitions. . . . The Y. M. C. A. of N. Y. U. arranged the service.

Meanwhile, Chancellor Brown is hoping to raise \$73,000,000, part of which will endow a fine new School of Religious Education.

A LITERARY SWELL

BY GRANVILLE HICKS

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, Maine, on January 20, 1806. Sixty-one years later, on the same day of the same month, he died in Cornwall, N. Y. In the meantime he had had not only a diverting life but also a considerable measure of fame, and he was attended in death with the honors which his erstwhile reputation, already somewhat dimmed, demanded. The body was brought to Boston; the services were held in St. Paul's, the interment, of course, taking place at Mount Auburn. The book-stores of the city closed as a tribute to his memory, and Longfellow, Dana, Holmes, Lowell, Fields, and Aldrich were among the pallbearers.

Nor was his oblivion immediate. People continued to read his poems, and critics continued to talk about his work. In 1885 it was held that he was entitled to a place in the American Men of Letters Series, and an excellent biography was prepared by the learned Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale, who also issued a selection of his prose works. As late as 1900 Barrett Wendell, in his "Literary History of America," gave a detailed account of Willis's life and work; his judgment was somewhat unfavorable, it is true, but he did devote six pages to the subject—and one sentence to Herman Melville!

Willis's popularity began while he was still an undergraduate at Yale, whither he had been sent by a pious father with a lively loathing for the heresies inculcated at Harvard. His companions found him an agreeable youth, albeit somewhat conceited, but they were not prepared for the display of talent which took place while

the young poet was still in their midst. It was the custom for the periodicals of those days to offer prizes for the best verses published in their pages. Willis, writing under the pen name of "Roy," contributed to the *Boston Recorder*, the *Christian Examiner*, the *Connecticut Journal*, the *Youth's Companion*, and similar vehicles of truth, light, and consolation, and the editors of these worthy periodicals not only accepted his verses but bestowed their awards upon the author. Their judgment was vindicated. The poems, says R. H. Stoddard, "were copied into all the newspapers in the land, were cut out of these newspapers and pasted in scrap-books, and the supply of printed copies failing at last, they were transcribed into albums. They were seized upon by the compilers of anthologies and the makers of schoolbooks."

A new poet had arisen, a new star was shining. And this poet, whose verses were read by almost every fireside in New England, whose lines were to be memorized by generation after generation of school-children all through the century—this poet was still walking under the historic New Haven elms, was still going on picnics with the daughters of college professors and local divines, was still submitting to that beneficent discipline which, as he later remarked, taught "Latin and Greek, if it pleased Heaven, but the mysteries of election and free grace, whether or no."

A true New Englander, Willis knew where to go for his themes. Not to the isles of Greece, not to the ruins of Rome, not even to the shores of the Motherland did he turn, and certainly not to the pastures and woods of his native State; it was

the Bible that furnished him with subjects for those "sweet utterances" which taught Americans "that the sentiment of piety was no foe to the indulgence of the imagination." Abraham and Isaac, Jephthah's daughter, Hannah, Lazarus, Hagar, Rizpah—these are the heroes and heroines of his lays. Straight from the Bible he took his stories, but he placed their people in a new and wonderful country.

Reading them, one finds one's self in a land wherein night's silvery veil hangs low, where morn breaketh in the east and the purple clouds put on their gold and violet to look the meeter for the sun's bright coming. Breeze-ridden ripples dance on the Sea of Galilee, tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon, and beneath Jordan's bosom the eddies curl their glassy rings. Breaking waves play low upon the beach, arrowy moonlights lie like a spell of silence, the breaking of dawn draws night's curtain, and the fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn sweetens the air to ecstasy. It is a land wherein there is a great deal of dew, dew that not only sparkles on the grass but also lies on the blushing bosoms of crimson roses in holy rest, dew that after bathing leaves of silver steals up from the fresh daughters of earth, dew to which the painted flowers bend before lifting up their beauty to the morn.

The people who move in this generously moistened world are also, though they bear the familiar names, described in terms which only rarely appear in Holy Writ. Hagar becomes a "sighted woman"; the leper whom Jesus heals was once "Judah's palmiest noble"; the daughter of Jairus "lies like a form of matchless sculpture in her sleep," and we learn that her nostrils are "spiritually thin." Jephthah's daughter, when she discovers his horrid vow, saves him the trouble of killing her by passing into a decline:

The sun set—
And she was dead—but not by violence.

Absalom is "a proud, bright being," and the son of Rizpah is distinguished by a

"princely countenance and mien." It is a world in which all the heroes are haughty, and all the heroines are proud but tender.

But if his themes came from the Bible, Willis's manner was derived from the dregs of the Romantic Movement. Byron and all the pseudo-Byrons were his inspiration. And his blending of "the sentiment of piety" with "the indulgence of the imagination" was a humane and happy one. Orthodox Congregationalists who viewed Byron as a promising candidate for the position of Antichrist relished his benign mixture of Byron, Bible, and water. There was innocent pleasure in reading about a Palestine which differed as markedly as possible from bleak New England, and about characters who resembled deacons and parsons in their piety but not in their physical composition. The authentic Biblical inspiration was unmistakable: a footnote informed readers that "the description of the Tabernacle at Shiloh is as collated from the Sacred Writers," and a poem called "Christ's Mother" was further characterized as "thoughts upon the probable daily reciprocities of duty and tenderness between Christ and His mother, in the Saviour's childhood—suggested by the reading of that exquisite narrative, the second chapter of Luke." The poems were pious, they were romantic, and they were platitudinous. "The popularity of the thought embodied in them" was, Willis himself thought, one of the major reasons for their success.

II

This religious doggerel had given Willis a national reputation before he left Yale, but he was not, in fact, a profoundly religious man himself, nor even, if profundity of any kind is too much to expect from him, exceedingly pious. His father, a printer and editor, was the founder of the *Youth's Companion* and of the *Boston Recorder*, an ancestor of the present-day *Congregationalist*. After the family moved to Boston in 1816 Willis père became a

deacon in the Park Street Congregational Church, an institution which is still the stronghold of Bostonian orthodoxy and in those days was the shield and buckler of the faithful in the heroic struggle against Unitarianism. While he was at Andover, preparing for Yale, young Nathaniel was converted at a revival, and wrote his father that he had been on his knees for nearly five hours praying for such souls in the school as had not been saved. And Yale subjected him to a thorough schooling in theology and in Biblical literature. But his ardor diminished, and at the very time when he was delighting the pious with deep draughts from the source of all inspiration, he was developing rather more interest in the meager social life of New Haven than in the fascinating horrors of Calvinism.

After leaving college he decided to withdraw from the Park Street Church, which he had joined at the time of his conversion, but there was no place in the ecclesiastical scheme for honorable withdrawal, and so "by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ," he was "excommunicated from this church." His attempted withdrawal was not, however, a result of disagreement with church doctrine, but of rebellion against church discipline; he liked to go to the theatre and he found church attendance a bore. His faith in the fundamentals of Christianity, though it never seemed to make much difference to him, remained unshaken, and several years later he wrote to his fiancée, "I should never have wished to marry you if you had not been religious, for I have confidence in no woman who is not so." But it is not certain that he believed the same criterion should be applied to men.

Perhaps it might be as well to say whatever remains to be said about Willis's verse, for, though he continued to write poetry, prose was the mainstay of his reputation and his chief means of support. He dropped his Biblical paraphrases at about the time he began to wonder if his conversion had really taken, and wrote comparatively few

religious poems of any kind. The greater part of the verse that he wrote after leaving Yale was polite, saccharine, delicately sentimental or elaborately humorous. In the late twenties and early thirties the *Annals* were flourishing: *Diadems*, *Bijous*, *Pearls*, *Gems*, *Amethysts*, *Opals*, *Amaranths*, *Bouquets*, *Hyacinths*, *Amulets*, *Talismans*, *Forget-Me-Nots*, and many more. To these *Annals*, which reposed on all the best parlor tables of the land, he was a generous contributor of both prose and verse, and many of his poems were written to accompany the elegant steel engravings with which such works were embellished. For more ambitious verse he rarely found time, but he did achieve a long and extremely dull poem, allegedly humorous, which he modeled after "Don Juan" and called "Lady Jane." In more serious vein he wrote "Melanie" and "Lord Iyon," which recount melodramatic incidents. "Melanie" tells the sad story of a beautiful maiden who falls in love with a man, only to discover at the altar that he is her illegitimate half-brother. A nun sees them in the church:

And, with a mouth all ashy white,
She shrieked, "It is his son!
The bridegroom is thy blood—thy brother!
Rodolph de Brevern wrong'd his mother!"
And, as that doom of love was heard,
My sister sunk—and died—without a sign
or word!

III

With verse Willis had won his first fame, but he had scarcely left college when he began his career as a writer of prose. Samuel Goodrich, who, under the name of Peter Parley, had contributed generously to the moral and mental nurture of the youth of America, employed him, first as editor of "The *Legendary*" and then as editor of "The *Token*." For "The *Token*," subsequently famous because of Hawthorne's contributions, Willis wrote several poems and one or two prose sketches. In April of 1829, dissatisfied with the limited opportunities offered by the *Annals*,

he announced a more ambitious effort, a journal to be called the *American Monthly*. To this periodical he summoned the younger writers of the Boston of that day, most of whose names are now forgotten, and in its pages he published the products of his own facile pen.

In two years the paper failed, and perhaps there is no reason to be surprised that it did, but one can only view with amazement the abuse to which poor Willis fell victim in the course of those years. He was a nice young man, the author of edifying verse, the possessor of suave and graceful manners. Oliver Wendell Holmes has described him as he was at that time: "He came very near being very handsome. He was tall; his hair, of light brown color, waved in luxuriant abundance, and his cheek was as rosy as if it had been painted to show behind the footlights, and he dressed with artistic elegance. He was something between a remembrance of Count d'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde." In other words, he was affected in dress, in manners, and in his writing. There was something a little absurd, no doubt, in the personal tone of his editorials, in which he "prattled about his japonica and his pastilles, described his favorite bird, a scarlet trullian, and professed to write with a bottle of Rüdesheimer and a plate of olives at his elbow." He might very well have been gently rebuked or mildly ridiculed for such preciousness, but, in view of his age and of the literary fashions he scarcely merited the flood of epigrams and lampoons that the rival editors of the city poured upon his curly head. Maybe it was because he was so young and so successful that his affectations proved so irritating. Joseph Snelling, a specialist in slander, incorporated in his "Truth: a New Year's Gift for Scribblers" a passage which illustrates the quality of the anti-Willis diatribes:

Muse, shall we not a few lines afford
To give poor Natty P. his meet reward?
What has he done to be despised by all
Within whose hands his harmless scribbles fall?
Why, as in bandbox trim he walks the streets,

Turns up the nose of every man he meets,
As if it scented carrion? Why of late
Do all the critics claw his shallow pate?
True he's a fool: if that's a hanging thing,
Let Prentice, Whittier, Mellen also swing.

To this Willis retorted by addressing some verses to Smelling Joseph, but he shortly discovered that even the most delicate wit could not check his enemies. Not only did the editors smite him, but the general populace found satisfaction in ridiculing his pretensions. Worse than that, he found himself accused of most of the crimes in the expanded version of the Decalogue then current in Boston. It was known that he went to theatres and drove fast horses; what was more natural than to assume that he was also a drunkard, a gambler, and an adulterer?

It was this popular suspicion that made the Christian communicants at Brimstone Corner so delighted with their opportunity to excommunicate Willis, and possibly it had something to do with the failure of the *American Monthly*. He was "wounded and stung to the quick by the calumnies and falsehoods of every description," and filled with youthful bitterness he hastened to New York to join the staff of the *Mirror*, a journal founded by Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and edited by General George P. Morris, author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree."

Willis had already decided that he wanted to be a man of the world quite as much as he wanted to be a writer. Some years later, in replying to a critic who rebuked him for having dissipated his God-given talents, he asserted that a permanent contribution to literature had never been his aim. "To *live*," he said, "as variedly, as amply, and as worthily as is possible to his human faculties, while upon this planet, has been his [the writer's] aim; and not to be remembered after he shall have left it." For a young man with such an ideal America in the thirties had little to offer. Europe, whither the literati of an earlier generation had already hastened, was his obvious refuge. His associates on

the *Mirror*, Morris and the novelist Theodore Fay, recognized the importance of European experience for their young colleague, and, raising five hundred dollars for the purpose, sent him abroad as a roving correspondent.

IV

He was not yet twenty-six when he embarked, but he had a reputation and he had a pleasing manner. In France he immediately made friends; Mr. Rives, the American minister to Paris, presented him to the King, and, rather more usefully, appointed him attaché to the embassy, a nominal position, of course, but one which secured admission to any circle. From Paris he went to Italy, where he stayed for several months, meeting distinguished fellow-countrymen as well as eminent Europeans. Invariably popular, he was agreeably entertained wherever he went, and in the Summer of 1833 was invited by the officers of an American frigate to make a six months' tour of the Mediterranean. At the end of this voyage he sailed for England, to make a visit which the diversions of the continent had several times led him to postpone.

In England he was received with a fervor which it would be difficult for us to understand were it not for the fact that every year Americans welcome British writers of approximately the same ability with precisely the same ardor. He carried with him a letter from Walter Savage Landor, whom he had met in Italy, to Lady Blessington, "the most gorgeous Lady Blessington," as one of her biographers called her. Novelist, wit and famous hostess, she presented Willis to the distinguished coterie which gathered at her home. There he met Tom Moore, Barry Cornwall, Bulwer-Lytton, Disraeli—precisely the men whose work he most admired. Pressing his advantages, he had breakfast with Crabb Robinson, who took him to see Charles and Mary Lamb. The Earl of Dalhousie invited him to Scotland, and on his way back he stopped at

Edinburgh to meet Professor Wilson, whose "Noctes Ambrosiae" had been an early inspiration. For two years he remained in England, and in the course of his stay acquired considerable fame, some money, and a bride.

All this time he was writing, writing, writing. Providence, after all, had been rather generous to him. It had given him an attractive personality and an easy pen. It had planted him in Europe at a time when literary Americans were a novelty and at a time when there was still a market in the United States for journals of European travel. Best of all, it had not supplied him with an excess of reticence. "Mr. Willis," wrote C. T. Congdon in his memoirs, "had in a large measure that best faculty of a journalist: he knew what people would like to read." No statistics appeared in his weekly letters to the *Mirror*; instruction was not his aim. Flashes of scenery, incidents of travel, and, above everything else, personal gossip—those were the staples of his correspondence. Americans learned what Disraeli wore and what the Earl of Dalhousie had for breakfast, and they cried for more. Morris said that his letters were copied by more than five hundred newspapers and were read in every part of the United States.

It was the high point of Willis's life. He was living as variedly and as amply as he had ever desired, and he was moving in a social class to which he had scarcely dared to aspire. "What a star is mine!" he wrote his sister soon after reaching England. "All the best society of London exclusives is open to me—*me!* a sometime apprentice at setting types—*me!* without a sou in the world beyond what my pen brings me, and with not only no influence from friends at home, but a world of envy and slander at my back." He was a little naïve about it, no doubt, but he was quite right in saying that no American save Washington Irving had been so kindly received in England.

On his writings the ebullience of his spirits had a healthy effect. Most of his best prose comes from this period. Both

in his correspondence, reprinted in "Pencillings by the Way," and in his short stories and sketches there is a vigor, a freedom from affectation, a lively trick of description, a sense of news value, that make them exceedingly good journalism. To read his poetry is, today, a struggle, but the prose that he turned out week after week while he was in Europe is usually painless, frequently amusing, and sometimes downright enjoyable.

V

The ecstatic applause that greeted the Yale poet had been followed by Bostonian invective, and now the triumphal march through the British Isles was to be closed by an attack which made the Boston experience seem as trivial as enrollment on the D. A. R. blacklist seems today.

In the letters which he had written for the *Mirror* Willis had described with the utmost frankness and naïveté the various personages he had met at Lady Blessington's and elsewhere. Of Fonblanque, editor of the *Examiner*, the indefatigable Penciller had written: "I never saw a worse face, shallow, seamed, and hollow, his teeth irregular, his skin livid, his straight black hair uncombed." Edward Bulwer he described as "short, very much bent, slightly knock-kneed, and as ill-dressed a man for a gentleman as you would find in London." Regarding the appearance of Disraeli, Barry Cornwall, Tom Moore, and the Lambs, he gave equally personal, though less uncomplimentary, details, and he noted down their conversation. When he visited the Earl of Dalhousie he described precisely what the assembled aristocracy wore, ate, said, and did.

So long as only the great American public read these revelations, all was well, but in 1835, while Willis was on his honeymoon, there appeared a collection of his letters under the title, "Pencillings by the Way." This contained expurgated versions of his reports, but it included a few slightly indiscreet passages, and it served to call

attention to the original letters in the *Mirror*. Lockhart seized upon the volume, discovered that the author was an American, discovered further that this American had called him "the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day," and thereupon devoted several pages in the *Quarterly* to what he intended to be a complete annihilation of this young barbarian. "While visiting in London and in our provinces as a young American sonneteer of the most ultra-sentimental delicacy," Lockhart wrote, "he was all the time the regular paid correspondent of a New York journal, in which, week after week, appeared his prose reports of what he saw and heard in British society."

The review continued by twitting Willis on his aspirations to gentility, for Lockhart knew a weak spot when he saw one. After quoting the more objectionable passages as they originally appeared in the *Mirror*, after damning the American public for "their servile adulation of rank and talent," and after referring to Willis as "this animal," Lockhart concluded: "As far as we are acquainted with English or American literature, this is the first example of a man creeping into your home, and forthwith, before your claret is dry on his lips, printing table-talk on delicate subjects, and capable of compromising individuals."

Lockhart had given the Tory magazines their cue, and they responded with their customary animation. "This is a goose of a book," Maginn wrote, "or if anyone wishes the idiom changed, the book of a goose. There is not an idea in it beyond what might germinate in the brain of a washerwoman." Willis, according to Maginn, was a lickspittle, a beggarly skittler, a jackass, a ninny, a haberdasher, a "fifth-rate scribbler of gripe-visited sonnets," and a "namby-pamby writer in twaddling albums kept by the mustachioed widows or bony matrons of Portland Place." His writings were "a Niagara in a Jordan."

Maginn's billingsgate was an accepted part of the British journalism of the day,

but Willis could not overlook the gross personal attack which Captain Marryat, offended by a slighting reference to his books, spewed out in the *Metropolitan*. Resenting Marryat's slurs upon the integrity of his immediate ancestors, Willis challenged him to a duel, a not uncourageous gesture, since the captain was reputed to be a crack shot. But after prolonged and extremely dignified proceedings, including an exchange of letters in the *Times*, the honor of both parties was satisfied without resort to arms.

Landor, Fonblanque, and Bulwer-Lytton also rebuked Willis, with varying degrees of acerbity, and Harriet Martineau devoted several pages in her autobiography to a portrait of this "specimen of American oddity," with his "conscious dandyism and unparalleled self-complacency," who "placed himself in an attitude of infinite ease, and whipped his little bright boot with a little bright cane, while he ran over the names of all his distinguished countrymen and countrywomen, and declared he should send me letters to them all."

In his own defence Willis stated that he had written these accounts for American readers only, with no idea that they would ever be read in England, and that in any case he had not been malicious. The first part of his apology, though regarded by his British critics as disingenuous, was almost certainly sincere, and that the second part was correct can be seen from an examination of the passages in question. It is noteworthy that the Earl of Dalhousie wrote him in a most cordial way after the volume appeared, and that Lady Blessington, though she dared not entertain him when his former victims were present, received him privately. The Whig press tended to praise the book, which enjoyed a large sale, not entirely as a *succès de scandale*. Willis himself regretted having written certain passages, and accepted the more courteous rebukes with a creditable humility. Of Bulwer's letter he wrote to Lady Blessington, "A more temperate, just (though severe), and gentlemanly letter I

never read. He gives no quarter, but I like him the better for having written it."

He had meant well, and he had not sinned greatly, but he received as sound a drubbing as has ever been visited on an American writer by British critics. Fortunately, it did not bother him much. Although in "Lines on Leaving Europe," one of the two poems by him which Emerson admired, he sang his joy at travelling in the same direction "as Freedom's eagle flew," he had not been long in this country before he sought to revisit Europe in some diplomatic capacity. He failed, however, to secure a desirable appointment, and the remaining three decades of his life, comparatively unexciting but extremely busy years, were for the most part spent in America.

VI

He contributed to a number of magazines, and at various times he edited the *Corsair*, the *New Mirror*, and the *Home Journal*, keeping his readers in touch with happenings in New York, describing for them distinguished persons, and even advising them on points of etiquette. Although he was, as Congdon has said, "the first magazine writer who was tolerably well paid," it took both Yankee shrewdness and great diligence to amass a satisfactory total. In addition to furnishing copy for the magazines, he wrote a novel, "Paul Fane," and two plays, one of which, "Tortosa the Usurer," was moderately successful and extravagantly praised. In 1839 he spent three weeks in Ireland in order to prepare the letterpress for a volume on Irish scenery—an enterprise whose hastiness perturbed the poet Tom Campbell—and he wrote the text for various other conspicuously illustrated works destined for conspicuous locations on Victorian what-nots. His magazine articles were invariably issued in book form, and whenever he could devise a method he would use the same material in two or more books.

It is no wonder that Willis's writings

grew thinner and thinner, but he remained a considerable figure among the New York literati. Younger writers constantly sought his advice and assistance, which he gave generously, and he had close and friendly relations with many of the authors whose names adorn all histories of American literature. Bayard Taylor, who had been inspired to travel by reading his letters from Europe, visited him in New York, and thereupon wrote to a friend, "I never met with one who has won my regard and esteem in so short a time." Willis gave Taylor letters to friends abroad and wrote the preface for his first book, "Views Afoot."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, coming to New York when he was only twenty, met Willis and was employed by him on the *Home Journal*. James Russell Lowell "often met Willis personally and the more he saw of him the better he liked him," not unnaturally, perhaps, since Willis declared that the young poet "was destined to be the brightest star that has yet risen in American literature." But perhaps the most striking friendship of all was that of Willis and Edgar Allan Poe, whose poems he both published and praised, whose private life he defended, and whose financial embarrassment he on occasion relieved. It has been the fashion for Poe's biographers to sneer at Willis's patronage, but it was sincerely offered, and Poe himself, though he was not so deceived by Willis's meretriciousness as Willis was by his, appreciated his services. He called Willis "one of the *truest* men of letters in America," declared that he was responsible for the great popularity of "The Raven," and wished him to be his biographer.

Despite all his affability, however, Willis was pursued by that malicious personal abuse which had dogged the steps of his earlier successes. He was still the butt of all the satirists and lampoonists. L. A. Wilmer, in his "Quacks of Helicon," said of him that

mental impotence appear'd
In every sentence, stanza, line and word.

Another satirist, Duganne, in his "Parnassus in Pillory," wrote:

Not that Nat Willis curls his yellow hair—
Not that his sense can breathe but perfumed air—
Not that he plays the ape or ass I mourn
For ape and ass are worth not even my scorn.
But that, with mind, and soul, and haply heart,
He yet hath stooped to act the fopling's part.

And, of course, there is the passage devoted to him in Lowell's "Fable for Critics," which, though it waxes complimentary, begins:

There's Willis so *natty* and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'er-
laying 'em
That one hardly knows whether to thank him
for saying 'em.

There were other burlesques and parodies, and there were also serious admonitions. Willis's best friends sometimes grew tired of his trivialities, of his smart posturings, of his twice and thrice told tales. Lowell, though he might praise him, spoke slightly of him to friends, and Poe apparently wavered between over-appreciation, due no doubt to personal gratitude, and caustic denunciation. Poe might speak of the "brilliant and versatile abilities" of his friend, might say that Willis had "narrowly missed placing himself at the head of our letters," but he could also write to Lowell, "Willis is *no* genius—a graceful trifler—no more. He wants force and sincerity. He is very frequently far-fetched. In me, at least, he never excites an emotion."

Gradually the younger writers, who had admired Willis and been aided and influenced by him, came to look upon him as something of a fraud. The men who had been popular at the time when his vogue was greatest were older than he, and many of them had died. With his great contemporaries, Hawthorne, Emerson, Melville, Thoreau, he had no close relations. Already in the early fifties he was a lonely figure; though scarcely middle-aged, he had outlived his reputation. Yet he went on, "buttering curiosity with the ooze of his brains," struggling always to make his

achievements as a man of letters support him as a man of the world. No melancholy crept into his later writings, though disease had come and might well have nurtured a sense of remorse.

If he resented the attacks and the exhortations, if he lamented the diminution of his fame, he let no bitterness destroy that cheerful vivacity which had given his writings their market value. And if he felt regret he rarely voiced it; he had sought to live and make a living, not to court the favor of posterity; if the verdict of posterity had become apparent before he died, that could not be helped. He showed a surprising courage in suffering, and kept at work until the very end.

VII

It has been suggested that in a different environment Willis might have become a great writer. Conceivably this is true. Heaven knows that there has seldom been a closer approach to a cultural vacuum than Boston and New York in the decade of his rise to fame. But it takes microscopic search to discover those elements in his work which would have constituted this hypothetical greatness. Scarcely a line of his poetry shows imaginative power, and in his short stories, his novel, and his two plays there is not a character that comes to life.

True, some of his work is excellent journalism, but good journalists are not so rare that we suspect them all of latent genius. It is much more probable that Willis was downright lucky in being born in a sterile era, one which, by caressing his ego, stimulated what talents he had. He was not only mediocre himself; he had a remarkable flair for admiring other mediocrities. In the company of truly great men he would have been so exceedingly uncomfortable that his writing would have lacked the elegant liveliness that gives it

its slight charm. There can be no question that he would have preferred an evening with Lady Blessington and Barry Cornwall to a lifetime with Emerson and Thoreau, and one suspects that what he did write about the one is far more readable than what he might have written about the other.

Willis's popularity has been adequately explained, without recourse to charges of incipient greatness, by Congdon's statement that he knew what his public wanted to read. It is only slightly more difficult to explain the abuse which followed him during his forty years as a writer. The esteem he enjoyed did not endear him to other writers, nor did his reputed success with women lessen their antipathy. He was an almost irresistible target. Everyone could see that he was, as Congdon said, "immensely egotistical," and not everyone was appeased because "it was always in a graceful and well-bred way." From the days of his rosy cheeks to the days of his long white beard, he both looked and acted like a poet—not, from the masculine point of view at least, a commendable habit.

Furthermore, he never completely conquered a tendency to snobbishness, though he compensated for it by a lively generosity. "Few men," said Poe, meditating perhaps on his own sins, "have received more abuse, deserving it less." But Poe also said, in a less amiable mood, that Willis "'pushed himself,' went much into the world, made friends with the gentler sex, 'delivered' poetical addresses, wrote 'scriptural' poems, traveled, sought the intimacy of noted women, and got into quarrels with notorious men." It is an excellent summary, and it is all true except the insinuation that Willis planned his career with Machiavellian strategy. In reality he was doing simply what he wanted to do; he was living the ample and varied life that was his ideal.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Radicalism in America.—The disrepute that envelops the radical movement in America is, contrary to our professional and lay observers, traceable not to the doctrines espoused and expounded by the radicals but almost wholly and entirely to the character of the radicals themselves. The objection and hostility of intelligent Americans to their radical fellow-citizens are grounded not upon the principles the latter preach but upon the preachers. These, almost without exception, fail of sympathy at the hands of the intelligent American not, as is sometimes also foolishly argued, because they are loud-mouthed ill-natured and unkempt fellows but, very simply, because they haven't any sense. More, they are inarticulate in the matter of what borrowed, second-hand sense they may occasionally and conceivably posture. No man much cares what another man may look like or even smell like if he has something of interest or importance to say, and knows how to say it. The American radical, however, offers to his critics only the comical look and the smell.

The English, German, French, Russian or Italian radical commands respect even in quarters where his doctrines prove distasteful. The radical movement in those countries has as its mouthpieces men of forceful, original and logical mind. Some of them may look like old ragbags, but no one can deny that they have sense—or at least wit—and a lot of it. Consider England alone, and men like Wallas, the Webbs, Shaw, Macdonald, *et al.*, together with many of the minor prophets. Or think of the character of the leaders of the radical movement in France, Germany, Russia and Italy. These men are scholars. What have

we in their boots in America? A pack of fired and disgruntled school-masters, back-alley rhetoricians, Greenwich Village boys and corn-belt indignantos, all cuckooing feebly and garbling idiotically the precepts of first-rate intelligences overseas. Consider even the two big latter-day *pièces de résistance* of the movement, Gompers and Debs. Neither had a mind; both had simply a gift for soap-box spiling. The European radicals laughed loudly and impolitely at Gompers when he went abroad and did his stuff. He was the Charles A. Levine of his day over there. The profoundest thing that the rank and file of American radical masterminds have been able, with concentrated effort, to think up to say against American capital in the whole last thirty years is that the late J. Pierpont Morgan had a red nose and a mash on an actress.

Instalment Selling.—Not long ago there came into the office an editorial writer for a trade organ got out by an instalment house who asked me for an interview on the subject of instalment selling in connection with the particular wares sponsored by his organization. Why he hit upon me as a Solon in the matter of instalment sales, God alone knows; the topic had never so much as entered my head until he mentioned it. But he was a pleasant fellow and I found myself gabbling to him. When I got through, he politely observed that if he printed what I said, his boss would heave spittoons at him. To spare him that unpleasant experience, I make a few notes of my discharged wisdom in these pages, published in an office so *recherché* that the mere sight of a spittoon would induce a punctilious horror and where everybody spits on the floor.

The instalment sales principle, I coun-
ciled the attendant ambassador, impresses
me as being one of the most damaging
devices of modern American business. It
may be all very well for business, but it
has done and is doing more harm in other
directions than half the atrocities discov-
ered and promiscuously announced by
newspaper editorial writers. It encourages
extravagance; it leads men dangerously
into debt; it takes the necessities from
families and substitutes foolish and unwar-
ranted luxuries; it encourages a Socialistic
tendency among the ignorant and poor;
it persuades a man to spend more than he
can afford to spend by making him imagine
that he is getting something hard to get
very easily. Take, for example, the instal-
ment sale of automobiles. This selling
stratagem has succeeded in unloading
thousands upon thousands of jitney auto-
mobiles upon persons who really cannot
afford them; who have to scrimp and
starve and cheat the butcher and baker to
pay for them; who, when they use them,
are led into all the further ill-borne ex-
penditures that are part and parcel of
motoring; and who, for a short Sunday's
outing, are brought to uncomfortable pov-
erty in half a dozen directions for the rest
of the week.

The streets and roads are today chock-a-
block with cars of one kind or another that
their instalment owners can't afford and
that they are put to their wits' end to
hang on to. The instalment system has
made these poor men poorer, has induced
in them a greater hatred than ever for the
man who passes them in a Rolls, Hispano
or even a Packard, has made the traffic
problem in many a city apparently impos-
sible of solution and has coincidentally
hurt the business of merchants not only on
the main thoroughfares but on the side-
streets, and has, in a city like New York
or Chicago, added to the burden of tax-
payers and diverted a considerable share
of the police force from the pursuit of
criminals in order that it may devote itself
to traffic manipulation, speeders, drunken

drivers, women chauffeurs and taxicab
lovers.

The instalment system has loaded down
the American public not only with auto-
mobiles that it can't afford and actually
has little real use for—save perhaps on
Sundays—but with tons of imitation
Louis XV furniture, gilt pianos, complete
sets of the works of J. Fenimore Cooper,
Peruvian diamonds, correspondence courses
in osteopathy, German silver tea services,
inlaid phonographs and embossed saxo-
phones that make already overworked
husbands and fathers—to say nothing of
the neighbors—old before their time. The
man who can afford a Grand Rapids Vene-
tian dining-room set has no need for the
instalment system. The man who can't
afford it should not be foolishly and disas-
trously saddled with it by that system.

Christmas Mass.—This last Christmas Eve
I found myself, at the solicitation of a fair
companion apparently concerned over my
religious welfare, at midnight mass in St.
Patrick's. Exactly eleven times during the
relatively short service a basket was
abruptly thrust under my companion's and
my own nose by a gentleman taking up col-
lections. The basket was piled high with
notes of various denominations, together
with a quart or two of coins. It seemed
that every time I tried to get a look at the
altar I was vouchsafed instead a view of
William McKinley, the Lewis and Clark Ex-
position, Andrew Jackson, George Wash-
ington, Lafayette and Abraham Lincoln.
So I think I'll spend next Christmas Eve
developing my lamentably latent religious
instinct either at the New York Historical
Society or the Union Dime Savings Bank.

The American Business Ideal.—Mr. Preston
M. Nolan has sent me his latest book,
"Business First." Mr. Nolan, a venerable
champion of American business principles,
may be identified through recourse to
"Who's Who in America" as follows:
"Bank appraiser and financial counsel.
Auditor Indiana banks, 1901-2; chief ap-

praiser Peabody, Houghteling & Company, Bankers, Chicago, 1903-7; operated independently as Preston M. Nolan and Company, appraisers for banks and life insurance companies since 1907; first in America to use Bank of England system of real property valuation adapted to American needs. Member National Association Real Estate Board, Chicago Real Estate Board, director Cook County Real Estate Board. Mason 32°, K.T., Shriner." The outstanding article in Mr. Nolan's business Bible, lying before me, and his most emphatic contribution to American business ethics, I herewith subjoin:

An heirloom of English inheritance is our inborn respect for the word, *gentleman*. Women love it, men acquiesce. As an ideal it ranks with Holy Grail; but when we face the facts the gentleman of reality is far more decorative than practical. He gives to period settings, animation; to conversation, charm; and to social life, distinction. He is altogether delightful, even outside the covers of fiction where first we met him; but any considerable part in modern life he has not. Life is business; business, war; and war, what Sherman called it. It is battle primitive and savage. We may borrow from the gentleman his manners and his clothes; *but his aims and methods, never*. Strength, determination and an ungentlemanly zest of battle . . . rule the firing line.

The Movie and the Writer.—It has been said often enough that when a writer goes movie, that is, when he writes in one way or another for the films, he is ruined as an artist. One need only look over the records of such writers, whether already established or of potential merit, to appreciate the truth of the contention. Almost without exception such men and women, whatever their previous eminence or capabilities, are found to have gone down the chute. One speculates as to the cause. There seems to be no sound or even theoretical reason why a competent writer should not get some easy money for himself by turning out a piece of scenario junk, nor does there seem to be any good reason why a man should not be able to mingle for a spell with the morons and idiots of Hollywood and yet remain uncontaminated. There are morons and idiots outside

of Hollywood that even the best writer is occasionally forced to mingle with and they make no impression upon him and do him no noticeable harm. A good writer, furthermore, during his career sometimes composes stuff quite as bad in its literary way as any bad scenario he might confect for the movie magnates. But the fact remains none the less that a writer who undertakes to lend his talents to the films, however briefly, presently finds himself with his artistic pants down.

The writers themselves are in the habit at once of denying that the movies have ruined them—although the ruin is clearly evident to everyone else—and of alleging that no writer can do decent work for the screen under its current manner of management. Decent work or not decent work seems to me to have utterly nothing to do with the case. The writers in question find themselves down the chute whether what they do for the films is good or bad. Their subsequent writing plainly shows the effects of their Hollywood incumbency. The easy reason, I believe, is not so difficult to catch by the tail as it appears to be. No genuinely first-rate writer can imagine himself writing for the movies; the apparently reputable writers who go in for movie work have a trace of shoddy under their flashing surfaces and the movies bring that shoddy out, encourage it and develop it. This bringing out, encouragement and development may be unfelt, even unobserved, by such writers, but it is not long before it contrives to make the shoddy permanently triumphant over the writer's better attributes and qualities. There have been and are instances of reputable writers who have made one cynical grab at the movie money and, having got it, have run away with obscene chuckles—and who have not, because of their ironic humor, been damaged. But I know of not one single instance where a writer has written more than once for the screen and has not landed subsequently, with a loud thud, on the literary ash-heap.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A Non-Conductor

"DYNAMO," Eugene O'Neill's latest, produced by the Theatre Guild, fails to foment me. There is in it, doubly and even triply exaggerated, that note of swollen emotion and indignant vociferation that made "Welded" ineffective and occasionally even absurd and that robbed "Desire Under the Elms" of the slow, smoke-curling force which is drama's most vital attribute. O'Neill betrays himself in so feverish a personal mood that one achieves much the same feeling that comes over one when listening to that boiler-works symphony of Antheil. In place of smooth persuasiveness there is shillaber lapel-tugging and coat-tail pulling; in place of suggestive harmony there is simply an ear-splitting racket.

I look at the script of the play and scrutinize it somewhat in the light of a musical composition. It is almost completely without shading. The brasses, with the characters' chests and bosoms heaving and with faces a violent purple, hold the field. The emotional din is overpowering. The final effect is of a calliope going down for the third time and tooting at the top of its remaining strength for help. At the risk of filling altogether too much space, but in the thorough conviction that in no wise more accurately may the nature and pitch of the play be indicated, I set down seriatim, from beginning to end, the list of stage directions:

Arguing tormentedly within himself.
With angry self-contempt.
Furiously clenching his fist.
His eyes lighting up with savage relish.
Suddenly horrified.
Protesting petulantly.
With indignant anger.
With evangelical fervor.
With life-long resentful frustration.

With bitter self-contempt.
With a grim resentful side-glance.
With a gloomy glance.
 nettled.
Sharply and challengingly.
With a stubborn counter-challenge.
Presses his thick lips tightly together, clenches his teeth and the cords along his jaw stand out—an effort that gives his face the expression of a balky animal's.
Her face is suddenly set in the intense expression of concentrated purpose that his strives after.
She thinks bitterly.
Determinedly.
With melancholy.
He interrupts her stubbornly, his voice booming assertively.
She frowns.
Hearing his father's raised voice Reuben jumps to his feet resentfully.
A look of passionate anger sweeps into his face.
Defiantly and sneeringly.
He looks around uneasily, afraid of where his thoughts are leading him.
The lightning flash has caused him a nervous, apprehensive start.
With annoyance, turns his back on her.
With a sad longing, he sighs.
Her voice turned bitter.
Echoing her bitterness.
In a hard voice.
Irritably.
Thinking bitterly.
Fife's voice is thin, sardonic and malicious.
Chuckles with malicious satisfaction.
Growls contemptuously.
Sniffs the air critically.
With glum humor.
He calls her impatiently.
She gives a start.
Muttering with concentrated rage.
Turning on his wife angrily.
Impatiently; stung—angrily.
Defensively impatient.
Grimly.
With a scornful smile.
Stung—bitterly.
She goes deadly cold.
In a hard metallic voice.
Bitterly.
With a bitter sneer.
Winces as if he had been struck.
Starts a bitter retort.
Determined to push her advantage.
The Victrola starts a blaring jazz record.
Fixes his eyes on his wife combatively.
His expression growing stubborn and set again.
His voice taking on the direful tone in which he warns sinners of the hell-to-come.

Sharply.
 Thinking gloomily.
 Despairingly.
 With a groan.
 This thought drives him frantic—he paces up
 and down vainly trying to calm himself.
 He waits nervously.
 With sudden fear.
 With fierce jealousy.
 A strong flash of lightning.
 She gives a gasp.
 Fidgets uneasily.
 The storm gathers over the hills.
 With scornful superior comments.
 Disgustedly.
 Confidently boastful.
 Thinks exasperatedly.
 With a grunt.
 Rapturously.
 Laughs scornfully.
 Gives a start at another flash of lightning.
 With a snort of rage and disgust.
 Boiling over with indignation.
 With a start.
 With fiery indignation.
 With fierce sarcasm.
 With indignant disgust.
 Rebelliously.
 With a malicious grin.
 Resentfully.
 With a forced laugh.
 Confused, she turns on her mother angrily.
 With sardonic scorn.
 With a challenging air that has grimness in it.
 Insistently.
 With a grim smile.
 Tauntingly.
 Frowning uneasily.
 Worriedly.
 Venomously.
 Frightfully.
 Scornfully.
 Terrified, pulling back and stammering.
 With taunting scorn.
 Stung.
 Sneeringly.
 There is a flash of lightning—he gives a fright-
 ened start and glances up furtively.
 With fear.
 A wave of passion coming over him.
 He grabs her.
 With a little cry of pain.
 With passionate oblivious intensity.
 Frightened in her turn—with an almost hys-
 terical flippancy struggling away from him.
 She adds tartly.
 Her temper ruffled.
 In miserable shame and contrition.
 Completely crushed.
 In a bullying tone.
 His mind full of tortured remorse.
 In a tone of mingled rage and grief.
 Irritably.
 In exasperation.
 Thrusts paper at her.
 A grin of malicious expectancy on his face.
 Slinks hurriedly across.
 Peers stealthily around in an extreme stage of
 agitation.

Starts frightened.
 Staring moodily.
 With bitter self-scorn—thinking gloomily.
 His resentment smouldering up.
 Dissolves into abject shame and fright.
 Cowers weakly.
 With bravado.
 With exaggerated cordiality.
 His face flustered.
 Forces him into chair.
 His confusion increased.
 With a challenging smile.
 With a meaning grin.
 In a solemn severe tone.
 Stares at him appalled and bewildered.
 Jeeringly.
 Raising his voice defiantly.
 With horrified stupefaction.
 Strains her ears.
 Smiling mockingly.
 With defiance.
 With a malicious leer.
 His face flushed with mingled indignation and
 fear.
 Opens his mouth to make an indignant retort
 when a vivid flash of lightning comes.
 Gives terrified start.
 Half rises—his body tense with the struggle
 with his will.
 With mingled anger and fearful awe.
 Mockingly.
 Shrinking back in a turmoil of guilt and fright.
 Thinking remorsefully.
 Worriedly.
 Indignantly.
 Protestingly.
 Glances at her impatiently and gives her a
 meaning challenging look.
 Solemnly.
 Peremptorily.
 Sternly.
 With an appalled look of shocked stupefaction.
 With offended indignation.
 Leaning forward indignantly.
 His voice booming.
 With sudden confusion.
 Hangs his head in acute embarrassment.
 Stunned.
 With growing rage.
 Takes a determined step out.
 Weak with fright and on the verge of collapse.
 Weeping hysterically and trying violently to
 stifle it.
 She sinks down on the ground and lies flat on
 her face, clutching her throat to choke her sobs.
 One hand over her mouth.
 Staring calculatingly at him.
 Solemnly.
 Visibly uneasy and apprehensive.
 Worriedly.
 With a tragic sigh.
 Very solemnly.
 He stares somberly at Reuben.
 Indignantly.
 Gripped by all sorts of nameless dreads.
 His nerves set more on edge by a rumble of
 thunder.
 With feigned guilty furtiveness.
 With savagery.

Stares at Fife with bewildered horror.
 In a strange bewilderment of mind.
 His horror turning to a confused rage.
 Harshly and condemningly.
 Staring at him, thinking in astonishment.
 Denouncingly.
 With a furious threatening look.
 Uneasily.
 With a threatening glare.
 Piteously.
 A flash of lightning:
 Clutches the arms of his chair in superstitious
 terror—all the passion drained out of him, leav-
 ing him weak.
 Glancing at Fife with horror and fear.
 Staring at him apprehensively.
 Eyeing him keenly.
 Somberly.
 Torturedly.
 Mournfully.
 Filled with horror.
 Conscience-stricken.
 Frantically.
 Furtively.
 Insistently.
 With hatred.
 Angrily—his voice booming denouncingly.
 Taunting scornfully.
 Angrily and threateningly.
 Giving him a scornful look.
 Turns her back on him contemptuously—think-
 ing bitterly.
 Tears of mortification—she brushes them back
 angrily.
 Wounded—his anger rising.
 Turns with a triumphant chuckle.
 Turns angrily.
 She flings herself on the chaise-longue and
 begins to cry.
 Stares at her in astonishment.
 Angrily.
 Remorsefully.
 Jumps up angrily.
 Thinking with a grin.
 A vivid flash of lightning.
 Jumps nervously to his feet.
 Intently and uneasily.
 Jerking herself up.
 Slinks back.
 Uneasily.
 His mind is a turmoil of conflicting emotions.
 With a shudder of horror.
 With a sudden desperate cynical bravado.
 A great flash of lightning.
 He stands paralyzed with terror.
 Thinking incoherently.
 Obsessed more and more by a feeling of guilt.
 His teeth chattering.
 A growling roar of thunder.
 He cowers trembling.
 Cries with desperate longing.
 With malicious satisfaction.
 In alarmed surprise.
 With increasing uneasiness.
 With trembling fingers.
 Weakly and frightenedly.
 Sinking down on the bed.
 Slumps down on his knees and prays fran-
 tically.

Comes in excitedly from hallway.
 He springs to his feet.
 She hurries in breathlessly.
 Kissing her frantically.
 With agitated preoccupation.
 Breaks away from him excitedly.
 Her words pouring out.
 Completely stupefied.
 Stares at her.
 Calling desperately.
 Commandingly.
 Vindictively.
 She gives him a shove.
 He bounds upstairs.
 He rushes in.
 Distracted.
 With a cruel hard expression.
 He breaks down and sobs heartbrokenly.
 Alarmed.
 Indignantly.
 With a start of surprise.
 Sharply.
 Clinging to her.
 Thinking eagerly.
 A vivid flash of lightning.
 He shrinks and blurts out.
 Startled.
 With sudden strong revulsion—angrily.
 She pushes him away—thinking resentfully
 and determinedly.
 Harshly and condemningly.
 A roll of thunder comes crashing and rumbling.
 He sinks down on his knees—hiding his face in
 her lap.
 Frightened.
 Uneasily.
 Insistently.
 In a passion of eagerness.
 Indignantly.
 Listening greedily.
 With fierce revengeful joy.
 Dumfounded.
 Defensively.
 Angrily gives him a vicious shake.
 With a furious glance at his wife.
 Trying to break from his mother's grasp.
 Angrily.
 In a sudden panic of guilty shame.
 Pleading.
 Still gripping him and staring into his face vin-
 dictively.
 Stung—with a violent effort he shakes her
 hands off his shoulders.
 Shrinking back from her.
 Still on his knees—passionately protesting.
 Pleadingly.
 In a voice hard with fury.
 Grimly.
 Takes a threatening step forward.
 Stupefied—his mouth open—stares with amazed
 horror.
 Her face is gloating and vindictive.
 In a tortured agony of spirit.
 Cries out in an agony of reproach.
 Sobs heartbrokenly.
 Grimly unmoved.
 With hysterical sobbing anger.
 Furiously.
 Cowers and scrambles into corner.

His horrified eyes fixed on the belt his father
 has raised in his hand purposefully.
 His thoughts whirling madly.
 With defiant determination.
 Whirls belt over his head and brings it down
 heavily across Reuben's bent back.
 Reuben's body quivers.
 A glaring flash of lightning.
 Starts back with a frightened exclamation.
 With a convulsive cringing movement.
 Wincing painfully.
 With an exasperated sense of frustration.
 Defiantly jumps up with hatred in his eyes.
 Vindictively.
 Reminded of vengeance.
 Roughly.
 A crash of thunder.
 Staring with the same fixed look of hate.
 Jeeringly.
 In sneering triumph.
 Frightened.
 In a bullying tone.
 Sneeringly.
 Determinedly.
 Harshly.
 Vindictively.
 Pitiably.
 Bitterly.
 Breaks down miserably.
 Resentfully.
 Accusingly.
 Furiously.
 Furious in turn.
 Thinking wildly.
 The door slams.
 Jeering cruelly.
 Glaring with intense hate.
 Flings herself on bed and sobs.
 Jumps to window.
 Desperately.
 Excitedly.
 With an ugly sneering expression.
 In a malicious mocking tone.
 With a hard ugly laugh.
 Stares at him with a rage that chokes him.
 With a pretence of guilty terror.
 In a booming ecstasy.
 Cursing in a frenzy of rage.
 Drives at door with his whole body, crashes it
 open and stumbles out.
 Horrified and frightened.
 Staggers to her feet calling frightenedly.
 With mockery.
 Suddenly flares up into a temper.
 With furious disgust.
 With sneering contempt.
 In fury.
 Advances threateningly.
 Overwhelmed.
 Threateningly.
 Furious.
 Wildly.
 Weeping hysterically.
 Aghast.
 Grief-stricken.
 Thinking bitterly.
 Yelling in a frenzy of anger.
 Pushing her away roughly.
 Threateningly.

Throwing herself in front of him.
 Stupefied.
 Bursting into a rage.
 Fiercely pushing his mother to one side.
 A startling vivid flash of lightning.
 In wild defiance.
 With a sneer.
 A tremendous crash of thunder.
 With a wild laugh.
 Shrinks back in abject terror.
 Shouts.
 Trembling and pale with fright.
 With scorn.
 With a wild mocking laugh.
 Grabs father by the lapel.
 With insulting insolence.
 Squeals with terror.
 Tries to break from his hold.
 Mother screams.
 Light runs off panic-stricken dragging his
 moaning wife by the arm.
 Defiantly.

Shades of "Pirate Pete" and "The Queen of the Highbinders"—and that is only the first act! To save space and avoid repetition, I decide not to go on. You have my word for it that the second and third acts are every bit as rich in *fuming impatiences, snorts of contempt, fuming longings, flyings into a rage, defiant sneers, taunting laughs, dire booms of foreboding and terrible looks*. Are these, I beg to ask, symptoms of dramaturgical excellence? Are they not rather symptoms of internal misgiving and weakness, suggestive of ill-assimilated Strindbergianism or the clamor manufactured by a German street-band to conceal its musical deficiencies? I have before me the scripts, on the one hand, of various old 10-20-30 tin-pot melodramas and, on the other, the scripts, among other things, of such representative emotional dramas as Ibsen's "Ghosts," d'Annunzio's "The Dead City," Gallarati-Scotti's "Thy Will Be Done," Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd," Wedekind's "Erdgeist" and Strindberg's "The Dance of Death." The stage directions of the former read almost exactly like those of O'Neill's play; the emotions of the latter are hardly visited upon the characters by any such lung and lightning injunctions but are brought to proceed from the secret depths of their souls. A quiet answer may not always turn away wrath, but it generally turns out vastly

sounder and more moving drama than a yell.

We come now to the philosophical content of "Dynamo," the theme and plot scheme of which I outlined a month or two ago in these pages. That theme, I may recall to you, deals with mankind's search for a new god that shall take the place of the unsatisfying present gods, with the implied belief that in electricity lies the true deity. Granting, with considerable reluctance, the validity or even adutness of O'Neill's thesis and conclusion, let us glance at the nature and originality of his metaphysical exercises. To save time and space, I boil down direct quotations from his text:

1. It's Bible-punchers like Light that do more harm than all the jail-birds past, present and to come! They stand like balky old mules and block up the path of progress.

2. How does God call you, tell me? I'm thinking He wouldn't use the telegraph or telephone or radio, for they're contraptions that belong to His arch-enemy Lucifer, the God of Electricity, the Bringer of Illumination to the black, ignorant, God-struck minds of men!

3. Your Jehovah might aim a thunderbolt at me but Lucifer would deflect it on to you—and he's the better electrical expert of the two, being more modern in his methods than *your* God!

4. Your sin and your Hell and your God mean no more to me than old women's nonsense when they're scared of the dark!

5. I should think God would have to punish adultery and murder—if there *is* any God.

6. He looks scared—it was that lightning—it didn't phase me—he's yellow! "The fear of God in my sinful heart"—it's the fear of Electricity in *his* heart, that's what!

7. God was simply using Reuben as His instrument to bring retribution on your head!

8. It all comes down to Electricity in the end. What the fool preachers call God is in Electricity somewhere!

9. Did you ever watch dynamos? What I mean is *in* them! They stand for it the same way the old stone statues stood for gods, but the dynamos are living and the statues were only dead stone. *Dead* stone? Stones are atoms and atoms are alive! Those old gods were Electricity in the end, too!

10. Did you ever think that all life comes down to electricity and that the man who first really knows it will know the secret of life and have power over everything?

11. Machinery's a queer thing. It's only fools think it's dead—if they'd lived with it like I have they'd know different.

12. How long, Dynamo? I feel as if any minute You'd at last found me worthy—that You'd open your heart to me, the heart of Electricity,

and take me in. And then I'll come back with your secret and your power. I'll be born again out of You, Dynamo. I'll be the first true Son of the real, living God!

13. Why does everyone call on God when no one so far has ever dared to face what God really is? The Bible boobs like my old man and the atheist boobs like yours—they're both sick with the fear of knowing the real God, of facing Dynamo! . . . Dynamo's song is the hymn of eternal generation, the song of Eternal Life!

14. I assure you, my dear sir, that all the atheists in the world could stand for days with watches in their hands daring Almighty God to strike them dead and His merciful failure to do so would no more prove that He didn't exist than—

15. But I should think your God, if He is just, would jump at such a fine chance to punish the impious and at the same time prove to everyone that He's on the job! He might do that much for us poor creatures that He'd made in His image—without our consent—that is, if you can swallow the Adam and Eve fairy tale and believe He made us at all!

16. How else could life have begun except by a divine act of creation? . . . And you can say that after all the facts of Evolution that Science has proven?

17. You prefer the perverted nonsense that you are the descendant of a filthy monkey rather than believe that a wonder-working God created you in His image.

18. The sea is only hydrogen and oxygen and some minerals—and all those things are only atoms when you go back in them far enough—and when you dig deep into atoms they're only protons and electrons—all things are Electricity in the end!—the air, the earth, the cells that make up our bodies. And look at the stars! And space and time! They're only conductors for Electricity! There must be a centre around which all this moves. That centre must be the Immortal Soul of all life, Electricity—the new Saviour who will bring happiness and peace to man!

Now, ladies and gents, I ask you!

I thus permit O'Neill's play to criticize itself, with small intrusion of my own opinion. Surely the O'Neill who dug deep into the human heart in "The Great God Brown," who in the same play—in that speech about the young man's mother—showed himself to be the first of American dramatic poets, who in "The Moon of the Caribbees" showed himself a rare dramatic painter as in "Beyond the Horizon" and "Strange Interlude" he showed himself a brilliant interpreter of the hopes and disasters and pitiable bravery of mankind, and who in other of his works has achieved an unmistakable importance—surely that O'Neill is not the O'Neill of this amateur-

ish, strident and juvenile concoction. When O'Neill feels, he often produces something that is very beautiful, very moving and very fine. But when he gives himself over to science and philosophy, as in "Dynamo," he would seem to be lost.

II

Other Playwrights

"How often, indeed, does a new idea enter the theatre?", ironically inquires the New York *World* editorially, commenting on the recent "Abie's Irish Rose"—"The Cohens and the Kellys" plagiarism suit. "The last one we can think of is the treadmill in 'Ben Hur'." Unfortunately for the esteemed *World's* memory, the "Ben Hur" treadmill was already an old idea in the theatre when it came along. Unless my own memory is as bad as the *World's*, it had been used years before in imported Drury Lane horse-race melodrama and in such native comedy dramas as Neil Burgess' "The County Fair." But that is not the point. The point is that the theory that new ideas are a rarity in the theatre and unnecessary has long since taken its place in the American Theatrical Credo and, further, that that theory is eminently nonsensical. Yet so widespread has it become that many playwrights of the present day conveniently and comfortably accept it as law and take advantage of it lazily to impose their lack of originality and resource upon the theatre.

The theatre and drama in the last thirty years have witnessed the incursion of countless new ideas. The stage itself in a dozen directions has been revolutionized in the way of construction, lighting and decoration. The drama has seen the introduction of many new forms, Expressionism, Impressionism, the purely dialectic drama, and so on. There have been new treatments of theme and character, and a new approach to life and tradition, and a wholesome blasting of the old platitudes. But the majority of playwrights, like the

otherwise estimable *World*, persist in believing the contrary and in simply rewriting—and rewriting very badly—the ancient gimcrackery.

The present season in New York, viewed in the aggregate, has amounted to nothing but a grand reunion of dramatic stencils. With small exception, the plays put on view have covered the time-worn ground in shoes out at the soles and down at the heel. Even our more talented writers like Maxwell Anderson have gone back to the old grab-bag. But although he, too, has gone to the grab-bag for many of his materials, Elmer Rice in "Street Scene" has on the other hand so brought to bear upon them a sure sense of character and a flair for reportorial accuracy that his play achieves a measure not only of novelty—which is of small critical account—but, more important, of authentic merit. So far as mere novelty or newness goes, the count is on the *World's* side. Rice's setting—a flat house showing the rooms of the various residents—has been called original when basically much the same sort of thing was shown in the play, "Imprudence," that Faversham did here twenty years ago, to say nothing of in three or four exhibits since, among them the musical show, "Kosher Kitty Kelly," in which the first act setting and certain of the characters closely approximated those in Rice's piece. More—and this should particularly tickle the *World* gentleman—Rice has actually gone to "Abie's Irish Rose" for part of his plot, even to the extent, perhaps in a spirit of contemptuous bravado, of giving his Irish heroine the same botanical Christian name as Miss Nichols gave hers. No matter. What matters is that he has taken the familiar stuff and made it sparkingly alive with some of the surest and most understandingly sympathetic knowledge of hum-drum city folk that we have had in the theatre in some time. His picture of a side-street brownstone front and its shabby, sorry inhabitants is true, real and intimately vital. His stage and his people live.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

A City in Moronia

MIDDLETOWN: *A Study in Contemporary American Culture*, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. \$5. 8¾ x 5½; 550 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

FOLLOWING the artist with his gapings and gropings comes the scientist with his calipers and graphs. This book fits neatly into the gap separating "Main Street" and "Babbitt," and is, in a sense, a gloss upon both. It presents a full-length portrait of a normal American town of the third rate—not a village like Gopher Prairie or a larval metropolis like Zenith, but a town in the 25,000–50,000 population bracket, one of the 143 that dot the map of the United States, most of them as alike as peas in a pod. The authors did not seek the one that was most completely typical, but simply one that was as thoroughly American as possible—i.e., as little beset by blackamoors and the foreign-born—, and as nearly self-contained. They rejected towns that were dominated by single industries and they rejected those that were no more than satellites of adjacent big cities. They found what they wanted "in the East-North-Central group of States that includes Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin," and, having found it, they moved in bag and baggage, with three lady assistants, and proceeded to snoop about. The results of that highly diligent and intelligent snooping, which went on for a year and a half, are set forth in detail in the present work. It is one of the richest and most valuable documents ever concocted by American sociologists.

The methodology visible in it was borrowed from anthropology. Mr. and Mrs. Lynd went to Middletown precisely as W. H. R. Rivers and Bronislaw Malinowski went to Melanesia. They carried with them

no prepossessions and had no thesis to prove. What they desired to find out was simply how the Middletowners lived—how they got their bread, what sort of houses they inhabited, how they used their leisure, how they governed themselves, what gods they worshipped and with what ceremonies, and what ideas lurked in their heads. The study went far beyond mere behavior. It sought also to uncover motives, whether logical or merely emotional. It took account of the historical background, of the geographical environment, and of the economic situation. Religion was studied, not merely as a series of behavior patterns, but also as a philosophical system. Out of the prevailing practises of government an attempt was made to disentangle a governmental theory. In brief, the Middletowners were anatomized precisely as an anthropologist anatomizes a savage tribe. In so far as it was possible they were allowed to tell their story in their own words.

The result is a record of immense interest. It gets closer to the truth about the normal Americano than any other I have ever heard of. What it reveals is a man of almost unbelievable stupidities. Well-fed, well-dressed, complacent and cocksure, he yet remains almost destitute of ideas. The things he admires are mainly mean things, and the things he thinks he knows are nearly all untrue. The government he lives under is ignorant and corrupt, the industrial system he is a part of is inefficient and cruel, and the ideals that inspire him are puerile and ignominious. His principal effort in this world is to appear as much as possible like his fellows—to act like them in all situations, and to think like them whenever his powers of thought are challenged. What the people of Middletown fear above all things is oddness. To do anything that

is not commonly done is to risk social ostracism; to think anything that is not commonly thought is to be set down as criminal or insane. Thus all the civilized values of life are under an interdict. It is possible in Middletown to be industrious, virtuous and, in the narrow practical sense, useful, but it is almost impossible to be civilized. The town gathers in such fruits of civilization as strike its fancy and puts them into jars. Thereafter they stand on a shelf, embalmed and abandoned. Their seeds are dead. There is no new growth.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynd devote a number of searching chapters to the religion of the Middletowners. It is a thing of formal patterns, without substance and without life. Its ceremonials are empty and preposterous and its priests are mere flunkys. On the lower levels it takes the form of a frantic flight from Hell; on the upper levels it becomes an ethical system showing only the most timorous sort of contact with reality. The working people, when they are religious at all, go to Methodist revivals or submit to swindling by spiritualists; the members of the country club caste either succumb to Christian Science or take refuge in the blather of Rotary. Rotary, indeed, has become a formidable rival to the actual churches. It satisfies Babbitt's vague yearning for sacrifice and self-approval without forcing him to give any support to supernaturalism. Its credo is nonsensical, but it is not quite as nonsensical as the credo of orthodox Christianity. Thus Babbitt can embrace it without doing any violence to that skepticism which has begun to invade even Middletown. He may continue to go to church, but it is without gusto: the exhortations of his *shamans* harry him without really convincing him. The idealism that glows within him finds its true escape at the midweek luncheon table, where virtue is identified with prosperity and a good name is immediately translated into profitable orders.

As I have said, Middletown is well-fed and well-dressed, but the great majority of its people hang on to their security by no

more than the skin of their teeth. The economic system of the town is inordinately wasteful and inhuman. Labor is still frankly a commodity, like iron or coal. So long as he is needed the worker is well paid, but the moment the need for him passes he is turned out like a stray cat. His chances of escaping from his class grow more slender every year. Not only is his hold on his job precarious, but there is vast machinery for taking his money away from him as fast as he makes it, and so preventing him accumulating any capital, or indeed any prudential reserve. He can't imagine his children following his line. He wants to lift them into the class above, and to that end he tries to educate them. But educating them is expensive, and helps to keep him poor. Moreover, it fills them with aspirations that are social quite as much as they are material, and so makes them unhappy. They end as members of the white-collar proletariat, with their eyes fixed upon the country club. In brief, they simply exchange one sort of misery for another.

There is no respect in Middletown for knowledge for its own sake. The principal personages of the town are not men of conspicuous education; they are simply men of conspicuous wealth. The common measure of all things is money. A clergyman is measured by it quite as frankly as a storekeeper. Unless he has an ornate church and can attract rich Babbitts to his orgies he is nobody. There is no room in the communal life for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. The women's clubs play with the former, but never get beyond silliness. The latter are in the hands of a small group of medical men, few of them of any distinction and all of them oppressed by the harsh competition, not only of quacks but also of their fellows. The town pedagogues are all pedagogues, and no more. The town newspapers are of the chain-store variety, owned by remote Munseys and operated by incompetents. One of them devotes no less than 21.6% of its space, aside from advertising, to comic strips. The editorials in these papers read as if they were written

by the secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce. On all salient public questions they simply parrot the gaudy nonsense of Rotary and Kiwanis.

I commend "Middletown" to all persons who have any genuine interest in the life of the American people. It is, in its way, an extremely depressing book, but it is also very instructive. It reveals, in cold-blooded, scientific terms, the sort of lives millions of Americans are leading in the last great days of the Coolidge prosperity. It shows how far short of libel Sinclair Lewis fell in "Main Street" and "Babbitt"; it makes him appear, indeed, almost a romantic. My hope is that it will be followed by other volumes of the same sort, for despite its scale it yet leaves certain fields unexplored. There is, for example, nothing in it about the effects of Prohibition in Middletown, and very little about the general morals of the people. Here there is room for a separate treatise. There is room, too, for many others, general and regional. The American village deserves far more serious study than it has ever got. The Southern cotton-mill town has never been investigated adequately. The anthropology of Kansas waits for an explorer: the scientific world is amazed and enchanted by such Kansas phenomena as William Allen White and Henry J. Allen, but the great masses of Kansans have never been studied. What a chance for enterprising young *Privat Dozenten*! Mr. and Mrs. Lynd got the money for their inquiry from the Institute for Social and Religious Research. Plenty remains—there and elsewhere.

The Early Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge. \$12.50. 9¾ x 6½; 2 vols.; 607, 741 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

DESPITE its bulk, this work remains a fragment. At his death on April 27, 1927, Mr. Beveridge had brought his writing only to the year 1858. Even so, his last chapter, dealing with the Lincoln-Douglas debates, remains in the state of a first draft. The anonymous editors have added a summary

of the events between 1858 and 1861, and the narrative thus closes with Lincoln's inauguration. It had been Mr. Beveridge's intention to add another volume, and maybe two more, on the war years.

The work, so far as it goes, is unquestionably the best life of Lincoln ever written. It is well arranged, it is immensely documented, it is gracefully composed, and there is absolutely no dodging of issues in it. The contrast that it presents to Carl Sandburg's two volumes on the Lincoln of the same period is very striking. Sandburg, a poet employing the methods of realism, projected a vast and shining figure, half man and half god. In that figure there remained plenty of verity, but the story was an epic rather than a scientific history. Mr. Beveridge's two volumes run the other way. There is no poetry in them. They never depart from the strict letter of the record. But within those bounds they are well-nigh exhaustive. Nothing that is worth knowing about Lincoln is omitted. If he is found, at the end, to be still mysterious, then it is because there were, in fact, impenetrable mysteries in his character. Perhaps they give some justification to the persistent attempts to deify him. He was not like other men.

Mr. Beveridge is at his best precisely where Sandburg was weakest, to wit, in the political field. His discussion of the issues which came to final arbitrament in the Civil War is extraordinarily lucid and well-informed. He seems to have studied the whole controversial literature of the time, as he went at length into the motives and maneuvers of all its principal politicians. The result is history of the first value. The Lincoln who emerges from it is naturally far from the saccharine hero of the schoolbooks. He loses his wings and his halo, and becomes simply an ambitious and, in the long run, very lucky politician—better than most, no doubt, but still essentially like the rest. A lazy man and shrinking from bellicosity, he displays at times an almost Coolidgean inertia. But the fates dragged him into the forefront

of the fray, and once there he gave a good account of himself. His story is a tale of bad beginnings and brilliant endings. He was pushed into his greatest opportunities. Left to himself, he would have compromised all things, but it was his destiny to have to make desperate decisions, and once he had made them he knew how to stick to them.

Mr. Beveridge himself was a notable figure in American politics. Born to poverty, he worked his way through college, made a considerable success at the bar, and then entered public life. As Senator from Indiana for two terms, he was a stormy figure, and aroused many bitter enmities. The Progressive movement finally ruined him politically, and he gave himself over to historical studies. His huge life of John Marshall has bias in it, and parts of it are very dull, but it is also full of sound merits. His Lincoln, had he lived, would have been a far better work—perhaps a work of the first rank. Not many United States Senators have ever written books worth reading. In the present Senate there are but two, and one of them, Senator Bruce, is about to retire. There will not be many hereafter.

An American Saga

SKYSCRAPERS AND THE MEN WHO BUILD THEM, by W. A. Starrett. \$3.50. 8 x 5 1/4; 347 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CURIOUSLY enough, this is the first full-length treatise on skyscrapers to be published in America. I say curiously, because the skyscraper is one of the most thoroughly American of inventions, and the technical problems involved in its fabrication have all been solved in characteristically American ways. But until Col. Starrett took his pen in hand, no one had thought to tell the story of it—that is, its story as structure, not as mere work of art. The competence of the author goes without saying. He and his brothers have built more skyscrapers than any other group of men, and have probably had a larger share than anyone else in the successive advances of the craft.

They were not pioneers, but they came in under the wings of the pioneers, and have carried on brilliantly ever since. They have had experience in planning skyscrapers, in financing them, and in building them. It is out of this rich and first-hand knowledge that Col. Starrett writes.

Putting up a skyscraper, it quickly appears, is anything but the simple job it seems to be to the spectator across the street. Even the initial business of clearing away the old buildings on the site may present complicated technical difficulties, and when it comes to shoring up the neighboring buildings the builder's ingenuity is often tested to the full. Not infrequently the excavation has to go down far below the foundations of these buildings. In New York they commonly stand safely enough, for rock is under them, but in Chicago and other cities there is only sand, and so they have to be propped up. Given a few accidents, and it is not hard for the builder to lose enough money here to wipe out his profit on the actual building.

Laying the foundation of the latter also taxes his resources, but once he is above the street level he has relatively easy sailing, though even here a delay in the delivery of material, or its receipt in the wrong order, may expose him to heavy losses. Col. Starrett, like most highly competent and successful men, views his own trade somewhat gloomily. It is difficult, he says, to make money building skyscrapers, but it is very easy to lose it. That is not due wholly, nor even mainly, to the risk of accident, but to the ruinous competition. When a contract is to be let the competing builders first study the plans, then divide the work into sub-contracts, and then call for bids from sub-contractors. The sum of the latter is always greater than the sum the builder can hope to get for the completed building. Thus he is forced to grind down his sub-contractors, and this involves him in complex and hazardous calculations, which sometimes work out badly, and force him to take over some of the sub-contracts, to his heavy damage.

His difficulties are made worse by the attitude of labor. The building crafts are all bellicose and most of them are extortionate. They delight in blackmailing a building contractor by holding up his work. Any excuse or no excuse is sufficient. Thus it is rare for a skyscraper to come to completion without seeing a long series of strikes, many of them wholly irrational. The carpenters walk out because a bricklayer has been seen to pick up a saw; the bricklayers strike because a stone-mason has laid a brick. Some of these jurisdictional rows are so esoteric that only an expert can understand them. But every one of them, however trivial, costs the builder time and money. He needs the finesse of a Metternich to deal with them, but he also needs some of the hearty pugnacity of a steamboat mate. It is not a trade for timorous or squeamish men.

But despite all his difficulties with the gentlemen of the rivet and trowel Col. Starrett appears to have a great liking for them, and even a considerable sympathy. Their lives, he says, are not easy ones, and they not infrequently come to disaster. Even in the best of times they are seldom employed continuously. For a few weeks they work feverishly, at the hazard of their limbs and lives, and then they are laid off, and maybe have to go to some other city to get work. Among the steel workers a job lasting more than six weeks is unusual, and it is equally unusual for another to be in waiting. Most of the men, says Col. Starrett, spend half their time looking for work. The casualties of the trade are appalling. During twenty years the *Bridge-man's Magazine*, the organ of the steel erectors, recorded nearly 2,000 violent deaths. In New York City, where their

union has 1800 members, from 10 to 20 are always in the hospital. An erector who has worked for five years without meeting with a serious accident is quite unusual. Throughout the United States one erector is killed for every thirty-three hours of working time.

Naturally enough, mollycoddles do not go into the trade. It attracts only the more adventurous and careless sort of youngsters. Col. Starrett testifies to the skill and daring of those who survive. Their witless and incessant strikes are costly nuisances, but while they are at work they are ready for any emergency, and show a fidelity to duty that would do credit to soldiers. Nothing is too hard for them to undertake, or too dangerous. The skyscrapers which now bedizen the American cityscape are monuments to their obscure and singular devotion. Every such skyscraper represents at least one life sacrificed, and some of them represent half a dozen. Blood is the price of scraping the clouds, as it is of liberty.

Col. Starrett believes that most of the tall buildings now being erected, if they are not torn down to make room for still taller ones, will last indefinitely. The old fear that they would collapse soon or late is now stilled. Their steel is so well protected that it does not disintegrate, and they are far too sturdy to be blown over. They even survive fires and earthquakes. Will they continue to go up endlessly, until every American city is a series of huge canyons like Park avenue in New York? Somehow it seems improbable. Soon or late the limit of safe height will be reached, and with it, no doubt, the limit of profitable operation. Then the skyscrapers will begin to shrink, and Americans will return to earth.

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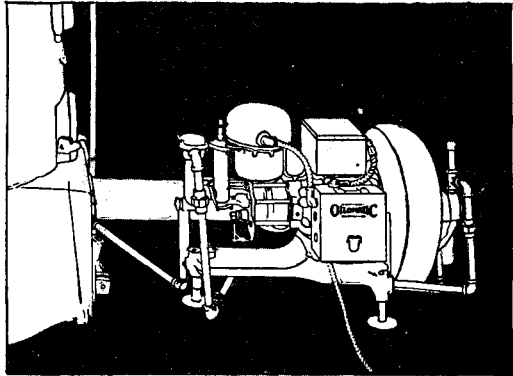
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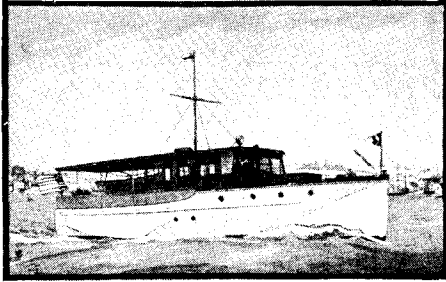
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When the Wanderlust's aboard



BRILLIANT white and rich mahogany, brass and copper agleam, the *Wenamomen** lies at anchor with a gracefully expectant air. For its owner is an indefatigable seaman, and during the boating season five o'clock of almost any day finds him stepping briskly aboard, crowded city streets and professional duties left far behind . . .

Dr. Roberts* is a skilful navigator, who thoroughly understands the management of his boat, from handling a sextant to running the engine. And as his enthusiasm is shared by Mrs. Roberts and their young son, they usually cruise without a crew. Putting out from Bayport, they make frequent trips along the South Shore, or around to the North Shore—to Shelter Island, to Block Island. And as often as time permits the family baggage is stowed away and the *Wenamomen's* galley stocked for extended cruising . . .

One summer a beautiful trip around Cape Cod and on to Marblehead—day after day the exhilarating joy of sea air and wide sky. Another year all the way to Montreal—through Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Richelieu, the St. Lawrence. Truly a delightful way to travel, Mrs. Roberts says—no time tables, no dust, no extravagance, but all the way the independent comfort and seclusion of a well-equipped home on the water.

Visit Port Elco or write for catalog AME.

PORT ELCO (permanent exhibit), 247 Park Avenue, at 46th Street, New York. Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami.

Plant and Marine Basin, The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, \$2,975; Veedette, \$4,875; Cruisette, \$5,950; Thirty-Eight, \$10,750; Forty-Two, \$16,500; Fifty, \$25,500.

*Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.



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Editorial NOTES

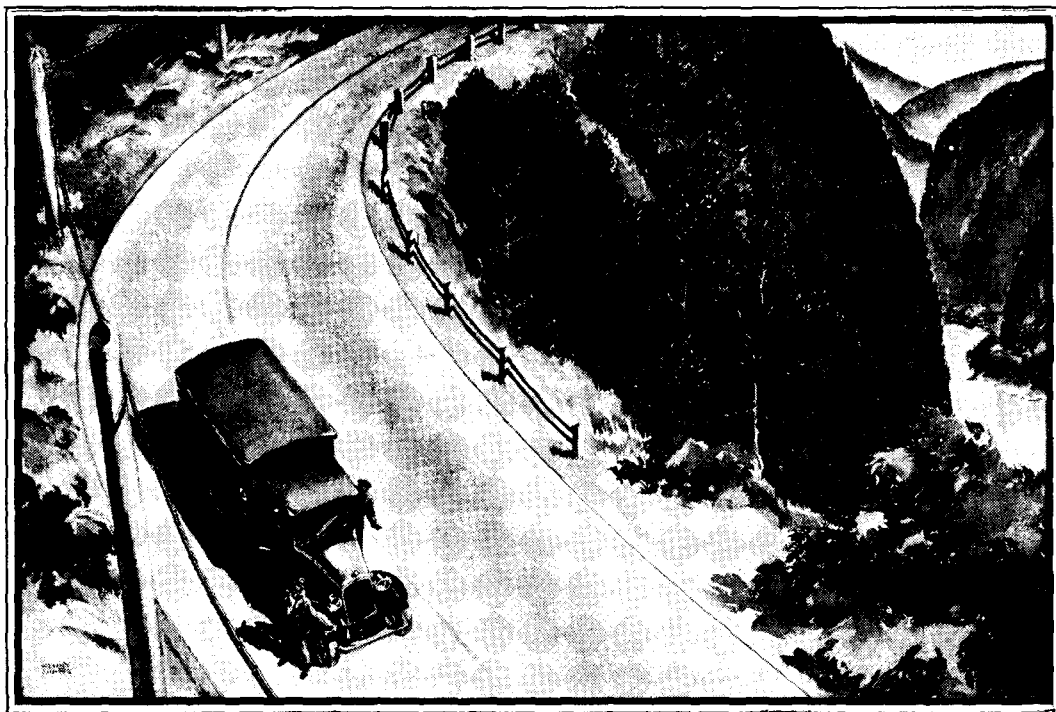
THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers two prizes, each of \$500, for articles by college graduates of this year, discussing their experiences in college. One will go to the best article received from a male student, and the other to the best from a woman student. The conditions:

1. No article should be less than 3000 words long, or more than 8000.
2. Each must be the original work of a student graduating from an American college with the class of 1929, and taking the A.B. or its equivalent.
3. Each must bear the full name and address of the author, the name of the college attended, and a statement of the course followed and the degree to be taken.
4. Each must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for its return in case it is not accepted.
5. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be the sole judge of the competition.

All MSS. entered for the prizes should reach this office not later than July 1 next. The two prize-winners will be printed in the issue for September. In case others are received that seem to be worth printing, offers will be made for them. But no contestant will be obliged to accept such an offer. There are no other conditions.

The aim of the competition is not to bring forth learned treatises on the higher education, but to obtain records of personal experiences. How do the four years in college strike an intelligent young man or woman—and only the highly intelligent will be able to formulate significant verdicts—immediately after they are over? Does the time seem to have been well spent? How much was learned? What was

Continued on page xxxvi



Getting there ahead of the trouble

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

DURING the afternoon of March 17, 1928, an alarm bell rang in a telephone test station in the heart of the Alleghany mountains. This meant that a puncture had been made in the airtight sheath of a busy inter-city cable. The men on duty knew that the injury was somewhere within 50 miles.

Highly developed locating devices were instantly applied and in sixty-five minutes the trouble spot was located. By 7.15 in the evening, before the break in the sheath had affected service on any of the 248 pairs of wires in the cable, the repairs had been made. Because of the preliminary warning on the indicator wire and the locating devices that enabled the test station to tell the repair crew where it would find the trouble, not one conversation was interrupted. This



special alarm system is one of the many mechanical and electrical wonders developed by Bell System engineers to guard telephone conversations. The apparatus is placed along the cable routes at intervals of 100 miles. It gives instant warning day or night of any disturbance to the cable within 50 miles in either direction.

Automatic warning signals, electrical locating devices, constant testing of all switchboard apparatus and circuits—these are some of the ceaseless efforts that so effectively reduced interruptions to service on Bell lines in 1928.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Constant progress in accuracy and better and better service at the lowest cost is its goal.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

XXXV

What a good dentifrice should do

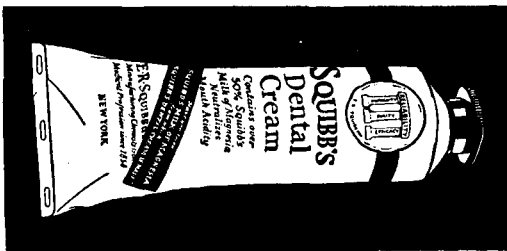
BECAUSE not only sound teeth and healthy gums, but your very health may depend upon effective oral hygiene, it is of the utmost importance to choose your dentifrice with care.

A good dentifrice should contain no gritty substance, no strong antiseptics, no acids or astringents. It should cleanse the soft gum tissues without irritation and polish the enamel without scratching. And it should neutralize the dangerous acids which are the direct cause of tooth decay or dangerous gum irritation.

One dentifrice on the market answers to all these qualifications: Squibb's Dental Cream. It is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time you use it, it reaches into every crevice at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet, neutralizing the acids there.

And in addition Squibb's Dental Cream is mild, non-abrasive, non-irritating. 40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

gained in other directions—by social contacts, and so on? How many of the instructors encountered seemed to have anything genuinely valuable to impart? Was life, in general, pleasant or not? Is there any feeling at the end that equipment has been improved? Does college arouse a desire for further learning, or do the four years seem enough?

The contestants will be expected to name their colleges, and to give the names of any teachers they may discuss, especially those who have struck them as competent. The final day for sending in MSS. has been put beyond commencement time, so that frankness need not imperil diplomas. The MSS. submitted will be judged by their honesty, their intelligence, their freshness of viewpoint, and their interest as human documents. The competition is open to the students of all American colleges of good repute. Contestants will be free to discuss all of the matters suggested, or any one of them, or anything outside them. It is desired to give them the utmost practicable freedom. MSS. may be sent in at any time before July 1. The names of all contestants save the prize-winners will be held strictly confidential.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for April will be the following:

"The Progressives of the Senate," by *A Washington Correspondent*.

"The Discipline of Sex," by *Edward Sapir*.

"Public School Mamas," by *Margaret Cobb*.

"Renaissance in Hollywood," by *R. E. Sherwood*.

"Learning How to be Black," by *Albon L. Holsey*.

"Panorama: Phoenix, Arizona," by *Goldie Weisberg*.

"Mrs. Kemper," by *Ruth Suckow*.

"The Land of Laughs," by *Louis Adamic*.

"The Parliament of Labor," by *H. J. Greenwool*.

SLOWER

No one knows how diamonds were formed. A theory has been advanced that in some prehistoric era the earth was covered with a dense forest or jungle growth that was later folded under and slowly crushed into carboniferous deposits.



• • •

IN smoky cities bits of glass are quickly cut to become, in an hour, tawdry imitations of an inimitable gem; while crushed in the depths of an African wilderness a miracle of chemistry is slowly—oh, so very slowly—creating a masterpiece that man will some day proclaim...a diamond. True, the method is slower—but, the result is so much finer...

but so much FINER

For 87 years Hardman pianos have been built entirely by hand within the workrooms of Hardman, Peck & Company by artisans with at least 25 years experience. Three generations of family ownership have guarded each detail in manufacture. From the selection of raw materials to the gradual seasoning, settling and re-tuning of the instrument before it can be finally approved, every step is taken with a slow and measured tread.

Unquestionably this does much to explain the warmth of tone and life-long durability that have made Hardman pianos famous. A beautiful illustrated and autographed 48-page book of world famous artists will be sent on request. Please address Dept. M-18, Hardman, Peck & Company, 433 Fifth Avenue, New York.



HARDMAN PIANOS

THE MODERNIQUE piano cases are the first to be executed in the modern manner. Designed for Hardman by Edward J. Steichen, Helen Dryden, Lee Simonson and Eugene Schoen.



HARDMAN, PECK & COMPANY have created pianos with a wide range of prices. Purchasable on very easy terms, and seen at the better dealers everywhere.

HARDMAN, PECK & COMPANY • 433 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

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CHARLES OF LONDON

OLD
PANELLED
ROOMS

NEW YORK: 2 West 56th St.
LONDON: 56 New Bond St.



Chicago

greet trans-continental travelers in its new \$75,000,000 Union Station—monumental in character, the ultimate in terminal facilities. Powered and lighted electrically by Edison Service, this fifth largest rail terminal in the United States achieves fullest expression of modern travel convenience.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 157 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. This stock is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

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The INVESTOR

BUSINESS AND STOCK MARKET
FORECASTING

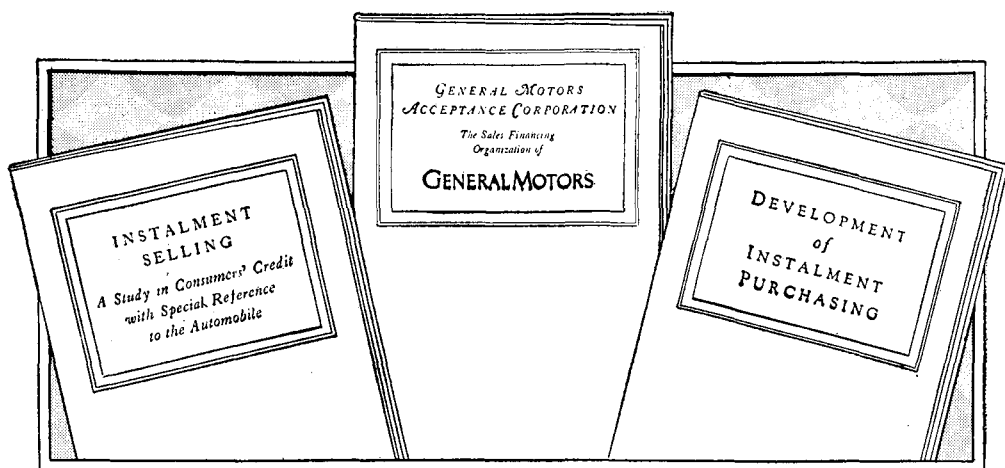
BY RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN

BUSINESS men were not convinced of the value of the efforts of economists to forecast business conditions until the last period of severe liquidation. Never have the warnings of an impending recession been writ so large; fortunately, the responsible forecasting agencies or "services" were unanimous, during the early months of 1920, in advising contraction and the restriction of forward orders for raw materials. They differed only in the intensity of the reversal which was predicted. When the wreckage was cleared, few large corporations failed to install a department devoted to the gathering of statistical data in such form as to form the basis of reasonable plans for the future. The work of the statistical division of the Federal Reserve Board in this direction deserves praise. Statistical material is still incomplete, but the sources are infinitely superior to those which existed at the beginning of the century. The difficulty in getting an accurate description of general business conditions is best illustrated by the varied answers that one receives even in a limited area to the question which forms the opening of conversation, both polite and impolite, "How's business?"

The importance of certain indices of business activity has been long recognized. Among these are iron and steel production, railroad car loadings, woolen and cotton mill activity, bituminous coal production, building permits filed, building contracts awarded, imports and exports, employ-

Continued on page xl

Three very important booklets on **THE INSTALMENT PLAN**



THE timeliness of the subject of **INSTALMENT SELLING** makes these three booklets of special interest not only to bankers but to business men and all others interested in consumers' credit.

INSTALMENT SELLING—A study in Consumers' Credit with special reference to the automobile. An address by Edwin R. A. Seligman, McVickar Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University.

DEVELOPMENT OF INSTALMENT PURCHASING—A paper read by John J. Raskob, Chairman Finance Committee of General Motors, before a

meeting of the Academy of Political Science.

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION—An outline of the operations of this banking institution which finances sales of General Motors products.

In addition to its Annual Report and Quarterly Statement of Earnings, General Motors issues special booklets from time to time for the information of its stockholders, employees, dealers and the public.

Copies of these booklets will be mailed gratis if a request is directed to Department Q-2, General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th Street, New York.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET , PONTIAC , OLDSMOBILE , OAKLAND

BUICK , LASALLE , CADILLAC , *All with Body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS , YELLOW CABS and COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator*

DELCO-LIGHT Power Plants

Q Water Systems

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The Story of a Wise Wife

SHE realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up their favorite drink.

One day she read an advertisement—and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner.

Next morning, wonder of wonders! Her husband remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! But she was a wise wife—not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep because it is 97% free of caffeine.

Try Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee. A blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. How much better than cheerless substitutes!

Order from your dealer. Steel cut or in the bean. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample can.

★ Now a *Kellogg* product

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1859 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

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The INVESTOR

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ment, electrical power output, interest rates, etc. The experts of the Dawes-Young report adopted a prosperity index for Germany. In the form that the items appear, they are manifestly inadequate and misleading. An increase of 100% in pig iron production in December, 1911, over December, 1900, is not proof of greater business activity. If department store sales have declined 25% in January from the December figures, it need not be a matter of concern. A rapid rise in the price of crude rubber does not establish an advance in commodity prices as a whole.

To render statistics more valuable, economists have adopted devices that reduce the data to a comparable basis. Allowances are made for secular trend, and for seasonal variation. Total manufacturing and mining activity, it has been estimated, shows a normal increase of about 4% annually, due merely to the growth of population, and the increase in national wealth. On this basis, business activity in 1928 only slightly, if at all, exceeded the normal gain. Chain store sales cannot be regarded seriously as a barometer until the expansion in dollar volume owing to the operation of new units is made known. Incidentally, the loss incurred by the independent retailer is, from a national standpoint, a factor to be considered. Bank clearings and bank debits must be judged in the light of the effects of commodity price fluctuations, and of the changes in speculative activity. In 1928, bank clearings for the entire United States rose 14.3% over 1927. Eliminating New York, where the proportion of financial transactions to the total was admittedly large, the rate of increase was but 3.7%. These examples are cited only to show the need of care in the interpretation of figures that are glibly used in the newspapers.

Significant figures have been cast into

Continued on page xlii

You can laugh at money worries

*if you follow
this simple financial plan*

YOU'RE interested in having the best possible time while you live—with the least worry and grind and discomfort.

You don't want to pay rent all your life—you hope to own your own home some day. And you don't get any thrill out of the idea of appearing at an office or a mill or a store at the same old hour every morning until you die.

You want to quit work some time. And when you do quit you want to feel that you're *justified* in quitting—that you've earned it. You want to know that your wife and children will be taken care of, no matter what happens to you. You can accomplish every one of these things—easily. All you have to do is to follow a simple financial plan.

How it works

This simple system of investment plus protection was devised by financial experts. It calls

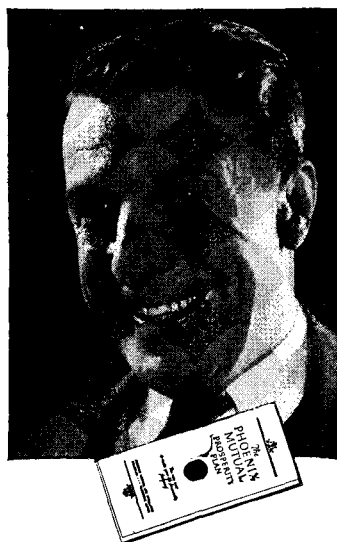
merely for the deposit of a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age and the things you wish to accomplish.

The minute you make your first small deposit you actually create an estate of \$10,000 or more. This money comes to you when you are 60 or 65. And if you should not reach that age it goes to your family.

Plan sent free

A few of the things you can provide for by this plan are as follows:—money to send your children to college—money for emergencies—money to live on in case you are permanently disabled—capital to start your son in business—money to pay off a mortgage—an assured income for your family.

Don't you want these things? You can have them. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the Phoenix



Mutual "Prosperity Plan."

Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family, no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in later years.

There's no obligation. Send for your copy *now*.



PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn.

First Policy Issued 1851

Here are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

- 1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
- 2 LEAVE your home free of debt.
- 3 SEND your children to college.
- 4 CREATE an estate.
- 5 MAKE sure your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
- 6 LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., 416 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, my copy of the Phoenix Mutual "PROSPERITY PLAN."

Name.....
Business Address.....
Home Address.....
City.....State.....
Date of Birth.....

*what a whale of a difference
just a few stripes make*



YES
*and what a whale of
a difference just a
few cents make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco - goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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The INVESTOR

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"composite barometers." This involves the use of a necessarily elaborate mathematical technique. One phase of the general business situation, speculation, is represented by the Harvard Economic Society by a single curve, a composite of industrial stock prices, and railroad stock prices. The Federal Reserve Board publishes an index of the volume of manufacturing, and similar indices have been prepared for the purpose of showing, by a single curve, the fluctuations in business activity for the last half century. Here, again, only approximations can be expected, and the results thus far achieved are admittedly tentative. The importance of the various barometers varies. In this country, railroad construction and immigration are no longer of consequence. Unfilled tonnage of the United States Steel Corporation has lost some of its significance, since the inauguration of hand-to-mouth buying policies. Agricultural conditions are of less importance than formerly. The Harvard Economic Society has made frequent revisions in the components of the various curves used by it.

Given the best tools, sharpened and tested according to the most approved methods, how are they used, and with what success? Forecasters use one of two methods; perhaps it would be more proper to say that they use both. The chief difference is in the emphasis. The first involves an intimate knowledge of the apparent causal relation of certain economic phenomena, and is founded on confidence that the sequences will repeat themselves. The second method is probably more flexible, limiting itself to no formula. The whole range of current economic conditions is surveyed, and it is assumed that no two business periods are alike. Important tendencies are noted, favorable and unfavorable conditions are weighed, and little attention is given to analogies. The Harvard Economic Society

Continued on page xlii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

*No. 3 of a series of Ad-
vertisements of American
Water Works and Electric
Company, Incorporated*



*There is no Fashion in
Clipping Coupons . . .*

TIMES, customs, clothes — all change, but the demand for a regular return from a safe investment never grows old.

Prudent investors have been clipping coupons from the bonds of some of our companies for more than a generation.

A time-honored habit . . .

With sound and well-managed property furnishing power, light, and water as its security, every coupon clipped from bonds of this Company or any of its group has been promptly paid the day it was due.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

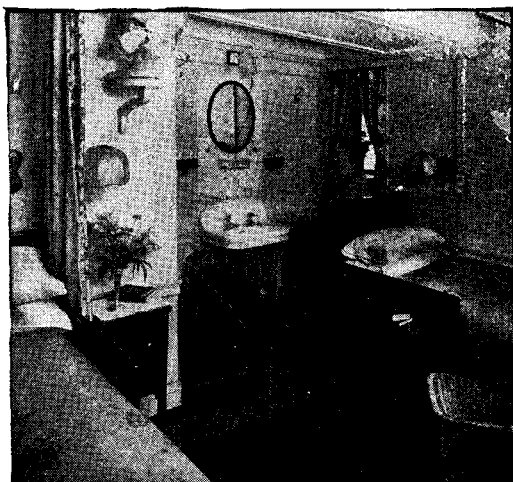
AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

〔 Information about this Com-
pany, or any of its subsidiaries,
will be furnished upon request. 〕

©1928

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The Cabin Way to Europe...

by the largest cabin fleet

Sixteen Cunarders . . . organized to provide fast and frequent sailings. Great modern ships . . . perfect in condition . . . liberal in service . . . conservative in price—the Travel Opportunity of quality within every reasonable budget.

Three sailings a week . . . your choice of seven foreign ports . . . You may sail on short notice . . . there is always one of our liners at the dock.

Replete, modernized, very comfortable Tourist Third accommodations on all these ships. Rates: Cabin \$145 up . . . Tourist Third Cabin \$102.50 up.



CUNARD LINE



See Your Local Agent

THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE
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The INVESTOR

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uses chiefly historical comparison; the Standard Statistics Company, Inc., what has been termed cross-cut analysis. Both have been of value to a growing number of business men, bankers and investors. There are other organizations of established value whose opinions are respected, among which may be mentioned the Brookmire Economic Service, Moody's Investors' Service, and the New York University Bureau of Business Research. Since we are still probing the causes of business fluctuations, no reputable agency gives the impression that business forecasting is free from error, or that it is a finished science.

The hazards of error, indeed, are too patent, regardless of the most painstaking research. The automobile industry, for example, has for years been plagued by the bogey of a saturation point. In 1921 an eminent Cleveland economist came to the conclusion that "the use in the near future of anything like twice the present number of vehicles seems most unlikely." But by 1927 registration had more than doubled. Consider these remarks in the annual report of General Motors for 1924, and the following tabulation of production and profits:

In 1909 production increased 100% over 1908; in 1923, the increase was only 55%; 1924 produced fewer cars than 1923; while in 1925 a reasonable gain is anticipated. The gain will not be tremendous; the days of immense increases are past. . . . The corporation's plans do not contemplate such increases.

	Output	Net Income
1924	587,341	\$45,330,888
1925	835,902	106,484,756
1926	1,234,850	176,085,144
1927	1,562,748	239,264,724

How absurd such forecasts are can be better appreciated by close observation of the financial pages for a short period. Stocks decline one day on lower money, and the next day advance, presumably because of lower money. At one time the an-

Continued on page xlvii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Union Pacific



**AMERICA'S NEWEST, GRANDEST WONDERLANDS—
NO OTHER VACATION TOUR EQUALS THIS—**

See them this summer! You won't know America until you do. You won't know what relaxation can be until you've lost your cares in the silent magnificence of sky and mountains—and breathed the tonic of western climate!

You won't know the rainbow immensity of great canyons—until you've seen Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks, and the Grand Canyon itself. You won't know the charm and mystery of deer-filled forests until you've seen the Kaibab. You won't know the magnificence of water hurling itself into the sky until you've seen the proud geysers of Yellowstone. You won't know the breathtaking spectacle of ocean and mountains till you visit California, or the spell of the Rockies till you see Rocky Mountain National Park.

The cities, too, are among the most interesting in the world. Denver, the mile-high Queen City of the Plains; Ogden, Salt Lake City, capital of the Mormons; Portland, City of Roses; Seattle and Tacoma on lovely Puget Sound; San Francisco, romantic and sophisticated; Los Angeles, the movie metropolis—each with its own unforgettable atmosphere.

Come out to the West this summer! To the best of the West—the Union Pacific West, which includes Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, California, the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, and twelve great National Parks.

You may go independently, or in an Escorted All-Expense Tour with interesting companions. The low cost will amaze you. Send coupon today!



The Grandeur of Zion National Park is unforgettable

General Passenger Agent, Dept. 310
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Send me complete information, cost and booklet:

- ☐ Western Wonderlands (tells about *all* the West).
☐ Zion-Bryce Canyon Grand Canyon National Parks
☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ Yellowstone
☐ Colorado ☐ California ☐ Dude Ranches
☐ Escorted All-Expense Tours ☐ Hawaii

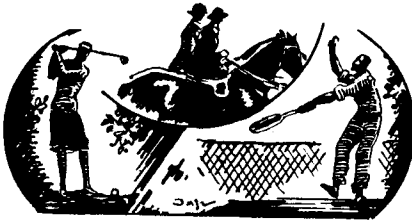
Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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Wiesbaden

GERMANY'S LARGEST RESORT

World famous for its location, beauty and high-class entertainments.

The Springs are indicated for:

Joint Diseases and Affection of the Respiratory and Digestive Organs.

Wildungen

Near Cassel.

Europe's foremost Spa for *Kidney and Bladder Ailments*. Specialists of wide reputation.

Abounding in natural beauty.

All outdoor sports—concert—theatre.

Neuenahr

Moderate priced accommodations.

Appeals to nature-lovers and sportsmen.

Thermal Springs and Baths for *Diabetes, Liver, Gallstones and Stomach Diseases*.

Oeynhausen

"THE CITY WITHOUT STEPS"

Beautiful 400 acre park. Alkaline salt springs and Fango treatments for *Heart and all Joint Diseases*. Near Bremen and Hamburg.

Wildbad

In the Black Forest, 1300 ft. high. Cog railway to Sommerberg. Radio-active

Hot Springs, beneficial for *Gout, Rheumatism and Ailments of Old Age*.



GERMAN HEALTH RESORTS

46 West 40th Street New York City

Free Information and Literature

For Mineral Waters: SPA PRODUCTS, NEW YORK

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The INVESTOR

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nouncement of subscription rights is followed by strength, at another time by weakness. Day to day fluctuations may be determined by the frown of a financier. Recently, at about fifteen minutes of three, the ticker tape recorded the sale of a large block of an automobile issue at a higher price than the preceding sale. The stock was immediately in demand and enjoyed a rise of several points. The spectacular transaction, however, had not actually occurred. As soon as the error was announced, the stock was subjected to a severe selling movement, which affected the entire market. All this in about fifteen minutes.

New Financial Books

TESTS OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BOND.

By Ernest Minor Patterson.

Payson & Clarke

\$2.50

9 x 6 1/4; 224 pp.

New York

This volume is a useful introduction to the field of foreign investment. After outlining a number of reasonable tests of the investment quality of a foreign government bond, the author proceeds to apply the tests to the obligations of Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Canada, Brazil, and the Argentine. The necessity of keeping abreast of developments is emphasized. Professor Patterson reaches the conclusion that "as a class, government bonds, when selected with care and intelligence, are perhaps the safest and highest grade investments in the world." His opinions, although subordinated to the presentation of relevant facts and statistics, are interesting.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS IN AMERICA.

By Marshall H. Williams.

The Macmillan Company

\$1.50

7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 152 pp.

New York

A sound contribution to a subject on which the literature is growing rapidly. Although shorter than a number of other volumes on the investment trust, it discusses in a realistic manner the strength and weakness of the trust as it exists in the United States. Some thirty pages are devoted to copies of the portfolios held by a number of trusts. Comments on the nature of the portfolios would have added to the value of the lists. The author believes that "we are probably to witness a tremendous growth of these institutions in the next few years, and while a great many are coming into existence this year, they are only the pioneers of a new investment era." A tabulation of data covering the record of American investment trusts in 1927 can be read with difficulty because of the minute type. The book lacks an index.



England

for the best vacation
in Europe

Summer days in Devon, in apple blossom time, are the most glorious days you can spend abroad. Stand on the very spot whence Drake watched the sails of the mighty Armada crowding on the horizon.

Roam around the homeland of Sir Walter Raleigh, Frobisher and Hawkins. In Devon and the West of England the atmosphere of bygone eras is delightfully entwined with the luxury of today...and the countless pages of England's history and romance are still preserved in stone and spirit.

Shakespeare's house...the home of William Penn and the graveyard where he sleeps... the resting place of Elihu Yale; literary and romantic landmarks that you will remember for many years to come. England with her customs and age-old chivalry will attract and please Americans more than any other country in Europe. Land at Plymouth in the heart of Devon and begin your wanderings in the west.

Guide No. 59, containing maps and illustrations will be gladly sent to you on application

K. W. C. GRAND, Gen. Agt., 505 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**GREAT WESTERN
and
SOUTHERN
Railways of England**



EUROPE *this* SEASON

Every travel advantage . . . travel safeguard . . . your money's worth . . . are fused into voyages planned by Cook's.

Let us go over your travel plans with you, help you develop your individual trip to Europe, adapted to your own personal desires and budget . . .

Or you may prefer one of our extensive series of high class group travel, strictly limited to small numbers and using the most luxurious steamers . . . finest hotels . . . at rates that express the utmost value.

Sailings via North Atlantic and Southern routes (to Great Britain . . . Continental Europe . . . North Cape . . . Russia . . . Motoring through Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Italy, Riviera and Spain.)

Special Tours by Airplane . . . general Airplane travel . . . and Automobile tours by finest private cars.

At your service too, a most attractive series of tours by Cabin Steamers and via the Tourist Third Cabin Way.

For literature and full information apply at our offices

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxviii

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

RED MEXICO. *A Reign of Terror in America.*

By Francis McCullagh.

Louis Carrier & Company

\$3.50

8 3/4 x 6; 415 pp.

New York

This is an unconvincing book. Capt. McCullagh's main thesis is that "what is called Liberalism [in Mexico] is a parasitical growth which, having preyed for some seventy years on the civilization built up by the Church and the old Spaniards and the Catholic Presidents," is now rapidly sending the country to ruin. The man chiefly to blame for this catastrophe, he argues, has been and is Calles, to whom he never refers as President or ex-President, but always as General. Calles, to Captain McCullagh, is one of the most ferocious beasts in human form that mankind has ever been afflicted with. He is "an uncultivated man," "plunges about wildly like a whale that had been harpooned," is "a bewildered and half-savage dictator," and "a madman," and "was never civilized." In short, "he belongs to a class of bully more common among degenerate Asiatic races than among Americans or Europeans." He has a "resolute disregard for legality," and "hates the United States, and detests the English language." Thus far the United States has let him and his clique get away with it, but the conscience of our people, it appears, will be aroused soon or late, and "that Mexico will eventually fall under some sort of American Protectorate seems fairly certain." There are many reproductions of photographs, chiefly of the execution of Catholics by the Calles forces. There is no index.

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS.

By Ernest J. Eberling.

The Columbia University Press

\$6.75

9 x 6; 452 pp.

New York

The subtitle of this excellent book gives a fair idea of its content: "A Study of the Origin and Development of the Power of Congress to Investigate and Punish for Contempt." Dr. Eberling, who is professor of political science at Vanderbilt University, points out many things that are of particular interest in the present period of our history, when Congressional investigations have been more frequent than ever before. The fact is that the power of the legislative branch of a government to investigate the executive is not confined to the Federal government, and is not of recent origin. All the colonial legislatures had it; they inherited it directly from the English parliamentary system of their time. It was thus natural that when the time came for the writing of the Constitution, such power, though not definitely stated in it,

Continued on page l



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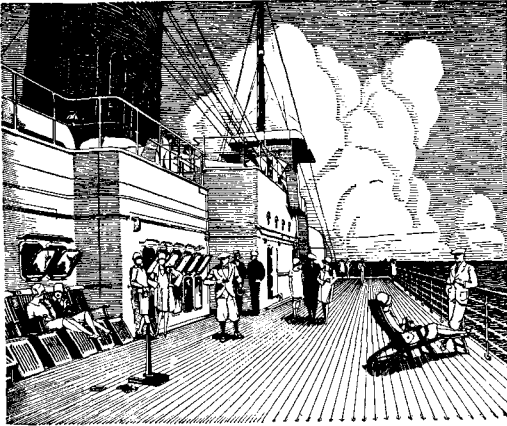
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Continued from page xlviii

was understood to be implied in it by the Fathers. Anyway, the House at once set to work exercising it, and did so for decades. Gradually the power was transferred to the Senate, where it has been ever since. Strangely enough, the legal right of Congress to investigate a branch of the executive department was not established until the case of *McGrain vs. Daugherty*, decided in 1927. Before that time several Presidents had denied Congress that right, at least in certain instances; the most recent of them have been Coolidge and Cleveland. Dr. Eberling is of the opinion that on the whole Congressional investigations have been of much benefit to the country; they have unearthed a number of cases of maladministration, and they "have served to educate and inform the public." There are a bibliography and an index.

THE FINE ARTS

THE PERIOD FURNITURE BOOK.

By Mr. & Mrs. G. Glen Gould

Dodd, Mead & Company

\$2.50

7½ x 4¾; 271 pp.

New York

In this book the authors attempt to cover the whole field of furniture, from the French and Flemish Gothic of the Twelfth Century to the American Victorian of yesterday. They show sound information and isolate the characteristics of the different styles with considerable skill, but they try to get so much into such space that their descriptions inevitably become telegraphic, and hence more or less unintelligible to the amateur. They present twenty-four full-page illustrations of salient pieces, and a large number of marginal sketches showing details. Their book has a good index, and will be useful for reference.

AN OUTLINE OF ÆSTHETICS.

Edited by Philip N. Yous. *W. W. Norton & Company*

THE WORLD, THE ARTS AND THE ARTIST, by Irwin Edman; THE JUDGMENT OF LITERATURE, by Henry Wells; THE MIRROR OF THE PASSING WORLD, by M. Cecil Allen; WITH EYES OF THE PAST, by Henry Ladd; SCIENTIFIC METHOD IN ÆSTHETICS, by Thomas Munro.

\$5

New York

7½ x 5; 5 vols; 88+95+102+100+101 pp.

These volumes, as a series, are wholly lacking in unity: they are five independent essays on various aspects of art, and only one—Miss Allen's discussion of painting from the artist's point of view—has any value for the layman. Mr. Edman's orientation of the arts and life is clearly derivative; Mr. Wells' decision that literature is not confined within the

Continued on page lii

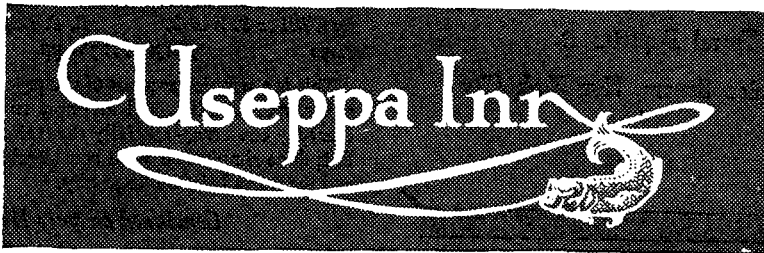
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bounds of any one theory is hopelessly obscured by his pretentious rhetoric; Mr. Ladd's "With Eyes of the Past" is at best only a fairly adequate history of English theories of painting; and Mr. Munro's volume is a muddled re-statement of Dewey and a highly dubious discussion of the ways in which the study of psychology may aid in solving æsthetic problems. All the volumes seriously lack indices and formal bibliographies. They are gaudily bound in a silverish paper the color of radiator paint, with red, purple, yellow, pea-green and bottle-green labels. An impressive bridge-prize.

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Edited by Allardyce Nicoll.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

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8½ x 5½; 446 pp.

New York

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CONTEMPORARY BRITISH LITERATURE.

By John M. Manly & Edith Rickert.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2

7½ x 4¾; 345 pp.

New York

This is a good handbook of modern English literature. All the writers worthy of consideration are included in it, and there are short but useful biographical, critical and bibliographical notes about each of them. The two authors are members of the English department of the University of Chicago.

THE SCIENCES

THE INFERIORITY FEELING.

By William S. Walsh.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$2.50

7¾ x 4¾; 381 pp.

New York

This is a popular account of the psychological ideas of Dr. Alfred Adler, and attempts to apply them to everyday concerns, especially the training of children. It is done simply and with considerable skill. At the end there is a brief bibliography.

Continued on page liv

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Continued from page lii

LECTURES ON CONDITIONED REFLEXES.

By Ivan P. Pavlov.

The International Publishers

\$6.50

9¼ x 5 7/8; 414 pp.

New York

The book of which this is a translation was first published in Leningrad in 1923. The translator, Dr. W. Horsley Gantt, uses the third Russian edition, with the addition of five new chapters supplied by Professor Pavlov. The various chapters consist of monographs and other reports published between 1903 and 1928, all of them dealing with the physiology of the nervous system and especially of the brain. There is naturally a great deal of duplication. Pavlov describes his concept of conditioned reflexes at least a dozen times, and goes over other ground almost as wearisomely. Nevertheless, the book is intensely interesting, for it deals with some of the most notable physiological experiments made in our time. What emerges from it chiefly is the immense patience and ingenuity of the experimenter. He is never daunted by a new problem, however difficult, but tackles it instantly and with all arms. Another characteristic of his work is his rigid insistence upon barring all metaphysical concepts from his inquiries. He sees the living body as a machine, and he tries to explain its activities in terms of physics and chemistry, usually with complete success. He even attempts to account for such things as the love of freedom in terms of physical reflexes. His work has been of great importance and has had much influence upon other investigators. In America it shows itself in the ideas of men as diverse as Dr. John B. Watson and the late Dr. Jacques Loeb. The present volume contains a biographical sketch of Pavlov by the translator, who was one of his co-workers in Leningrad from 1925 to 1928. At the end there is a bibliography of the reports issuing from the Pavlov laboratory. There are also indices to names and subjects, both somewhat scanty.

LEIBNIZ.

By Herbert Wildon Carr.

Little, Brown & Company

\$3

8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 222 pp.

Boston

This is the first volume of a new series entitled "Leaders of Philosophy" and edited by Professor J. L. Stocks of the Victoria University of Manchester. It is primarily an expository book, and there is little extensive criticism in it. It should prove of value to the novice. Leibniz (Professor Carr's spelling) was one of the last great universal geniuses. Apparently he knew everything, and made important contributions to almost every branch of learning he tackled: mathematics, metaphysics, physics, political science, astronomy. He lived and died a recluse, without a single intimate friend; 'he was buried more like a robber than what he really was, the ornament of his

Continued on page lvi

IT is an honour to be able to announce that I shall in future publish the work of the distinguished English poet,

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Dialogues & Monologues

and in it Mr. Wolfe discusses modern poetry, and poets—T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Siegfried Sassoon, Herbert Read, Robert Graves, and many others. There is revealed the real George Moore, who has a chapter all to himself. And there is a consideration of the two Mr. Kiplings. \$2.50

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country." He put the great bulk of his ideas in his correspondence; the writing of books did not attract him much. There was a lot of rubbish in his thinking, even for a Seventeenth Century metaphysician. But he exerted a tremendous influence in the history of modern philosophy, and was the cause of some of its most heated controversies. But to say of him, as Professor Carr does, that "he has come to represent in the modern world what Plato stands for in the ancient," is to exaggerate his importance.

POETRY

WEST-RUNNING BROOK.

By Robert Frost.

Henry Holt & Company

\$2.50

8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 64 pp.

New York

In this very slight collection of new poems, Mr. Frost is largely concerned with troubled and often faintly bitter expressions of his personal philosophy: an inevitable solitariness reinforced by a somber courage. The volume, as a whole, despite such excellent pieces as "The Birthplace," "Tree at My Window," and "Bereft," is distinctly disappointing. It contains poems marred by didacticism, a lack of clarity, and even by sentimentalism. The four woodcuts by Lankes in the limited edition add greatly to the text.

CAWDOR and Other Poems.

By Robinson Jeffers.

Horace Liveright

\$2.50

8 x 5 3/8; 160 pp.

New York

There is elemental strength in this narrative poem of the Californian farmer Cawdor who falls in love with the girl Fera, is betrayed by her into slaying his son, and in the end blinds himself horribly with a sharp flint, yet the tragedy, the prevailing tone of failure, seems more aggrieved than inevitable. There are passages of illuminating beauty, especially in the shorter lyrical sketches, but as a whole the book is not equal to Mr. Jeffers' earlier work.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN OF DARKNESS.

By Gladys Oaks.

Robert M. McBride & Company

\$1.50

8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 59 pp.

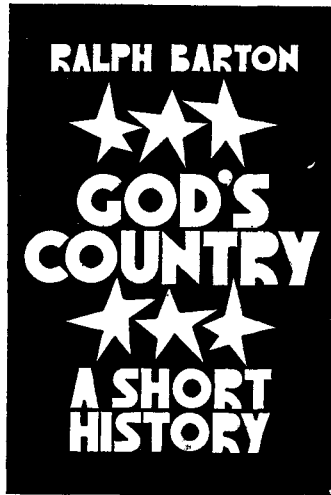
New York

This book received the Manuscript Poetry Book Award among 945 poetry manuscripts submitted in a "nation-wide search for an unpublished poet qualifying as a Voice, the mouthpiece of sincere explorations in the region of the heart and soul." Miss Oaks, indeed, writes with considerable skill. Her sonnets and the long poem, "Of Mary Magdalene," written since the award, are distinguished by unusual insight and beauty.

Continued on page lviii



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THE ENCHANTING DANGER.

By Vera Wheatley. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2. 8 x 5½; 279 pp. New York

Ursula and Christobel, Alan and Roger, have been devoted friends since childhood. When Ursula realizes that Chris wants Alan, she relinquishes him to her. Roger, who has always loved Ursula, sees a great secret passion develop between her and Alan, but can only look on helplessly. The author seldom has her characters quite in hand.

THE WHISPER OF A NAME.

By Marie Le Franc. The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$2. 7¾ x 5¼; 244 pp. Indianapolis

Eve, a cultured and sophisticated woman, comes to the Breton moors to forget saddening memories. Big Louis, grand in body, but his mind blurred by a war wound, stumbles to her door on a stormy night. With great patience and resourcefulness she wins his confidence, and tries to restore his mind, and finally love comes to them. A not unusual theme, but one here handled with beauty. Under the title of "Grand Louis L'Innocent," the book won the Femina Prize in France. The translation by George and Hilda Shively is excellent.

STORMING HEAVEN.

By Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2.50 8 x 5½; 319 pp. New York

John, at fifteen, is taken by his Russian guardians from California to Vladivostock, and there he begins a vagabond journey to Moscow during the mad post-war days. From the beginning, when he casts his lot with some traveling actors, to the end, when he is thrown into jail for killing the vampire Neura, this is more than the adventure story promised by the publisher. The author, an Englishman, who has lived several years in Russia, has painted a bleak, but powerfully sympathetic picture of the groping Bolsheviks.

UNCLE TOM PUDD.

By Lawrence Housman. Brentano's
\$2. 7¾ x 5¼; 224 pp. New York

Uncle Tom Pudd is the sort of relative one either heartily dislikes or inexplicably adores. A delicious liar, not willfully, but because it is so natural for him to believe what amuses him, he runs away from his possessive wife to his niece, Miriam Foley, and it is she who tells of his fanciful escapades. A highly entertaining book.



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Published March 4. Octavo, cloth, 488 pages, \$5.00

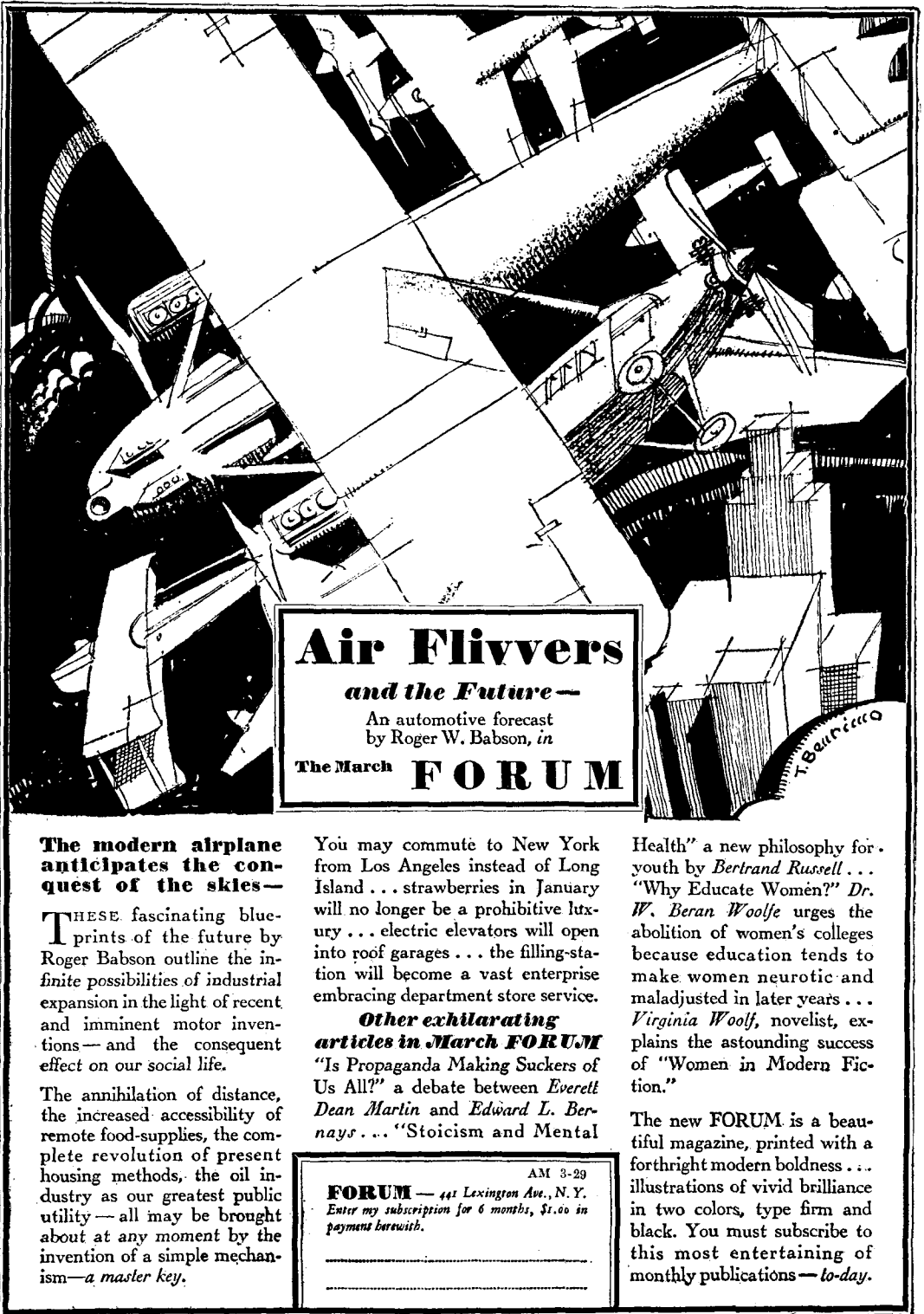
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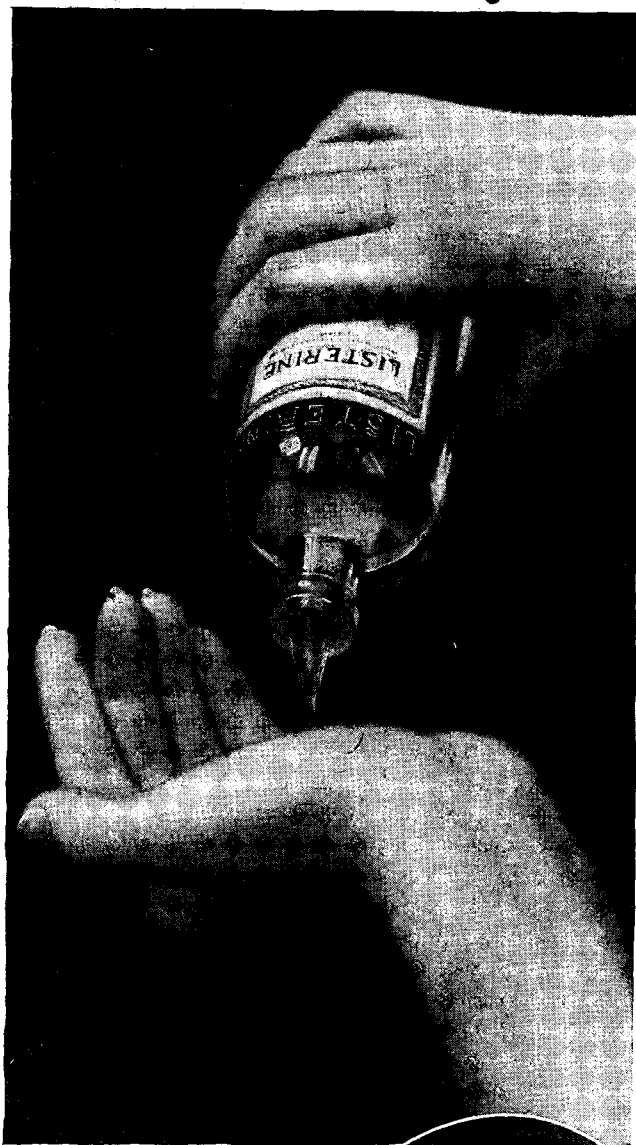
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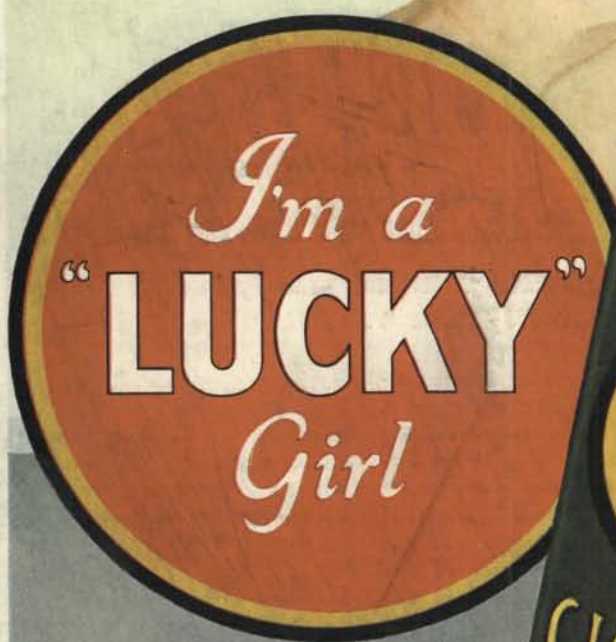
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